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CHARLES II

*From the Miniature by Samuel Cooper in the Collection of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood*

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TO THE MEMORY OF

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER

# PREFACE.

FEW words of introduction are necessary to this book. I need scarcely say that it does not profess to be a record in any completeness of the life and reign of Charles II. It is little more than the result of an endeavour to trace in outline the influences which acted upon the inherited qualities of Charles himself, and which made him what we know him to have been at thirty years of age; and, in the second place, to give some idea of the illimitable confusion into which the domestic policy of England, her social morality, and her foreign relations, alike fell, because, at the moment when the reaction towards kingship in the House of Stuart had obscured other considerations, and when the loosening of all ties, social, moral, and political, had left the soil vacant for the seed of evil example, such a monarch came to the throne. Limited however as was my scope, it appeared that, in dealing with Charles from early boyhood

to his last days, the only chance of a satisfactory result in the space at my disposal was to put what I had to say in the form of a continuous narrative. In doing this it has been necessary to keep along a narrow road, and to refrain from entering upon many tempting bye-paths. My principal business has been with Charles himself. On the other hand I have come to fairly close quarters with a good many of the men and women by whom he was surrounded, and have found it necessary to deal in some detail with the Anglican *furor*, the tumult of Parliament, the profligacy of statesmen, and the degradation of womanhood.

In all essentials the character of Charles was fixed before the Restoration. I did not therefore think that two chapters out of five were too much to be occupied with the life to which that character was due. It is impossible to understand why he was so bad a man until we realise what were the lessons which he learned as a boy in England and France, and as nominal king in Scotland, and what were the temptations, the petty miseries, the disappointments, and the humiliations, of the nine years of exile which followed the ruin of his cause at Worcester. The narrative has been founded

entirely upon contemporary authorities, whose words I have generally preferred to quote rather than paraphrase. No one can be more aware than myself how much remains to be said. But I have some confidence that the judgment which I have been compelled to form of Charles II. will not, in its main statements, need very serious modification by future investigators.

I have to thank Messrs. Longmans for permission to transfer one or two paragraphs from a former work of my own, *Louis XIV. and the Restoration in England*, published by them in 1888; and Mr. John Murray for a similar liberty with regard to an article upon Lauderdale, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, in 1884. For the curious details regarding the rewards to the Penderel family (p. 105), I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. J. Penderel Brodhurst. My debt to Dr. Firth for his continuous help is one which scarcely admits of due recognition here.

OSMUND AIRY.

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# CHARLES II.

## CHAPTER I.

### PRINCE OF WALES.

THE boy who was born to Charles I. and Henrietta Maria in St. James's Palace at one o'clock on the afternoon of May 29, 1630, found himself at once a most important person. He was not their first-born; he came to console them for the disappointment of the previous year, when another son, also called Charles, had been, as an old print in the British Museum tells us, 'born, baptized, and buried the same day'.

The most august portents accompanied the event. "The whole frame of nature," so runs the *New Eikon Basiliké*, "takes notice of sovereign births, and compliments them with stars, meteors, flames, thunders, and earthquakes; such honour have all his anointed." As Charles I. rode to St. Paul's to give thanks for the safe delivery of the Queen, all eyes were turned to the planet Venus, which happened to be a morning

star near its greatest brilliancy, and easily visible in full daylight. "To behold this babe Heaven seemed to open one eye more than usual." The time was one of intense credulity; and philosophers, divines, and lawyers positively battened upon the unusual phenomenon, "from which most men presaged that that prince should be of high undertakings and of no common glory among Kings". Edmund Waller laid it down that this agreement of Day and Night was a sign that the newcomer was born to reconcile the divided world; the poetasters throughout the kingdom went loose; and 148 printed poems in Greek, Latin, and French testified to the loyalty of Oxford. Cambridge was unfortunately so afflicted with the plague that she took no notice of either the birth or the portents, and thereby gave great offence to the King. Another token of celestial interest which was afforded two days later, an almost total eclipse of the sun, was less susceptible of a satisfactory interpretation; and only two effusions are extant to break the judicious silence.

The birth of Charles II. meant, however, much more than pleasure to his parents or a subject for loyal verse. The great controversy of modes of political and religious thought had already begun in earnest; and in this he had, from the moment of his birth, to take an important though unconscious part. In Spain and other Catholic countries the most extravagant joy was displayed. The fervent Catholicism of Henrietta

was well known, and it was believed that, without much objection from her husband, her son would be allowed to imbibe the true faith. And so at Madrid, "the King, Queen, and all the court were in bravery; nor so much as the young infant of so many months old but had his feather on his cap; all the town full of masks and music. . . . The Heads of the clergy and all the religious houses in the city came to the Ambassador to congratulate him; and solemn masses and prayers were said for his health and prosperity everywhere." Very different was the feeling among foreign Protestants; while to the Puritans at home the disappointment was great and the prospect eminently ungrateful. The prolonged childlessness of Charles I. had given them hope that there would eventually be an escape from the Stuart policy and from the favour shown to Catholicism in the succession of the devout and much loved sister of the King, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. "God," they said, "had already better provided for us than we had deserved . . .; whereas it is uncertain what religion the King's children will follow, being to be brought up under a mother so devoted to the Church of Rome." But that hope was now gone, and they soon had cause to think that their fears were better founded. On the very day of the birth the King announced that Lady Roxburgh was to be his governess, a Catholic and a Scotchwoman, who had brought about the conversion of the child's grandmother, Anne

of Denmark; and it was only in ungracious compliance with the urgent protests of his advisers that he finally appointed Lady Dorset, an Englishwoman and a Protestant. Amid all these anticipations and searchings of heart the boy was baptised by Laud on June 27 at the King's chapel of St. James; the King of France and the Palgrave, Catholic and Protestant, and the Queen Mother of France, being sponsors.

From his mother herself, who in quite a human way was concerned with him just then as her baby and not as the hope of Catholicism, we learn what sort of baby he was. Whatever qualities he derived from his parents, he belied the relationship in his looks. The King was a handsome man; the Queen was allowed even by the severest detractor of her own sex to have beautiful eyes, a well-shaped nose, and an admirable complexion. In neither of them, if Van Dyck may be trusted, was the hair dark. But the mother, in her fond way, testifies frankly to the child's harsh features and southern swarthiness; he seems indeed to have been a reversion to a far bygone Provençal type. As soon as she could use the pen, Henrietta thus described him to her former governess, Mme. de Motteville: "He is so ugly that I am ashamed of him; but his size and features supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the gentleman; for he has no ordinary mien; he is so serious in all that he does that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself." And a little later:

"He is so fat and so tall that he is taken for a year old, and he is only four months. His teeth are already beginning to come. I will send you his portrait as soon as he is a little fairer, for at present he is so dark that I am ashamed of him." But she had to bear with her "black baby," for black he remained; and as for good looks, "Odd's fish," he himself ejaculated forty years afterwards, when shown his picture, "I am an ugly fellow!"

And if to his father, the perfect horseman, and to his mother, the beautiful dancer, we may assign much of the dignified ease of carriage which he kept to his death, his charm of voice, and his grace in the ballroom; the peculiar gifts and frailties by which he succeeded where others failed, and failed where others succeeded, were eminently his own. From first to last we find no trace of the fervent religious feeling which gave to Charles I. the power to die nobly for a cause, no reserve or sobriety of thought and life, no unselfishness nor high purpose, no regal magnanimity. But he had other qualities which secured for him—on a lower plane—a life which we feel was as satisfactory to himself as it was for the most part ill and wastefully spent. His vigorous constitution and invariable good health allowed him to indulge without physical discomfort, and to the end of his days, in the inordinate pleasures of an oriental debauchery; his power of imagination, his intuitive perception of character, his

faculty of statecraft, enabled him to gauge the strength or weakness of a position, the worthiness or the frailty of an adherent, and to slip by difficulties which it was inconvenient to meet; his love of banter never lacked material, and his saving grace of humour enabled him to extract amusement from the most distressful condition. The graceful familiarity which was natural to him from childhood, and the address and tact which served to conceal or to excuse a selfishness which nobler feelings were seldom allowed to violate, and an habitual ingratitude which matched the ingratitude that sacrificed Strafford, were so useful to him, that it was a saying that "he could send away a person better pleased at receiving nothing than those in the good King his father's time that had requests granted them; so different was father and son in their humour and carriage".

How all these varied sources of strength and weakness were fostered and developed by his early training will be seen as the life unfolds. For the moment we are in the nursery, and still in the presence of portents. We are told—though the authority is weak for a matter of this importance—that "when he was but very young he had a very strange and unaccountable fondness to a wooden billet, without which in his arms he would never go abroad or lie down in his bed; from which the more observing sort of people gathered that when he came to years of maturity either oppressors or blockheads would be his greatest favourites; or else that

when he came to reign he would either be like Jupiter's log for everybody to deride and condemn ; or that he would rather choose to command his people with a club than rule them by the sword ".

But the days of dolls and the nursery—his official nurse was Mrs. Windham, with whom we shall meet again—were soon over. At his birth he had been declared Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester ; and now at eight years of age he was knighted, received into the Order of the Garter, and installed with the usual ceremonies at Windsor. The King committed his education to William Cavendish, Earl of Newcastle, a favourite of the Queen, and to Brian Duppa, who died Bishop of Winchester shortly after the Restoration.

Both appointments were unexceptionable. Newcastle was the most prominent grandee of the kingdom ; his fortune was princely, his bearing stately and dignified, his character unstained, his intellect respectable. "A very fine gentleman," says Clarendon, "active and full of courage, and most accomplished in those qualities of horsemanship, dancing, and fencing, which accompany a good breeding. Besides that, he was amorous of poetry and music, in which he indulged the greatest part of his time. He loved monarchy, as it was the foundation and support of his own greatness ; and the Church, as it was well constituted for the splendour and security of the crown ; and religion, as it cherished

and maintained that order and obedience that was necessary to both."

To Brian Duppa was entrusted the more literary side of the boy's training—"a man of excellent parts and everyway qualified for his function, especially as to the comeliness of his person and gracefulness of his deportment, which rendered him worthy the service of a court, and everyway fit to stand before Princes". Newcastle, in writing to the boy himself, bore eloquent testimony to his colleague's worth: "Your tutor, Sir, wherein you are most happy, since he hath no pedantry in him; his learning he makes right use of, neither to trouble himself with it or his friends; reads men as well as books; the purity of his witt doth not spoil the serenity of his judgment; and in a word strives as much discreetly to hide the schollar in him, as other men's follies studies to show it; and is a right gentleman, such a one as man should be".

Duppa's temper seems to have been singularly sweet; and, while exercising no commanding influence upon Charles, he evidently gained, like Newcastle, the boy's respect and affection. Many years later, when Duppa lay dying at Richmond, Charles, then restored King, knelt at his old tutor's side to ask his blessing.

In the charge of Newcastle and Duppa, and with the two sons of Buckingham, so graciously depicted by Van Dyck, Charles's earliest youth passed pleasantly away. Newcastle's instructions to the boy himself have

fortunately been preserved; and they are of extreme interest when compared with the elaborate letter of advice which he felt it his duty to hand to his sovereign on his coming into possession of the crown, and which will be dealt with in its proper place. They run thus in their strange mixture of mature wisdom and limited sympathies, and it may easily be imagined that in their negative aspect at any rate they carried with them their own recommendation to his pupil.

For your education, Sir, it is fitt you should have some languages, though I confess I would rather have you study things than words, matter than language; for seldom a critick in many languages hath time to study sense for words; and at best he is or can be but a living dictionary. Besides I would not have you too studious, for too much contemplation spoils action, and virtue consists in that. What you read, I would have it history, and the best chosen histories, that so you might compare the dead with the living; for the same humors is now as was then, there is no alteration but in names.

For the arts, I would have you know them so far as they are of use, and especially those that are most proper for war and use; but whensoever you are too studious, your contemplation will spoil your government, for you cannot be a good contemplative man and a good commonwealth's man; therefore take heed of too much book.

Charles is to "beware of too much devotion for a King; for one may be a good man but a bad king; and how many will history represent to you that in seeming to gain the Kingdom of Heaven have lost their owne? and the old saying is, that short prayers pierce the heaven's gates".

This subject, however, Newcastle leaves to "the right reverend father in God, Lord Bishop of Chichester,

your worthy Tutor"; contenting himself with pointing out that if the King does not show a becoming reverence at prayers, his example will encourage irreverence *to himself* on the part of his less devout subjects, while "of the other side, if any be bible madd, over much burnt with fiery zeal, they may think it a service to God to destroy you, and say the spirit moved them, and bring some example of a king with a hard name in the Old Testament. Thus one way you may have a civil war, the other a private treason; and he that cares not for his own life is master of another man's."

For books thus much more, the greatest clerks are not the wisest men; and the greate troublers of the world, the greatest captains, were not the greatest schollars; neither have I known booke-worms great statesmen; . . . but, Sir, you are in your own disposition religious and not very apte to your booke, so you need no great labour to persuade you to the one, or long discourses to dissuade from the other. The things that I have discoursed to you most is to be courteous and civil to everybody; sett to, make difference of cabinges, and, believe it, the putting off of your hat and making a leg pleases more than reward or preservation, so much doth it take all kind of people. Then to speak well of everybody, and when you hear people speak ill of others, reprehend them and seeme to dislike it so much, as do not look on'em so favourably for a few days after, and say something in favour of those that have been spoke against; the other, which is railing, scorn, and jeering, is fitter for porters, watermen, and carmen, then for gentlemen; how much more then for a Prince, whose dislike is death, and kills any subject. . . . To lose your dignity and sett by your state, I do not advise you to that, but the contrary: for what preserves you Kings more than ceremony? The cloth of estates, the distance people are with you, great officers, heralds, drums, trumpeters, rich coaches, rich furniture for horses, guards, martial men making

room, disorders to be laboured by their staff of office, and crie "now the King comes". . . .

The King must know at what time to play the king, and when to qualifie it, but never put it off; for in all triumphs whatsoever or publick shewing yourself, you cannot put upon you too much King; yet even there sometimes a chat or a smile in the right place will advantage you. To women you cannot be too civil, especially to great ones; what hurt were it to send them a dish from your table when they dine with some of your great lords, and to drink their health? Certainly, Sir, you cannot lose by courtesy. I mean not you should be so familiar as to bring you to contempt, for I mean you should keepe yourselfe up Prince still, and in all your actions, but I would not have you so seared with majestie as to think you are not of mankinde, nor suffer others or yourselfe to flatter you so much. The incommodities to life and the sustaining of it, and the same things the meanest do, you must do the like or not live; these things when you are pleased to think of them will persuade you that you are of the lump of man and mortall, and the more you repeate these thoughts the better Prince you'll be. . . . I mean not by repeating your mortality to have a death's head sett always before you, or to cry every morning that you are mortall, for I would not have you fall into a divine melancholly, to be an anchorett, or a capuchin; or with a philosophical discourse to be a Diogenes in your tubb; but to temper yourself so by this means as to be a brave, noble, and just king, and make your name immortall by your brave acts abroad and your unspotted justice at home qualified by your well temper and mercy.

To "take heed of too much booke"; to "beware of too much devotion"; to be courteous, "especially to women"; not to be "an anchorett, or a capuchin," or "a Diogenes in your tubb"; these were instructions of easy remembrance and application. For the rest, the "brave, noble and just King," we shall see.

Newcastle kept his charge for three years, and, in

his lordly way, performed his duties well; what he had to give he gave the boy, who became like himself an adept rider, fencer, and dancer, with a love of music. They were evidently fond of one another, and the relations are pleasantly shown—as are the *bonhomie*, the gift of banter, the courteous familiarity, and the lightness of touch which served Charles so well through life—in a few words of copy-hand written between pencil lines ruled for him by Peter Massonet, his French writing master. The occasion was a critical one. The boy had declined to take his physic; and the gorgeous Earl of Newcastle had been driven to call in the only person of whom Charles seems to have stood in awe. We can imagine the humorous grimace with which he surrendered his caprice to his mother's brief commands:—

Charles, I am sore that I must begin my first letter with chiding you, because I heere that you will not take phisike. I hope it was onlei for this day, and that tomorrow you will doe it, for if you will not I most come to you and make you to take it, for it is for your healthe. I have given order to my lord newcastell to send mi worde to-night whether you will or not; therfore I hope you will not give mi the paines to goe, and so I rest

Your affectionat mother

To my deare sone the prince. HENRIETTE-MARIE R.

It is probable that the royal messenger was able to report unconditional capitulation; but if ever the child were father to the man, the parentage is shown in his own words:—

MY LORD,

I would not have you take too much Phisik, for it doth allwaies make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make hast to returne to him that loves you.

CHARLES P.

For my Lord of Newcastle.

At the end of three years, in August, 1641, Newcastle resigned his charge. His successor, William Seymour, Marquis of Hertford, was, like himself, "a man of great honour, great interest in fortune and estate, and of an universal esteem over the kingdom". Hertford was, however—and he felt it—singularly unfit for an office which he accepted purely out of obedience to the King; and it was a misfortune that at eleven years of age the care of the quick-witted, vigorous boy should have fallen into the hands of a governor "of an age not fit for much activity and fatigue, who loved, and was even so much wedded to, his ease that he loved his book above all exercises"; that book against too much of which Newcastle had felt it so unnecessary to warn his pupil.

Before this change took place Charles had already made his first public appearance; for on May 11, 1641, he carried his father's letter to the Lords, the last attempt to save Strafford's life. Of all the strange lessons that he was now learning none could have been stranger than this, that his stately father should be forced to sue, and should sue in vain, for

the life of a servant. Newcastle was right: no book lore could match such teaching.

During the spring of 1642 he was kept close by his father's side, for it was believed that the Parliament were proposing to take him by force from Theobald's, whither the King had gone on his way to Newmarket and York, and thus to frustrate the suspected design of removing him abroad. In May, as war came nearer, he was appointed captain of a troop of horse—the Prince of Wales's Own—which was raised as the King's special guard; and it was probably then that Van Dyck's very beautiful portrait of him was painted. As matters grew ever more threatening, Hertford's services were needed to secure the west country, where his influence was great; and a third governor was chosen for the boy. The selection was a curious and unfortunate one. Clarendon has difficulty in finding words sufficient to express the contempt in which the Earl of Berkshire was held. "His interest and reputation were less than any thing but his understanding." He was appointed "for no other reason but because he had a mind to it, and his importunity was troublesome; a man, of any who bore the name of a gentleman, the most unfit for that province, or any other that required any proportion of wisdom and understanding for the discharge of it". It must not be forgotten, when accounting for Charles's later career, that at the most receptive and dangerous time of a boy's life, especially

a boy of southern precocity of physical development, and under circumstances in which he could not but be constantly witness of every form of licence, he was placed for several years in the nominal charge of a born fool.

For the moment this was of little importance. The King was careful to keep Charles near his person; and thus he was present at the ominous setting up of the royal standard, and in the marching and counter-marching before Edgehill. Of what actually befell him and his brother James at the battle the accounts are not easily reconciled, although there is no doubt that the boys were in real danger, and apparently more than once. At the beginning of the fighting the Prince's troop obtained leave to charge in the first line, while he and James were entrusted to Harvey, the celebrated physician. Harvey put them, as he believed, under cover, took a book from his pocket, and was speedily lost to all less interesting matters until he was aroused by a cannon ball grazing the earth beside them, when he judged well to shift his position. Of a later and critical moment of the battle, when Balfour's charge had broken the royal infantry, and Lindsay had fallen, we have three eye-witnesses. James described many years afterwards how "The old Earl of Dorset, being commanded by the King, my father, to go and carry the Prince and myself up a hill out of the

battle, refused to do it; and said he would not be thought a coward for ever a king's son in Christendom". Clarendon, however—then of course plain Mr. Hyde—according to his own account obeyed the King's command to wait upon them, and not to leave them until they were in safety. On their way the party suddenly fell in with a body of parliamentary horse whom in the dim evening light they mistook for their own friends, and escaped capture only through the devotion of one of the King's equerries. And lastly there is Sir John Hinton, physician in ordinary to Charles, who, when writing down his reminiscences in 1679, and evidently referring to this incident, relates how "your Majesty was unhappily left in a large field, at which time I had the honour to attend your person; and seeing the danger, I did with all earnestness, most humbly, but at last somewhat rudely, importune your Highness; at which your Highness was pleased to tell me you feared them not, and drawing pistol resolved to charge them, but I did prevail. But one of those troopers, being excellently mounted, broke his rank; and coming full career, I dismounted him in closing, and Mr. Matthews, a gentleman pensioner, rides up and with a pole axe decides the contest." It is difficult to believe that all this happened without Hyde's knowledge; but it is equally difficult to believe that Hinton would put down for the King's eye a false relation of circumstances which happened

an age when such things are fixed upon the emory.

During the King's abortive march upon London, d through the succeeding eighteen months, Charles mained with the Earl of Berkshire at Oxford. In ne, 1644, he rode out with his father on that summer's mpaign, was present with him at the battle of Copredy idge, and witnessed the consternation which followed e news of the rout of Rupert and his old tutor, New- stle, at Marston Moor. He saw the surrender of sex's foot at Lostwithiel, and the misconduct of ring by which the cavalry were allowed to escape; s by the King's side at the second battle of Newbury, l indeed throughout all the hard work of the six nths' campaign; and returned with him to Oxford he end of November. Here he remained for the three months under the foolish Earl, during which ave but one notice of him of significance, pointing interpretation of Newcastle's instructions not to ste of his dignified father; "insomuch that at St. s he did once hit him on the head with his staff ie did observe him to laugh—at sermon time— ie ladies who sat against him".

l now Charles was witness of the growing de- discontent, and jealousies which were already g to paralyse the royal cause. He saw, as far 's eyes could see, "one side seeming to fight rchy with the weapons of confusion, and the

other to destroy the King and the government with all the principles and regularity of government". Before he was fifteen years of age the doctrine of divine right preached from the Oxford pulpits must have become a mere jingle of words in the face of the practical contradictions to which he saw it every day subjected at the hands of both friend and foe.

Nor was his scepticism likely to be lessened when, "to unboy him, by putting him into some action, and acquaintance with business out of his own sight," the King sent him in the beginning of 1645 into the west, in the hope that his presence might cure the factions and animosities which were rife. Nervously anxious that in case of his own death or captivity the heir to the throne should be ready to take his place, his father strictly enjoined that he was to keep his residence in a safe garrison, and on no account to engage in any martial actions or be present in any army. To support him in his new dignity, his first real entrance upon public work, the King gave him a Council of the highest character: the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Southampton, Lords Capel, Hopton, and Colepeper, and Hyde, now Sir Edward, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. With them was associated the Earl of Berkshire. The King had realised the unfitness of this appointment. But he applied two remedies: the one was "to lessen the Prince his reverence and esteem for his governor," which, as Clarendon remarks, was

not necessary; the other "to leave the governor without any more authority than every one of the council had, and so much less, as the Prince had a better esteem of every one of them than he had of him; and so left him without a governor, which would have been a little better if he had been without the Earl of Berkshire too". Charles was created Duke of Cornwall, general of the Western Association, and—to soothe the pride of Rupert, who would accept a commission from no less a person—generalissimo of all the King's forces in England and Wales. His journey from Oxford, in an incessant downpour of rain, and in great straits for food, was less distressing than the scene "of indescribable melancholy" at Oxford, or that of warring ambitions among the officers, of undiscipline, violence, and rapine among the troops, and of unfulfilled promises, in which he found himself on his arrival at Bristol. No provision had been made, and he was compelled to borrow money from Lord Hopton to obtain the merest necessaries of life. Under the tutelage of Hyde, which lasted in much the same form for twenty years, he assumed his place in the Council, and learned, as far as Hyde would allow him, to take an active part in business, to judge and to speak; but it is clear from remarks made by himself years later, that he was subjected to the same kind of judicious repression that is generally considered desirable for a lively schoolboy in the presence of grave men.

Charles and the Council did their best to carry out the mission of introducing order into chaos in the west; and his cousin Rupert gave them, as always, unselfish and loyal support. But the task was hopeless from the first. Goring and Grenville—the former a drunkard and debauchee, the very type of the rakehelly cavalier—thwarted all prudent measures by their insubordination, while they made the country ring with their reckless robbery and outrage, and alienated all sympathy from the royal cause. In April, Charles summoned the commissioners of the western counties to meet him at Bridgewater. Here the public difficulties were more or less arranged; but here too a new element of anxiety for the Prince's councillors was introduced. His official nurse in childhood, Mrs. Windham, was wife of the Governor of Bridgewater; and through his "extraordinary kindness" for this woman he was diverted from all serious application to business, even if he were not encouraged by her in the grosser tastes in which it is clear from an anecdote repeated by Hyde, and from the veiled language of other passages, the boy was already initiated. "Being a woman of great rudeness and a country pride, *nihil muliebre praeter corpus gerens*, she valued herself much upon the power and familiarity which her neighbours might see she had with the Prince of Wales, and therefore upon all occasions in company would use great boldness towards him, and sometimes in dancing would run the

length of the room and kiss him." She omitted no opportunity of trying to weaken his respect for his father; and, finding that the Council were not amenable to her private designs of benefit for herself and her children, she did her best to harass them by creating an opposite faction among other members of his 'family,' in which effort, with the help of the Earl of Berkshire, she was only too successful. From these influences the Council removed the Prince as soon as possible by returning to Bristol, where they found fresh distractions caused by the intrigues of Goring, whose jealousy of Rupert knew no bounds. After a bitter dispute before the King at Oxford, Rupert's influence, backed by the Prince's Council, so far prevailed, that Goring, whose ambition was fixed upon securing for himself the chief command of the west, was sent back with his desire nominally unattained; but he bore with him, nevertheless, letters which gave him admittance to all consultations of the Council, and other concessions which made him practically independent. These letters were delivered by Goring when the Prince, driven from Bristol by the plague, was on the way to Barnstaple. The Council resolutely opposed his pretensions, while he in despite of them assumed absolute freedom of control. Under such circumstances, organised resistance to the parliamentary forces rapidly broke down. At Barnstaple Charles heard of the disaster at Naseby; and a month

later, after Goring's ruinous defeat by Fairfax at Langport, he was compelled to retire farther west, to Launceston. There he received explicit instructions from the King that in case of danger of falling into the rebels' hands he should at once go to France, where he was to be under his mother's care in all matters except religion, with which his old tutor, Brian Duppa, was to deal. Against this order the Council, led by Hyde, whose jealousy of French influence was inveterate, warmly protested; and they suggested Ireland or Scotland instead. The feeling that the Prince should not leave British soil was expressed at public meetings at Exeter, when he was there in September, and, a little later, in Cornwall, where petitions were presented desiring him under no adverse fortune to go to France. A second time, after Rupert's surrender at Bristol, the King declared his wishes, and again the Council refused to endorse them. Pushed ever farther west, Charles reached Truro. There it was resolved to make a great effort for the relief of Exeter; and, starting on December 26, he marched by Bodmin to Tavistock and thence to Totnes. Another letter from his father had previously been sent to him, absolutely forbidding recourse to Scotland or Ireland, but ordering him, in necessity, to retire to Denmark; and now still a fourth arrived, insisting that he should leave the kingdom at once. This, however, was the precise point upon which the

Council did not hesitate to renew their resistance to the King's will; and they returned an answer that, should the need for flight arise, they would send the Prince to Scilly or Jersey, since it was imperative that he should continue within the King's dominions. The time for this came very speedily. All hope of relieving Exeter vanished, and the advance of Fairfax pushed the disheartened Royalists back into Cornwall. On February 15, 1646, Hopton, who had been placed in command, fought the final action of the war at Torrington, and on the 17th Charles was driven to the last stronghold, Pendennis Castle. There he remained until a design to kidnap him was discovered, when Hyde and Colepeper, having consulted by letter with the other members of the Council who were at a distance, determined to send him to Scilly; Jersey being rejected on account of its nearness to France. At ten o'clock on the night of Monday, March 2, with Hyde, Colepeper, and Berkshire, Charles went on board the *Phœnix* frigate, and on the afternoon of Wednesday landed in safety, but destitute, at St. Mary's. Colepeper was at once sent to Paris to ask for help in men and money from the Queen, while Hyde and Berkshire remained in attendance. It was soon clear that the stay in Scilly could not be prolonged. The place itself was bare of provisions, and during six weeks nothing arrived from Cornwall. Mrs. Fanshawe, the wife of Charles's secretary, gives a vivid picture of the

straits to which they were reduced. "When we had got to our quarters near the Castle, where the Prince lay, I went immediately to bed, which was so vile, that my footman ever lay in a better;" and again: "We were destitute of clothes, and meat and fuel for half the Court to serve them a month was not to be had in the whole island, and truly we begged our daily bread of God, for we thought every meal our last. The Council sent for provisions to France which served us, but they were bad and a little of them." Charles and his attendants soon wearied—as much of inaction as of discomfort—for there was neither amusement nor occupation to be had on the island, and after the life of excitement which he had passed the change for an active boy was intolerably irksome. Moreover it was clearly necessary to seek safer, as well as better, quarters; for there was imminent danger of capture by the cruisers of the Parliament. His Council were, as before, reluctant to go to Jersey; they feared that the jealousy which would be aroused in England by this proximity to France might be prejudicial to his father's safety. But Charles now produced a letter which by the King's command he had kept secret for nearly a year, wherein he was ordered to do nothing that might endanger his own person, either to rescue his father or even to save his life. Accordingly, with the consent of the whole Council except Berkshire, and attended by a retinue

o persons—council, grooms of the bedchamber, emen of the privy chamber, cupbearer, carver, er of the robes, pages of the backstairs, pages nour, equerries, chaplains, barber, and others not ılly connected with the household—the Prince rked on a small frigate, the *Proud Black Eagle*, :wo other vessels in attendance; and, eluding the mentary fleet, arrived safely at Elizabeth Castle e evening of Friday, the 17th. He was received respectful sympathy, and, since there was no ; residence on the island itself, continued to live during his stay.

rsey was exuberantly loyal, and proud that in ne of distress she should have been chosen as a :. Sunday, April 26, was a great day in the s of the island. The Prince had announced his ion of coming on that day to St. Helier's, to l divine service, and the whole population was to greet him; the church was carpeted, and ı with flowers; its pillars were decorated with s of trees and garlands; the beach was crowded, very window and housetop was filled with spec- ; a troop of 100 cavaliers of the island, and rd of honour of 300 musketeers, with drums g and colours flying, formed an escort. ghout his stay in Jersey, under the careful f Hyde, Charles exhibited a devout bearing

which won the highest approval of the inhabitants. He was indeed soon on the best of terms with them. Newcastle himself could have found no fault. He was *grandement bénin*, displaying that easy courtesy of address, that graceful condescension in trifles, upon which his old tutor had laid such emphasis. By securing to the ladies of Puritan sympathies the restoration of their confiscated finery; by admitting the loyal islanders to see him when he dined in State, with silver plate, a Doctor in Theology to say grace, lords and gentlemen-in-waiting uncovered before him, pages, cupbearers, and tasters; by the infinite grace with which he accepted their contribution of 1,500 pistoles, "having not £20 in the world"; by the punctiliousness with which he returned their salutes; in a hundred ways this boy of sixteen secured their enthusiastic affection; while his attention to his duties in the Council, and his activity in looking to the strengthening of the defences of the island and to the relief of Pendennis, satisfied even Hyde.

The time remaining from ceremonial or business was chiefly passed in indulging that passion for the sea which he had apparently acquired during his short stay in Scilly, although fear of capture by the Parliament's vessels had forbidden going far from shore. On the voyage to Jersey he had insisted upon steering the frigate himself, remaining at the helm for hours at a time. On June 8 a beautifully appointed

yacht arrived, which was built for him at St. Malo; she had twelve pairs of oars and two masts. Upon this, in the safe waters of the bay, he passed every vacant moment; and the love of salt water, and the interest which he then acquired in the details of boat-building, remained to the end of his life. Many years after the Restoration Arlington noted that twenty leagues by sea were more pleasing to him than two by land; and more than once he commissioned the building of a yacht with his own improvements.

If Hyde and those who thought with him had had their way, Charles would have remained at Jersey until his father's fate was definitely settled. But his mother was eager to secure his presence in France. As early as April 5 she had written to Hyde, under the impression that Charles was still at Scilly, urging the change to Jersey, but intimating that he would find every assistance in France, should he choose to land there first. Colepeper, returning from his mission to Henrietta, arrived at Jersey immediately after the Prince; and Hyde, Capel, and Hopton gathered at once from him that the letter was a blind, and that, had Charles landed in France, he would never have been allowed to come to Jersey at all. On May 17 Henrietta communicated a copy of a letter written by the King on April 15, in which he insisted upon his son joining her in France, and bade her send to him their united commands to do so at once. Hyde

and his friends fought desperately against this design. They had to contend with the influence of Colepeper, who had been won over by the Queen during his stay in Paris, and who "privately so wrought upon his Highness that he became as averse to remaining in Jersey as he had previously been disinclined to leaving it". All they could do was to persuade Charles to postpone his departure until Capel and Colepeper had carried their remonstrances to the Queen, with their opinion that in any case delay was necessary until circumstances had more fully declared themselves. On May 20 Hyde recapitulated his arguments in a long despatch to the Queen's favourite, Lord Jermyn, through whom she transacted all business. The anxiety which would at once occur as to the Prince's religion; the sacrifice of his present security and honourable independence; the jealousy which would be aroused in every other country at present favourable to his cause; these and other cogent reasons were pressed home. But Hyde's main contention was that the King could be restored only by the affections of his own people, that these affections would be lost if it were known that Charles had gone to France, and that the help of a French army would be disastrous. A little later he repeated this last argument. "I do more fear a French army than the Presbyterians and Independents. It must be the resurrection of the English courage and loyalty must recover England

for the King ; a foreign aid (except of arms and money) will never reconcile these hearts to the King and his posterity without which he has no hope of reigning."

Hyde's pleading was in vain. The King had again written to his wife from Newcastle that he considered Charles was not safe in Jersey ; "in God's name let him stay with thee till it is seen what ply my business will take". But this was coupled with the command : "that thou wouldst not endeavour to alter him in religion, nor so much as trouble him in that point ; next that thou wouldst not thyself nor suffer him to be engaged in any treaty of marriage without first having my approbation".

The Queen wrote accordingly, commanding Charles to give immediate obedience to his father's wish ; promising on the part of the French Court an honourable reception, with full liberty to continue or depart at pleasure ; promising also that she would not oppose his going anywhere in the King's dominions, that all business of State should be conducted through him and the Council, as in Jersey, and that she would strictly adhere to the King's limitations of her influence. High politics came to her aid. Mazarin desired to see Charles nominally under French protection, really, as Hyde saw, in French power. He might prove to be a useful card in the political game with England. An open offer might have caused a breach with the Parliament. There could however be no

ground of complaint against the Prince's coming to visit his mother; and, to make sure of his acquiescence, Mazarin was careful that a letter should reach the hands of the Council, in which it was stated that he had certain intelligence of a plot within Charles's household to deliver him to the Parliament. Henrietta's entreaties and commands were strongly reinforced by the impatience of the boy himself to exchange the narrow round of pleasure and interest which the island afforded, and the control of Hyde, for the freedom and the delights which Paris had to offer to a young prince. On June 20, when Capel and Colepeper returned, accompanied by Jermyn, Digby, and others of the Queen's friends, the question was finally settled at a meeting of the Prince's Council, in which the newcomers took part. Hyde, supported by Capel and Hopton, pleaded for a postponement of the debate on so crucial a matter. Jermyn and Colepeper replied that the main question was already decided, since it was whether the Prince was to obey or to disobey his father and mother; the only debate could be upon details.

Charles gave his decision in their favour, and ordered everything to be in readiness for the next Tuesday morning. Accidents and contrary winds prevented the departure until Thursday afternoon; and the boy's impatience during the enforced delay is vividly pictured for us by an eye-witness. "From

Tuesday morning that he first intended to goe, he stayed with great impatience, and would never suffer any of his attendants or trayne to goe out of the castle, lest they might be absent in that article of tyme when the winde should serve, which he resolved to lay hold of. So that nobody went to bedd from that tyme till they came into France, and eate only such meate as my Lady Cartwright could suddanly provyde. The Lords Capel and Hopton and the Chancellor of the Exchequer went once a day to kisse his handes; and stayed very little tyme, ther growinge every day a visible strangenesse betweene them and the rest, in so much that they had little speech together, and the last day none; the other lords sittinge upon the rock of the water syde, whilst they walked upon the bowling green with the Prince, who quickly left them, and they returned." To the last moment Jermyn and Digby were anxious lest Hyde should regain his influence; and when, on Thursday morning, June 24, Charles went on board the frigate, they walked by his side, each taking an arm, presenting thus an actual physical barrier against interference. The contrary wind was so violent that he was forced to land again. His impatience was rendered ungovernable by this delay; and "about five of the clocke, the winde continuinge still contrary, he resolved to try his fortune, and suddanly putt all his company aboord, and himselfe went into his shalley, resolvinge to row over; but

within half an hour after he was at sea the winde came fayre, and blew a pretty gale, so that he went into the bigger vessel, and by eleven of the clocke at night reached the French shore (at Cotainville) and lay at anchor till day break, and then he landed with all his retinue". Hyde, Capel, and Hopton declined to accompany an expedition of which they utterly disapproved, and Fanshawe remained with them on the island. Berkshire, even more mortified, went to Holland.

The personal differences which appeared in this dispute have to be reckoned with throughout the next years. A continual conflict took place between the Queen's, or the French faction, in which Jermyn and Digby, and in a less degree Colepeper, were the most prominent, and the party which followed Hyde, the former counsellors of the King, Capel, Hopton, Ormond, and Nicholas. Between the calmness of judgment, the consistent devotion, and the firmness of political principle of the latter, and the comparative absence of all such virtues in the former party, there was a marked contrast.

There remains one episode to be recorded before we follow Charles in his fortunes in France. We could scarcely expect, when we remember the early maturity of his physical nature, that amid the scenes and influences of the past four years his morals should have remained unscathed. But it is somewhat startling

to find that before he left Jersey, when he was barely sixteen, the boy had become a father. The secret was well kept, so well indeed that more than twenty years afterwards he was able to inform the General of the Jesuits at Rome that it was known to but two other persons, the Queen of Sweden and Henrietta Maria, and that of them neither was aware of the other's knowledge. Of the mother we know absolutely nothing more than Charles disclosed in the same letter. The boy was born, he says, "of a young lady who was amongst the most distinguished in our Kingdom, more from the frailty of our first youth than from any ill intentions or great depravity". With her wrecked life, her motherhood which was her shame, she passes like a nameless shadow across the page. Of the child we hear more. In 1665 he was in London, and on September 27 of that year Charles gave a written acknowledgment that James Stuart was his natural son, having lived in France and elsewhere under an assumed name up to that date. Charles further ordered that he should be known as James de la Cloche du Bourg de Jarsey, and prohibited him from disclosing his birth until after his own death, when he might present this declaration to Parliament. The boy then went to Holland to pursue his studies. A year and a half later, February, 1667, Charles sent him another paper—which, like the first, still exists in the archives of the Jesuits—assigning to him (if it

pleased his successor and Parliament) £500 a year, which he was to enjoy so long only as he lived in London and remained a member of the English Church. On April 29, 1667, the young man was reconciled to Rome; and that circumstance led to another meeting with his father, which will appear later in the narrative (p. 235).

Charles landed in France with high hopes, born of the assurances he had received. But he was speedily disillusioned. To play the part of the unwilling host to a self-invited guest was Mazarin's obviously prudent course. Instead of the reception to which he had looked forward, Charles had to make his way unassisted to his mother at St. Germains, where Rupert found him in the middle of July. "The French," wrote one of his following, "allow the Prince nothing of their great promises; and I think the Cort wish themselve at Jarsey agayne". With the same political aim, a pretext was found in a dispute as to his precedence over the young Louis XIV. to delay the formal reception demanded by his relationship until August 14, when he was acknowledged at Fontainebleau with all the elaborate ceremonial which now became the established practice of the French Court. He rode on the same side of the coach as the King, and on his right hand; and "no point of honour was forgotten and nothing omitted that could testify the close ties of

nguinity". For his own bearing we hear that
r the Prince behaved himself in the journey so
omely that he has gotten the love of all that
seen him, both men and women". But while
care was taken to give him all that convention
nded, the purely formal nature of the reception
mphasised by his being allowed to extend his
over no more than the customary three days of
: visits.

ı the midst of his own troubles Charles I. did not
ight of his son. He sent Dr. Steward to be Dean
s Chapel, and to advise him in all matters of
ience. He bade him hold fast to the right
nment of the Church, and never to give up the
r of the sword when he should come to be King ;
lastly he wrote, "I will end this letter with a
ive direction—never to give way to the punish-
of any for their faithful service to the Crown
whatsoever pretence or for whatsoever cause.".
e is something exquisitely pathetic in this expres-
of remorse from the man who sacrificed Strafford ;
all find his son—who had carried his appeal to
coldly obdurate Houses—recalling it more than
in after years, even when he followed only too
ully the precedent rather than the precept. A
in show of desultory education was kept up ; "the
e gives good Dr. Earles leave to read with him
our a day ; and Mr. Hobbes to teach him the

Mathematics another. What progress he makes I know not; but without doubt he hath a sweetness of nature not easy to be corrupted." Two hours a day probably did not suffice for other experiences. Under able tuition he soon became initiated into the relaxations of a court where intrigue, duelling, and license reigned supreme. Buckingham, his old playfellow, found him "enough inclined to receive ill impressions," and, having himself "got into all the impieties and vices of the age, set himself to corrupt the King, in which he was too successful, being seconded in that wicked design by Lord Percy".

There is little doubt that Charles now became the rake, in heart and in practice, which he remained through life. To one control however he had to submit. The Queen, like the mother of Falkland, was "of a most masculine understanding, allayed by the passion and infirmities of her sex"; and of the masterfulness which had subdued her husband she gave her son an ample experience. With his vices indeed she did not interfere; but in all other matters she kept a tight hand upon his behaviour. He dared not come into her presence uncovered; he was allowed no share in business, except the signing of documents which he did not read; no information on public matters was given him. On the ground that it was not fitting that the heir to England should be a pensioner upon the King of France, his mother kept to herself the addition

to her pension which was made by the Court for his support; and for his scanty pocket-money he was dependent upon her, or, more galling still, upon Lord Jermyn. So far as she was able, she kept him from English influences, and he must often have sighed for the time when he was at Jersey "like a school boy, no distance kept, but all suffered to be as familiar with him as if they were his fellows; but now the English were kept at a great distance, while the French were as familiar with him as could be imagined". In all respects but one—but that the one nearest to her heart—she had her will. His father's commands that she should not interfere with his religion were so precise and unwavering that she dared not disobey; and he never appeared at that time to give Dr. Steward or "good Dr. Earles" any anxiety. Indeed he aroused much searching of heart by his frequent attendance at Charenton, the headquarters of French Protestantism —of Presbyterianism, that is, of the sternest type; and Hyde, at a distance, hating Presbyterianism even more than he hated France, was obliged to quiet his own mind and other people's minds by the diplomatic reflection that "his going to Charenton is no more countenancing Presbyterianism against Episcopacy than the sending an ambassador into Holland is countenancing a Republic against Monarchy".

And what had the "black baby" become by this time? Fortunately we have the testimony of two

women. His mother's old friend and governess, Madame de Motteville, describes him as "very well made; his swarthy complexion agreed well with his large bright eyes; his mouth was exceedingly ugly, his figure extremely fine. He was very tall for his age"—he had probably now reached his full stature of "over two yards high"—"and carried himself with grace and dignity," the effect of his birthright and of Newcastle's training. "His natural tendency to wit and repartee"—of which he gave the first note in his child's letter to Newcastle—"was not noticed, for at that time he hesitated and even stammered, a defect observed in his father and still more in his uncle Louis XIII." And Mademoiselle de Montpensier describes him as "tall for his age, with a beautiful head, black hair, a swarthy complexion and a tolerable figure". This very lively young lady had ample opportunity for noting Charles's personal qualities. Cousin to Louis XIV., and, through her mother, the richest heiress in Europe, the 'Grande Mademoiselle' had been selected by Henrietta Maria, even two years ago, when the successive proposals for the daughters of the King of Portugal and Prince of Orange fell to the ground, as a fitting match for her son. She was clever, and conscious of her cleverness; beautiful, and vain of her beauty, which, as she stands before her mirror, she lovingly and minutely describes; fond of her independence, of her command of wealth, and of

the power which wealth brings; clear-sighted and shrewd of tongue. And it is to her own facile and spirited pen that we owe the account of the strange courtship of which, at his mother's bidding, Charles now performed the outward and visible signs. Two great obstacles were in the way. The lady herself had higher views than to be the consort of an exiled and penniless youth. She was as ambitious as she was rich and capable, and she had made up her mind to be the second wife of the Emperor upon the expected death of his first. In the next place Charles could not speak French—no French had been allowed at his father's court, and even his mother had partly forgotten her own tongue before she returned to Paris —and he was forced to carry on his courtship in dumb show, or through Rupert's interpretership; and this she declared to be unsatisfactory. Charles seems to have performed his part with as much conscientiousness as he ever gave to an uncongenial task. In legitimate love-making indeed he was as little at home as young Marlow in "She Stoops to Conquer"; but he wore Mademoiselle's colours, he sighed "like furnace," he made sheep's-eyes at her in default of speech, he held the light while his mother dressed her hair and performed even more intimate mysteries of the toilet. He attended her at every festivity, ready, hat in hand, to lead her to her coach, and, having anticipated her arrival, ready again to hand her out.

If only he could have spoken for himself, she intimates, she might have yielded. But neither the lad of seventeen, nor the mature coquette of nineteen, had the least heart in the business; while the anxious and tactless Henrietta, by her incessant talk about his love, his virtues, and his agonies of apprehension lest the Empress should die, made her object so apparent to the sharp-witted girl, that, although she appears to have given some sort of provisional assent, it was clearly with the object of escaping from further insistance. Even Henrietta's simple device of attempting to arouse her jealousy by drawing Charles into a flirtation with one of her maids-of-honour was not effective. Mademoiselle was indeed a good deal piqued, but that was all. As for Charles, flirtation was a policy which he was quite willing to carry out, but he insisted on his own choice, and declared himself the servant of the beautiful Mademoiselle de Châtillon. As a matter of fact the marriage never came within the region of practical considerations. Neither Mademoiselle's father, Gaston of Orleans, nor, far more important, Mazarin, had any intention of allowing her vast wealth to leave France. Henrietta was allowed to go on with her schemes, since at any moment it would be easy to stop the farce.

No one, we may be sure, was more happy than Charles himself when this extraordinary courtship was interrupted by matters of more immediate moment.

Something else indeed was needed if the clouds were to be dissipated which hung so thickly above the royal fortunes. Friends must be found, armies must be raised, battles must be fought.

Neither France nor Spain, engaged as they were in an exhausting struggle, would risk the active enmity of the English Parliament, although neither would at present ally herself with an anti-monarchical government. The French Court, moreover, with the difficulties of the Fronde opening fast, confronted by a turbulent nobility against which all the resource of Anne of Austria and Mazarin was needed if they were to hold their own, with the finances at the lowest ebb, was bent on avoiding all external complication. To use the presence of Charles to his advantage in dealing with England was Mazarin's sole aim. If the Parliament grew weak, a show of active assistance to the Prince might obtain advantageous terms. As however they were strong, he could be used equally as a means of conciliating their favour. Thus in May, 1647, an edict was issued forbidding ships with commissions from Charles I. or the Prince to sail from French ports, and denouncing their commanders as pirates and robbers; and the Prince himself was made to understand that, as Hyde had foreseen, he was practically a Court prisoner of France. So resolved was Mazarin to keep him in his power that he refused to grant his wish to join the French forces in Flanders,

on the pretext that it was beneath the dignity of the heir-apparent of England to serve in a foreign army. From his brother-in-law the Prince of Orange, and his sister Mary, he was indeed secure of hospitality and sympathy. But they were prevented from promising more, for to the merchant oligarchy which was stronger than themselves commerce was the overwhelming interest, and the parliamentary fleets swept the sea. It soon became clear that Presbyterian Scotland and Catholic Ireland remained the only possible sources from which help might come for the restoration of a monarchy to which Presbyterianism and Catholicism were like abhorrent; and that from neither was help to be expected without unpalatable conditions.

Scotland was sharply divided. There was the party led by Argyll, to whom the Covenant was the Gospel traced by the glowing fingers of Jehovah himself, who hated the English Independents, and who were bitterly disappointed at the failure to impose Presbyterianism upon England; the party ready to fight for the King, if by so doing they could secure the Covenant, but which protested against war without that condition; and there was the party of Hamilton, Lauderdale, and the other "Engagers," who, nominally adherents of the Covenant, and forced to speak its language if they would continue in public life, hoped to use the power it implied to restore the King.

In the summer of 1647 the Earl of Dunfermline

was sent to France by the Presbyterians of London and the Scottish Commissioners who were still there to urge the despatch of Charles to Scotland, that he might head an army of invasion which would be seconded by a rising in England itself. But Hyde, who was consulted by Henrietta, although still in Jersey, had no desire for a restoration which should place the crown under the heel of the Kirk, and he insisted that no step should be taken until the Scots had declared their intentions and conditions plainly and finally. Argyll's reply was a protest against war until the King should accept the Covenant.

But national opinion in Scotland, as distinguished from that of the rigid Covenanters, was keen for war; and Hamilton, to whom the parliamentary majority representing this feeling had passed at the beginning of 1648—although the assembly of the Kirk, in union with Argyll, was absolutely opposed to the Engagers—was resolved upon immediate action; while by January 24, 1648, the preliminaries of an English rising had been arranged. The Queen pawned her jewels to raise funds, and it was decided that Charles should go to Calais to be ready for emergencies; Mazarin however forbade a further journey into Holland. Commissions were issued in the Prince's name to Langdale and Lord Byron to command in the north and north-west of England respectively. He himself was longing for employment, and the

Engagers were anxious to secure the prestige of his presence; but the disinclination to send him to Scotland was as strong as ever. "You shall have him," Hamilton was told, "when they know not where else to send him." That moment came very soon. The objections to the alternative plan of Ireland were found to be insuperable; the Queen became an advocate for the journey; Hyde was overruled; and Mazarin gave way. On March 9, after a heated debate in the Council, "the Prince's resolution was taken without more ceremony to come into Scotland". On the 23rd his offer was carried to Edinburgh, and, on May 1, Hamilton, Lauderdale, and three other lords formally invited him to place himself at their head. On May 30 Charles was "inexpressibly desirous of himself and impascient to be amongst you"; but it was not until the middle of July, after Hamilton had marched on the ill-fated expedition which ended at Preston, that his messenger returned with Charles's acceptance of the invitation, coupled however with the demand that he should be allowed to use the English Prayer-Book in his public devotions, and with other stipulations which cut athwart covenanting feeling.

Meanwhile, sure of a welcome from his sister and the Prince of Orange, Charles had been bent upon going to Holland, and he was upheld in his desire by his most disinterested advisers. They all felt, with Nicholas, that "nothing will do your friends so much

good as to see your Highness on the wing ready for their assistance"; while Hyde, in direct opposition to the Jermyn faction, was overjoyed at the prospect of his removal from France. No greater testimony of Hyde's reputation for judgment and integrity could have been given than the urgent and reiterated summons from the Queen to come now to St. Germains, although he had consistently opposed her in all that concerned Charles's relations with France.

He obeyed without delay, only to find that Charles was already gone to Holland. Mazarin, reluctant as he was to lose his hold upon the Prince, was not sorry now to be rid of one of the many embarrassments which pressed upon him. The Fronde had begun in earnest; the provinces were stirring in revolt; the Spanish forces were fast gaining ground. Accordingly the formal consent of France was at length given, unaccompanied however by any money; and it was some weeks before Jermyn could raise the small sum necessary. On June 25, with Rupert, Colepeper, and Hopton, Charles left St. Germains. He had intended to join Hamilton as soon as that leader had crossed the border. But tidings that part of the fleet had revolted from the Parliament and was lying off the Dutch coast, that Royalist risings had taken place in various parts of England, that Deal, Sandown, and Walmer had been captured, and that Dover was besieged, took him at once to Holland. On July 9 he

arrived at Helvoetsluys, where the revolted ships were at anchor. The crews were in a state of the wildest undiscipline. His younger brother James, just escaped from England, was playing at being admiral; while a certain Colonel Bampfield, who had assisted him in his flight, was intriguing with the sailors to declare the Duke their commander and to sail without waiting for Charles. The Prince's first care was to impose discipline, and, following his mother's instructions, to secure the Presbyterian element in the fleet by making Lord Willoughby of Parham vice-admiral. But he was in poor case for an expedition of any moment. From the commercial oligarchy in Holland he could get no help for their interest was peace, and the Prince of Orange was able to give him only a small stock of provisions and beer. Anxious to keep the wild crews together, he nevertheless put to sea on July 17, having first set James on shore, as a check to his presumption; whereat "the young Duke was much troubled and grown melancholy upon it, thus to be used as a prisoner and not trusted with himself".

We can imagine Charles's delight when he felt the deck under his feet and watched the receding shores of Holland. It was not so much that he was once more on salt water, nor that action was before him worthy of a disinherited Prince. For the first time he was his own master, free of Hyde and Jermyn, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier, free of the Council and

of the factions in his 'family,' free, above all, of his mother's imperious control.

On July 24 the fleet was off Yarmouth, hoping by a timely landing to save Colchester from Fairfax. But the town was staunch to the Parliament, and the fortress was left to its fate, while Charles sailed to the Downs. To obtain funds he seized all merchant vessels making for the Thames, offering to liberate them on payment of £20,000 by the Common Council; he established a strict blockade at the mouth of the river, where Warwick was lying with the rest of the parliamentary fleet; and he wrote to the House of Lords, urging them to a treaty with his father. He was now joined by Captain Batten, who brought with him *The Constant Warwick*, one of the best ships in the parliamentary service; he thus had a fleet of eleven ships, carrying 274 guns.

On August 10 Lauderdale arrived at the Downs, with instructions from the Committee of Estates, issued after Hamilton had begun his march, to induce the Prince to come to Scotland. Charles was 'desired' not to bring with him Rupert, Montrose, Digby, and a few others who were named, or his uncovenanted chaplains, and to promise that he would use the established Presbyterian service; about taking the Covenant there was not a word. To secure the acceptance of these 'desires' Lauderdale held many private conferences with the Prince and, separately,

with his counsellors. Charles pleaded for delay until he could obtain his father's opinion; but Lauderdale, strong in the knowledge of Hamilton's march, insisted upon an immediate decision. The Prince now took his first lesson in the policy of acting along the line of least resistance. On the 16th Lauderdale was called into the Council, and there—to the utter consternation of Rupert, Hopton, and the other Cavaliers—received Charles's submission. Lauderdale himself describes the scene—how he was placed next to Rupert; how Hopton, Gerard, and—at first—Colepeper were irreconcilable; how Percy and Wilmot were "extremely right," Willoughby "most honest and wholly Scots". On one point only a compromise was effected. Charles made a personal request that the exclusion of Rupert and Maurice should not be verbally insisted on; and Lauderdale, who described how "handsomely Prince Rupert carryed himself," how willing he was to efface himself rather than embarrass Charles, met him in this. But Lauderdale knew very well that Charles's submission to the will of the Scots still hung in the balance: "The Lord bless our army," he wrote, "for all depends upon that, under God". He might well say so. A few days later news came of the disaster at Preston. The Engagers, from whom alone Charles could hope for tolerable terms, were ruined and helpless; if he now went to Scotland, he would go bound hand and foot to Argyll

and the Kirk. Tidings that Colchester had fallen determined him to lead his fleet back to Holland, whither he advised Lauderdale, who dared not return to Scotland, and who was very tired of "wagging at sea," to betake himself and await his arrival. But the sailors, who were bent upon fighting, crowded the upper deck, and appealed to Charles to lead them against Warwick—"cursing my Lord Colepeper openly, and my Lord Lauderdale whom they threatened to throw overboard". Rightly or wrongly, they were under the belief that the Prince meant to go with a single vessel and his suite to Scotland, and they had become violently opposed to concessions to the Scots. Charles himself went among them, pointed out the want of provisions and water, the impossibility of doing anything effective against Warwick, their helplessness if contrary winds arose. But "no rhetorick could alter this mad multitude from their design ; for they fancied, that upon the sight of our ships many of them would come in to us, which would destroy Warwick's fleet, and make us absolute masters at sea. Yet for all this we took another resolution for Holland, the Prince (for no man else durst) set again upon the seamen to desire their leave . . . and gave them so kind words, that at length his ship was, after a sort, content to go for Holland ; so we set sail . . . which the other ships seeing, two of the biggest sailed from us and away were going for Lee Road as fast as they could, which

we perceiving were forced to tack about, and steer their course, finding that there was nothing to be done till we had been in Lee Road. So away we went, as needs must when the Devil drives. On August 29 they spied Warwick's fleet coming towards us, at which all our cabins were knocked down, every ship cleared and put into a posture for fighting, and every land man had his station and musket, and so we sailed towards him desiring nothing more than to fight with him." Many years afterwards Charles related how "Sir W. Batten, being in the ship with him and Prince Rupert, did walk up and down with a napkin under his throat to dry up his sweat: and that Prince Rupert being a most jealous man, and particularly of Batten (being a Presbyterian), do walk up and down swearing bloodily to the King that Batten had a mind to betray them to-day and that the napkin was a signal; 'but by God,' says he, 'if things go ill, the first thing I will do is to shoot him'." Charles himself behaved with spirit; "when his Lords and all his seamen came to desire him to go down into the hold, he would not hear of it, but told them his honour was more to him than his safety, and desired them not to speak of it any more". But the expected fight was prevented by a storm; the sailors were at length persuaded that they must give way, when they found but one butt of beer on the fleet, and no water; and on September 3 they were at anchor at Goree. Thither Warwick followed, and

summoned them to surrender. But the States, who were resolved that no fighting should take place in their waters, ordered Van Tromp—"Van Butterbox," the sailors called him—to lie between the hostile fleets. "Here we are, I thank God," writes the eye-witness whom we have quoted, "and if ever they get me into their sea voyages again, I am much mistaken." Probably the only person who had really enjoyed himself was Charles.

One other incident, very personal to Charles, belongs to this time. On April 9, 1649, the woman named Lucy Walters, or Barlow, "a beautiful, brown, insipid creature," with "not much wit, little means, and less grace," gave birth at Rotterdam to the future Duke of Monmouth. Charles at once acknowledged the boy, proving that, whether he were really his own son, or—as is more probable—the son of Robert Sidney, whose mistress she had been, and whom the child greatly resembled, the connection between himself and her must have begun during the week (July 9-16, 1648) before he set out to sea. It is interesting to be assured, by grave historians, that he was at this time "eminent for continence".

The brothers now became permanent visitors of the Prince of Orange, the States having limited their hospitality to ten days at the rate of 1,000 guelders a day. Charles had ample occupation in the endeavour to appease the quarrels among his followers, especially

between Rupert and Colepeper, representing the Scotch and anti-Scotch factions, which went so far that Colepeper was seriously beaten in the street by one of Rupert's adherents. He had also to make his fleet into a good fighting machine. The ships were in dock, and the guns on shore; the crews were dispersed as far as Rotterdam, rioting and drinking. Some of the ships were carried back by their crews to the Parliament, others were retaken; and Dorislaus, the agent of the Parliament, was justified in writing word that nothing serious was to be feared from the fleet. In November, Charles, whose vigorous constitution had enabled him to make a rapid recovery from a severe attack of smallpox, created Rupert admiral of the vessels that remained, in the place of Willoughby; a concession to Cavalier feeling probably to be laid to Hyde's door. Two or three refused to have any commander but James; but here they had to deal with Rupert, who restored discipline by the simple process of throwing ringleaders into the sea with his own strong arms. Maurice was appointed vice-admiral, and the ships were newly officered. For a time this squadron, the only semblance of Royalist strength now in a condition to make itself felt, did useful work by capturing prizes, which were sold, though for ridiculously low sums, to replenish Charles's almost empty exchequer. It was intended, however, that as soon as possible Rupert should sail to co-operate with Ormond in Ireland.

Ever since he had landed at Goree, Charles had had by his side the wise and consistent counsellor to whom he afterwards owed his throne. We have seen that Hyde had been summoned in haste by the Queen from Jersey, but had reached St. Germains only to find that the Prince had already left. He set off straightway in pursuit, with Lord Cottington, an old adviser of Charles I., of like mind with himself. Missing their master at Calais, they sailed to Dunkirk, and there heard that he was already at sea. They strove to reach him in a small vessel, but were taken by pirates and robbed of all they had, finally reaching the Hague, destitute and nearly dead with sea-sickness, a day only before Charles returned. Three weeks later Hyde addressed to the Queen, though it was never actually sent, a remarkable letter, wherein he expressed again with unmistakable distinctness the opinions from which he never swerved throughout all the weary years to follow. Never, he said, would he consent, still less contribute, to anything that might carry hazard to the full and perfect rights of the Church of England; should either she, or the King, be inclined under any notions of expedience to injure the Church and thereby the Crown, he would endeavour all means lawful and possible to prevent it. He had heard that—with her approbation—the Prince had at Lauderdale's demand put himself into the power and disposition of the Scots, "which I did not

expect". The danger was for the moment past, through Hamilton's defeat; but she must understand clearly that under no circumstances would he lend himself to such a course, nor would he attend the Prince if he should ever decide to go to Scotland. If, after this clear exposition, his counsel were still desired, he trusted he might "be disposed of to some other part of her service, when he would with all imaginable obedience observe her commands". In these views, although they are nowhere expressed so uncompromisingly, Ormond and Nicholas concurred, while Colepeper, Percy, Long—the Prince's secretary—and Dr. Fraser, his physician, were "the chief saints in the Presbyterian calendar".

For the time the Scottish plan was as dead as Hyde could wish. It was not until December that Charles had received the letters written to him, after Hamilton's rout, by the Committee of Estates in Scotland and the Assembly of the Kirk, who were now in harmony. The Committee, out of the duty they owed to him "as our Native Prince," urged him at once to repudiate the Engagers and to induce his father to agree to the Hampton Court terms, especially as regarded the Covenant and the Reformation of Religion. The letter from the Commissioners of the Assembly said the same, but with the greater emphasis which was customary with the Kirk. They exhorted the Prince "to be diligent in reading the Holy Scrip-

tures, and frequent in prayer for grace and understanding"; and trusted that God would not give him over to the counsel of the ungodly. All this, and much more, led up to the real point: "We are persuaded there is not a better means for securing the King's throne than that your Royal Father and your Highness should join in this League and Covenant".

The replies drafted by Hyde were of a nature to discourage further correspondence for a time. The Prince was made to rejoice over the wishes expressed in these letters to secure the removal of all differences betwixt the King and his subjects; he threw the onus of obtaining this desirable object entirely upon the writers; congratulated them upon their dutiful and pious attitude; and—said not a word about the Covenant. It was quite certain that as long as Hyde's advice were listened to, a journey to Scotland would not find favour. But Ireland remained, and Hyde was urgent that Charles should go thither at the first opportunity. It was therefore arranged that the Prince should winter in Jersey, whence he might easily sail upon receipt of good news from Ormond. His mother was fain to accompany him to Ireland: but the Fronde was now in full swing, the French Court was compelled to leave Paris, money was not to be had, and she herself, during a winter of extreme severity, was in such distress that she "had not a sou to get a dinner or a gown," and would have been

without even a fire but for the kindheartedness of De Retz. At length the *Parlement* of Paris gave her a supply for her immediate necessities; and James was sent to her from Holland in the middle of February, after he had dismissed the greater number of his servants, among them Peter Massonet the sublector, who had taught both his brother and himself to write. Charles also reduced his household, and took up his residence at Breda, the private patrimony of the Prince of Orange on the frontier of the Low Countries, where he was maintained in comfort by his brother-in-law.

It was now that he received from his father three long letters giving a detailed account of the proceedings of the Isle of Wight treaty. They were the last letters to him from the King; and the second of them concludes with a passage which, written at such a time, must be infinitely touching even to those who most feel the weaknesses of the King's character:—

By what has been said, you see how long we have laboured in the search of peace. Do not you be disheartened to tread in the same steps; use all worthy ways to restore yourself to your right, but prefer the way of peace. And in this give belief to our experience, never to affect more greatness or prerogative than that which is really and intrinsically for the good of subjects, not satisfaction of favourites. And if you thus use it, you will never want means to be a Father to all, and a bountiful Prince to any you would extraordinarily be gracious unto. You may perceive all men intrust their treasure where it returns them interest; and if Princes, like the sea, receive and repay all the fresh streams the rivers intrust with them, they will not grudge,

but pride themselves to make them up an ocean. These considerations may make you as great a Prince as your Father is now a low one. And your state may be so much the more established as mine hath been shaken. For subjects have learned that victories over their Prince are but triumphs over themselves, and so will be more unwilling to hearken to changes hereafter. The English Nation are a sober people, however at present infatuated.

We know not but this may be the last time we may speak to you or the world publicly. We are sensible into what hands we are fallen; and yet we have these inward refreshments the malice of our enemies cannot perturb. . . .

To conclude, if God gives you success, use it humbly and far from revenge; if he restore you to your rights on hard conditions, whatever you promise, keep. Do not think anything in this world worth the obtaining by foul or unjust means.

You are the son of our love; and as we direct you to weigh what we have recommended to you, so we assure you we do not more affectionately pray for you, than we do that the ancient glory and renown of this nation be not buried in irreligious or fanatick humour; and that the ancient laws, with the interpretation according to the known practice, may once again be a hedge about our subjects, that you may in due time govern, and they be governed, as in the fear of God.

On January 13, 1649, within a month of reading these words, Charles was apprised of his father's danger. On the next day he made a personal appeal to the States; even now he was unable to address them in French. By the same vessel that carried their mission of remonstrance he forwarded to the Council in England that eloquent blank sheet of paper (which may still be seen in the Bodleian Library), bearing nothing but his signature in order that upon it might be written the conditions of his father's life.

On the 18th he appealed to the young King of France and to Mazarin. On February 5 he knew that the blow had fallen, when Dr. Gough, his chaplain, addressed him as "Your Majesty".

It was not to be expected that the outburst of grief which followed the news should last long. The tie between father and son could never have been close. Charles I. was an anxious, but scarcely a fond, parent. All intimacy with his son had been given up when the boy was eight years of age; and the turmoil of war, and the ceremony of royalty, had prevented any reforming of the bond. For three years, full of distractions which would efface any lively recollections, they had not met. Under such circumstances it is difficult to blame him if the past was soon obscured by the possession of kingship and by the prospect of a career of adventure more exciting than anything he had hitherto experienced. The tragedy affected him, and for the time deeply; but not as it affected his father's old counsellors and friends.

The horror with which it struck them made them well-nigh inarticulate. It was murder, murder most foul and most unnatural. A band of wicked men had done to death more than their King, more than a good and gracious master, and a man of pure and pious life. In his person they had violated the sacredness of monarchy, the sacredness of the Church, the laws and liberties of England, everything for which

his servants had sacrificed home, friends, children, and estates, and for which they had been at any moment willing to give their lives. This drum-head court-martial was not the act of the people of England; it was not an execution, or an incident of warfare; it was murder, which cried for vengeance. "My soule abhors the thought of it, of which no age ever heard the like," says Nicholas. Grenville trusted that "God will revenge it on the heads of the damn'd authors and contrivers of it". "Through all distractions," wrote Hatton, "I must enforce myself to action when it may conduce to revenge the blood of that royal and glorious martyr upon those base and inhuman murderers." It is not until the intensity of this feeling is realised that we cease to wonder that the best and noblest of Charles's followers—Hyde, the type of integrity—Ormond, "framed to none but gallant ends"—were, without shame, cognisant of plots to assassinate Cromwell, or any, such as Dorislaus, who were associated with him in the deed. There was no chance of bringing the murderers to trial, even such a mockery of trial as that which had been granted to their victim; there was no law by which these "bloody raigning villains" could be touched. To those who mourned for the slain King, and all that he stood for, the destroying, by whatever means, of Cromwell, and all who had acted with him in the inexpiable crime would be a righteous act.

The fact that Charles was away from his mother's direct influence at the moment of his nominal accession to the throne, enabled Hyde to secure the selection of a Privy Council composed of the old friends of Charles I. with the exception of Long, who was in Henrietta's interest. The pressing question before them was that of the King's immediate movements. The nervous anxiety of the States to avoid provoking Cromwell forbade any prolonged stay in Holland, especially after the murder of Dorislaus, the agent of the Commonwealth with the States, by some Cavalier bravoes, while Charles was resolved not to imperil his newly tasted liberty by yielding to his mother's urgent desire that he would join her in Paris. In this he was of course supported by all of Hyde's way of thinking. "I hold," said Lord Hatton from Paris, "Lord Jermyn's counsels and designs as pernicious and destructive as ever, and his power as vast and exorbitant. His present endeavour . . . is to tie up the King as much as ever his father was to the counsel of the Queen." Moreover, Hatton argued, it was quite possible that, in order to gain the support of the Commonwealth against the Frondeurs, the Court might urge his renunciation of his title, or "make their market of him with the English".

There remained once more, as a refuge, Scotland and Ireland; and there was a choice of three policies: a Royalist movement in England, a Catholic movement

in Ireland, and a Covenanting movement in Scotland. All tidings made it clear that the first of these was for the time impossible. Charles's personal inclination was for Ireland, whither, after granting a full indemnity to the Irish rebels, he had, on January 22, received an invitation from Ormond, and where he knew he should find Rupert with the fleet. Subject to the retention of Scottish goodwill, this course was supported by the Queen. Scotland itself was not a fit place unless there was "entire union, with an absolute and unlimited declaration from them to joyne with all others of what nation or condition soever to revenge the murder of his Majesty of ever blessed memory"; unless, that is, Scotch Covenanters would join with Irish Catholics and English Erastians and Sectaries; unless vinegar would mix with oil.

The Scots soon made their terms clear. On February 7 Charles had been proclaimed King in Edinburgh: but, before being admitted, he "was to give satisfaction concerning religion, the union of the Kingdoms, and the good and peace of Scotland, according to the National Covenant and the Solemn League and Covenant,"—the "damnable Covenant," in Hyde's brief anathema. "If his Majesty," said Baillie, "may be moved to join with us in this one point, he will have all Scotland ready to sacrifice their lives for his service. If he refuse, or shift this duty, his best and most useful friends, both here and else-

where, will be cast into inextricable labyrinths, we fear, for the ruine of us all." On February 20 Sir Joseph Douglas brought an offer from Argyll to send commissioners to arrange for the King's reception in Scotland on condition of "his good behaviour, strict observance of the Covenant, and his entertaining no other persons about him but such as were godly men, and faithful to that obligation". The Covenanting Scots were anxious, as the Engagers had been, for the prestige of his presence, since their proclamation of the King had made war certain with the hated Sectaries of England; but had an angel from heaven appeared to lead their armies, and had he refused the Covenant, there would have been a scant following among those for whom all other attributes of God were obscured by the certainty that He was the "Prime Covenanter".

Charles was not yet reduced to submit himself to the 'sour tyrannies' of the Kirk. There were other Scotchmen besides Argyll and his zealots. His little Court was crowded with the ostracised and banished Engagers—Hamilton, Lauderdale, and many others—as well as with pure Royalists like Napier and Sinclair. Thither too came Montrose to confer in secret with Hyde—Montrose, the one purely heroic figure of the time. On February 22, Charles privately created him Lieutenant-Governor of Scotland, and Captain-General of all forces there, or brought there out of England or

Ireland. That is, at the same moment that he refused to close with Argyll, he gave his approval to a purely Royalist and anti-Covenant undertaking in covenanting Scotland.

On March 27 the Commissioners arrived. Charles was in no hurry to meet them, and was "taken up by his Easter devotions for some days". On April 11, however, the long contest fairly began between unyielding Kirk and debonair Prince. Cassillis and Robert Baillie addressed him for the Parliament and Kirk respectively; he was asked to take the Covenants, to assent to Acts of Parliament imposing them on England and Ireland, and to dismiss Montrose. "Every day," wrote his cousin the Princess Sophia, "they bring some new proposition to the King, full of importunity: they would not have him keep any honest man about him." Playing the double game which soon became familiar, Charles put off the Commissioners on the ground that he expected all their propositions together, while he secretly empowered Montrose to treat with foreign Kings and States for help. A few days later he was presented with a volume of light reading—the National Covenant—the Solemn League and Covenant—the Confession of Faith—the Directory—and other Presbyterian Gospels, "bound together in a book so handsome as we could get them". When however the Commissioners requested another interview, Charles was abroad,

hunting. Growing weary of these delays, they demanded a final answer on May 1. After consultation with Montrose, Hamilton, and Lauderdale, the King replied on the 19th that he would accept the Covenants for Scotland only. The actual meaning of this appears in Hyde's paraphrase to the King of Spain: "he deferred the thought of going himself in person into Scotland, till the affections of that people be reformed or reduced; which he doubts not will shortly be done by the Marquis of Montrose". The Commissioners returned to Scotland in disappointment and anger; and, on the day on which he gave his reply, Charles named Montrose Admiral of Scotland. But Baillie, though baffled for the time, was of good comfort: "when the rotten reed of Ireland is broken he will think better of our propositions". Possessing a good deal of the milk of human kindness, Baillie had been captivated by Charles. "Of a very sweet and courteous disposition, it were all the pities in the world but he were in good company." And again: "He is one of the most gentle, innocent, well-inclined Princes, so far as yet appears, that lives in the world; a trimme person and of a manlie carriage; understands pretty well; speaks not much; would God he were amongst us". And, while lamenting that he is "firm to the tenets his education and company has planted in him," Baillie declares that "If God would send him among us, without some of his present counsellors, I thinke

e would make, by God's blessing, as good a King as
ritaine saw these hundred years". Hatton, from
nother point of view, writes almost at the same time
f his "judgment not inferior to the sweetness of his
isposition, though the latter as yet doth too much
revaile to the apprehension of those that doe not
oroughly know the former". With his more official
dvisers, also, Charles was acquiring a good character;
Iicholas speaks of his insight into business, of his
teadfastness when he had once formed a good resolu-
on, and of that discernment of men which was so well
xpressed in later years: "Where men had chinks,
e would see through them as soon as anyone about
im". Hyde, somewhat less expansively, describes him
s being "as hopeful for virtue and judgment as you can
xpect from one of his years and education".

Meanwhile the course of the negotiation with the
cots, and the probability that it would be necessary
o renew it, had led to the departure of Hyde from
he Court. His uncompromising opposition to all
ovenanting schemes, whether from Kirk or Engagers,
ad caused a deadlock in the Council which could
nly be removed by his absence. At the suggestion
f the Prince of Orange, he was therefore sent with
is old friend Lord Cottington, a Catholic, and a
avourite at Madrid, to see if the sorely needed
unds could be procured from the Court of Spain.
Hyde was deeply hurt, and pointedly asked the King

whether the mission had been manufactured in order to get rid of him. He had, also, to bear the reproaches of his friends. "Sir E. Hyde," says Nicholas, "would faine justify his going into Spaine, but it is not in the wit of man to do it: God forgive him." The result was apparent at once. The very next day "The Scots had a better day of it at Councell than at any time before".

Hyde and Cottington were instructed to promise the Spanish Court that Charles would, when restored, protect the Catholics and try to obtain a parliamentary repeal of the penal laws; and to offer as security for a loan the goods of his English subjects in Spain. They were to endeavour to secure peace between France and Spain—when Charles might fairly hope for the combined help of the two Crowns—and to gain the goodwill of the Pope's Nuncio, and through him of the Pope himself, to whom a special agent, Robert Meynell, was sent with similar promises and requests. Charles was indeed at his wits' end for money. The small supplies which Montrose had been able to obtain were absorbed in the preparations for his projected expedition; the Dutch refused a request for ships and an advance of £20,000; the Prince of Orange had done all he could; a small loan only was obtained by Colepeper from the Czar; Rupert's prizes were insignificant; from France in her distractions nothing was to be had. The Queen offered to sell

her pawned jewels; but, as Hyde pointed out, this was not of much use—since it would cost more to get them out of pawn than could be raised. Strange items of help indeed reached Henrietta. "The old Princess of Condé"—a former lover of her father—"sent an extraordinary fat mutton to the Queen as a kind of monster for the fatness of it, and in the belly of the sheepe were two thousand crownes." But Charles's debts soon amounted to £30,000; and farther stay in Holland was useless. In June he went to Brussels—"cursing the Hollanders, of whom there cannot be ill enough spoken"—in order from thence to back his envoys' appeals at Madrid. But all such appeals were useless. Spain had no money to spare, and was very much afraid of those "powerful devils at Westminster". She was indignant because Rupert was selling his prizes in the hostile territory of Portugal. She was at war with France, and Charles was about to join his mother on French soil. So long as Rupert was hovering on her coasts, Hyde and Cottington were well treated; but this ceased when Blake came in pursuit, and by Christmas they saw "no chance of bread for a month longer". They lingered on throughout 1650 in wretched plight, as did Meynell in Rome, under alternate hope and despair—simply because they had not money to pay for their return. In December it was intimated to them that their continued official presence was disagreeable.

Cottington was allowed to stay, and to die in retirement in Spain. Hyde, supplied with a little money by the Spanish Court, left in March, 1651, and, after a visit to the Queen at Paris, reached Antwerp in November.

Meanwhile Charles had joined his mother and James at St. Germains in July, 1649. She soon found that this period of independence had made him a very different person. "For some time," it was prophesied, "the Queen will govern all, but not long." Henrietta expressed her annoyance that he had filled up his Privy Council without her advice. He told her bluntly that she must not interfere. "The Queen began to confer with the King of his business . . . in which she found him so reserved, as if he had no mind she should be conversant with it. He made no apologies to her, nor any professions of resigning himself to her advice . . . he did as good as desire her not to trouble herself in his affairs; and finding her passions strong, he frequently retired from her with some abruptness."

In one matter he was ruled by her wish: he at once took up the interrupted courtship of the Grande Mademoiselle. He had but just emerged from a similar enterprise. His cousin Sophia, the sister of Rupert and Maurice, was residing at the Hague during his stay with her mother, Elizabeth of Bohemia; and a flirtation at least was but natural. Fortunately

she too has left us the story in her own words; for she had a quick eye, a sound judgment, and a sense of humour which did not spare those whom she loved most, as when she said of her *précieuse* sister Elizabeth that all her philosophy did not save her from vexation when her nose was red. She describes how keen was the competition for Charles; what pains the English took to secure her favour when it was expected that he would marry her; how the Dowager Princess of Orange, who wanted him for one of her own daughters, laid a deliberate plot to compromise her with her married son and thereby to ruin her prospects; and how Charles avoided her while the Scotch Commissioners were there, since she made no disguise of her hatred of Presbyterianism and of her worship of Montrose. For a time, Sophia owns, she was attracted by her cousin and flattered by his attentions. But the wooing was cut short somewhat abruptly by his own clumsiness. He never really took the trouble to make love, and he could think of no better compliment to pay her than to say that she was handsomer than Mrs. Barlow. As Mrs. Barlow's reputation was perfectly well known at the Hague, the Princess thought fit to mark her sense of the impropriety; and when next he asked her to walk out with him, she excused herself on the ground that she had a corn on her foot. Besides, she knew that "the marriages of great Kings are not made in so simple a fashion";

and farther, although Charles "was richly endowed by nature, he was not sufficiently so by fortune to allow him to think of marriage, especially as there was no money on her side". But it was not until Charles abandoned Montrose that he lost all chance of retrieving his position in her eyes.

With the Grande Mademoiselle matters went on in their old course. She was, as before, frankly critical. She thought him improved in looks; but his wit and bearing were not conformable. He was still compelled to use an interpreter to convey his formal compliments, and his offer of immediate marriage. Moreover she had her views as to his inherited defects of character: "Les Bourbons sont gens fort appliqués aux bagatelles, et peu solides". He seemed to know nothing of his own affairs, and that was unworthy of a youth of his age. Worst of all, his appetite was too robust. Instead of toying with some ortolans, he would "throw himself upon a piece of beef and a shoulder of mutton". The poor lad did his best, under his mother's eye. He kept up the formal siege for three months; he made set speeches to her in her coach, and gave her to understand that he would give up all his irregular love affairs on the day he was married. At length she came to the rescue herself by raising the barrier of religion; she could not consent to marry a heretic. The leave-taking, when at last he went to Jersey in

September, was of a piece with the rest. He managed to express a hope that Lord Jermyn had made his views clear, and to stammer out that he was her most obedient servant; the lady replied in similar words; and all was for the time over.

Mademoiselle does not tell us whether the open association of Charles with Mrs. Barlow, whom he had brought with him to St. Germains without the least concealment, affected her decision as it had affected his cousin's. The story of this woman may as well be finished at once. Whether Charles was implicated in the very mysterious and temporarily successful attempt at the abduction of her boy, immediately after his birth in April, 1649, is not known. He refused to listen to the appeal of Hyde and Ormond that he would break off the vulgar connection; nor was it until he returned from Scotland in 1651 that the scandal was finally removed. Left to her own resources, she had fallen into such irregular ways of supplementing them that very shame forbade further association with her, and she was pensioned with £400 a year. In 1656 she came to England with her son, and with Thomas Howard, a gentleman of the Horse to the Princess of Orange, upon what errand is not known. She so imposed upon many of the Royalists there by her assertions that she was married to Charles, that she was received with the greatest reverence and served on bended knee. In July she

was arrested and placed in the Tower, but was shortly sent back to Flanders as a person without ostensible means of subsistence. After a scene of brutal violence on the part of the King's agent at Brussels, the boy was removed from her control and placed under the care of Lord Crofts in Paris, whose name he bore until after the Restoration. The last thing we hear of her is from Evelyn, speaking of Monmouth. "His mother . . . was a beautiful strumpet, whom I had often seen in Paris. She died miserably (1657) without anything to bury her." And James puts the last touch to the sordid story when he adds, "of the disease common to those of her profession".

So long as the possibility remained of using Ireland as the base of enterprise, matters were not in an absolute *impasse*. On September 17 Charles went with his brother on board the pinnace of which he had been so fond, and, steering her himself, reached Jersey safely with the magnificent sum of four livres and a half in his pocket. Here, while awaiting news from Ormond, he remained contentedly enough. He was once more away from his mother and from Mademoiselle and from the wearisome etiquette of the Court: he had hunting, and shooting, and, above all, his yacht. But to his more serious followers these times of forced inactivity showed him at his worst. Mrs. Windham, the governess who had made him ridiculous at Bridgewater, joined his little Court, and

"governed the King and every one else like a minister of state"; and Lord Byron, writing to Ormond on October 12, says despairingly: "Foreign princes begin to look upon him as a person so lazy and careless in his own business that they think it not safe to irritate so potent enemies". His one chance of redeeming himself is to go to Ireland and "not be taken here in a nook of the world with his hands in his pockets".

It was not until November 30 that Charles received Ormond's report of Cromwell's great campaign, and knew that the "rotten reed of Ireland" was forever broken.

This was the opportunity which Baillie had foreseen —the time for the Kirk to have her will. Sir George Winram was at once despatched from Scotland to Holland, to consult with the English Presbyterians who had assembled there, of whom Alderman Bunce was the chief, "a good, merry, and honest fellow, if any honesty can be in a Presbyterian". Thence, in company with Silas Titus, who had been acting as agent between them and the Queen's faction, he came straight to Jersey, bearing a list of eighty of the principal citizens of London who were favourable to a restoration, and a message that if Charles would agree with the Scots he should want neither men nor money. The saving clause was emphatic. "If," wrote Winram, "he think to have any service of us without 'ifs' and

'ands,' he must come up, and that shortly, to our demands." Not only the disaster in Ireland, but Charles's utter poverty, gave Winram hope. "Now is the time to pray that the Lord would prevent the King with his tender mercies, for indeed he is brought very low, when he wants bread both for himself and his servants, and betwixt him and his brother not one English shilling." Was it the abundance of the sense of humour, or the total want of it, which induced him to add, "I am confident no ingenuous spirit will take advantage of his necessities"? "His case," Winram goes on, "is very deplorable, being in prison where he is, living in penury, surrounded by his enemies, not able to live anywhere else in the world, . . . yet his pernicious and devilish council will suffer him to starve before they will suffer him to take the Solemn League and Covenant." The King's attitude indeed had not been promising. On October 31 he had issued a declaration to his friends in England in which no mention was made of any concessions to the Presbyterians; in November he was complaining to Christina of Sweden of the unreasonableness of the Scots; and by his more ardent followers Winram was threatened with personal violence.

None the less Charles knew that the game was up. Almost without exception his immediate advisers urged him to come to terms with the Scots. In the first days of January, 1650, after prolonged and

passionate debate—in which "The King expressed such moderation, patience, and judgment as was admirable in a person of his years, and such truly as I little expected of him, repressing by his excellent temper those heats and animosities which otherwise would certainly have destroyed the business"—it was decided to treat with the Scots "upon honourable terms"; Nicholas adding a proviso for himself, that this phrase implied "a Treaty without prejudice to his Maj.'s affaires under the Marquis of Ormond or the Marquis of Montrose". Winram was sent back with Charles's offer to meet Commissioners from Scotland at Breda on March 15, "expecting them to be guided by a just and prudent moderation"; Titus was to press the same lesson upon them through the English Presbyterians; and a separate letter to Robert Douglas, the Moderator of the Assembly, urged him to do his best to persuade his brethren to limit their demands. To Hamilton, to whom he sent the Garter, Charles declared that he would act by his advice. To Rupert he said that nothing he had done or would do should in the least degree diminish his power or authority in command of the fleet; and lastly, Montrose, who also had the Garter, was to "proceed vigorously and effectually, and so either persuade to reasonableness or force it by arms in case of refusal". "We will not," Charles wrote, "before or during the treaty do anything contrary to that power and

authority which we have given you by our commission, nor consent to do anything that may bring the least degree of diminution to it." "We hope," said Hyde from Madrid, "the Marquis of Montrose will advance this treaty better than all the devotion of the Presbyterians."

On February 13 Charles left Jersey. On his journey he turned aside to hold an interview at Beauvais with the Queen—who adjured him never to take the Covenant, never to abandon the Irish, never to betray his own followers—and he reached Breda early in March.

To the austere political moralist it will appear that a consent to treat with the Scots upon terms which were laid before him without concealment, while at the same time he did his best to raise up civil war in their midst, was unpardonable duplicity. Our own judgment is far less severe. The words 'King' and 'Subjects' lose their force in circumstances such as those in which he was placed. Charles knew perfectly well that the Covenanters needed him quite as much as he needed them; and he knew that they intended to obtain terms from his helplessness of which but for that helplessness they must have despaired. To the narrow brutality avowed by Winram he opposed a pardonable, if unkingly, deceit. It is not for his treatment of the Scotch kirkmen that he must be condemned; it is for the cool selfishness with which

he repudiated his engagements with Montrose, for his unruffled desertion of his spotless servant, that he owes his first claim upon the execration of all honest men. Montrose had gone to his fate. With one small ship, a few men, and a little money, he sailed from Bergen, and landed at Kirkwall on March 23. Before that time the letters which Charles had written to him had somehow reached the hands of the Covenanters; and the situation with which they had to deal was clear. Argyll indeed was strong enough to carry a resolution that Commissioners should be sent to Breda without delay or question; but the sterner Covenanters insisted that the terms should be nothing less than an absolute and unconditional surrender. Three of each party were placed on the parliamentary commission, while the Kirk sent its own commission of five.

When at length Charles met the Commissioners he was fairly in the toils. Of all the plans that had been formed for escape none had any present chance of success; and his supplications for money in every Court of Europe had realised only £2,200, and vague promises. On March 25 he received the Scotch conditions. He had gained little by waiting. Besides confirming the concessions demanded in the previous April, he was called upon to surrender, to Parliament and the Assembly of the Kirk respectively, all future control over civil and ecclesiastical matters. And he

was to abandon explicitly Ormond and Montrose—"that justly Excommunicate rebel James Graham"—Irish Catholics, and English and Scotch loyalists, and the Church of England. And in return they gave him no shadow of a promise of help. He was to enter Scotland as a puppet and a renegade.

For a full month Charles fought against the detestable necessity, hoping even yet in the possibilities of delay. That he shortly saw what the result must be was however made clear when, just as he had sent away Hyde and Cottington a year before, he removed Hopton and Nicholas from the Council, and supplied their places by Hamilton, Newcastle, and Buckingham; entrusting to these three the details of the negotiation. This first concession caused consternation among the Royalists. "God help us," wrote Hatton, "when Hamilton, Long, Newcastle, and Buckingham rule in council." "I pray," he went on bitterly, "let us know whether the King has deserted my Lord Mont Rose, and that the next bout shall be my Lord of Ormond; or whether, according to the finer phrase for abandoning him, his Majesty hath commanded him peremptorily into Ireland." Hyde's view may be seen in his letter to Morley from Madrid. If the Covenanters would give up every position for which they contended, if they would submissively wage war against the English rebels under the leadership of Montrose, then, and not until then, "there might

: been matter for sad consideration and counsel
n what security these men ought to be trusted.
erwise," he said, "is it a King's condition, or
ı the condition of a gentleman, that he can
,"

Meanwhile, under the new auspices, matters went
dly on. Acting on the advice of the Prince of
ıge, the Duke of Lorraine, and Christina of Sweden,
promise anything, and break the promise when you
" Charles, though "with great passion and bitter
:ration," gave up successively Montrose and the
aliers, Hamilton, Lauderdale, and the other En-
:rs, and the Irish Catholics. Upon this he was
ıally invited to come to Scotland, and on May 1
igned the first draft of the Treaty of Breda. Two
; later he sent orders to Montrose to disband, and
May 12 he announced that he utterly dissociated
self from his action. Montrose never received the
:r, and, it may be hoped, never realised the treachery.
April 27 he had fought his last fight at Corbisdale;
May 4 he was captured, and on May 21 was done
eath. Charles reached the extremity of paltriness
n he wrote to the Scotch Parliament that he did
regret his champion's defeat. This dastardly
ayal, for which he never expressed a word of
et, leaves him with less hope of successful appeal
ı the betrayal of Strafford left to his father. The
r possible palliation suggested for him is that he

had perhaps received assurances on Argyll's part that the life of Montrose should be spared.

Humiliation followed hard upon the base deed. When the news of Corbisdale arrived, the Scotch stiffened their terms once more. Charles was now to take the oath to the Covenants before he set foot in Scotland, and whenever the demand should be made. All treaties and agreements whatsoever with the "bloody rebels in Ireland" were to be void, nor was he ever to permit any liberty of the Popish religion in Ireland or any other part of his dominions; the Engagers were to give security and satisfaction to the Kingdom before they were allowed to return, and nothing in the Act of Classes—the Act by which they were cut off from public life—was to be repealed.

To all these conditions Charles gave way, although he ignored the question of the Engagers; and on June 2 he embarked at Harslaerdyck with Hamilton, Lauderdale, Dunfermline, and Brentford; while, of his English following, Buckingham, Wilmot, Henry Seymour, Mr. Rhodes, and his physician Dr. Fraser, with his two chaplains, also accompanied him. On one point only he had made a last assumption of independence. From Dr. John Livingstone, one of the Commissioners of the Kirk, we have the climax to the story of his delinquencies. "The Saturday before the King left Breda . . . we got notice about 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon that he was to communicate kneeling

tomorrow afternoon. We prepared ane paper, and presented it to him; and both by the paper and by speech showed him the sin of so doeing, and the provocation to God to procure the blasting of all his designs. . . . When we went to him after supper we found him tenaciously resolute to continue his purpose; he said his Father used always to communicate at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and soe should he." He had already scandalised the Scotch ministers by denying that the Scriptures were a perfect rule in matters of controversy, by questions of a painfully sceptical tone, by continuing to use the English service, and by "balling and dancing" into the early morning. But all this was to come to an end now; the shadow of the Kirk and Covenant lay drear and heavy upon him. Hearing that Charles and Lord Cassillis were on board one of the ships in the harbour, and alone, Livingstone and a colleague boarded it, thinking it "a pity that the King and Lord Cassillis should be there, and none to preach to them". On the 11th, off Heligoland, after many futile struggles and appeals, he signed the latest draft of the conditions; and, in pursuance of them, on June 23, outside the mouth of the Spey, he swore to the Covenants; and then only, on the 24th—but not until he had "notable sermons and exhortations made by the ministers to persevere therein"—he was allowed to land on Scottish soil. Livingstone describes for us the scene at the signing.

He heard "that the King is minded to speak some words when he swore the Covenant . . . that his oath should not import any infringeing of the laws of England". The time for such assumptions was over. Charles was at once told that his oath would not be accepted if a single word were added; and, although he "pressed much and long that he behoved to do it," it was in vain. Finally, we hear, "for the outward part of swearing and subscryving the Covenants the King performed anything that could have been requyred; yet without any evidence of any real change of heart". So far indeed was it from that, that Livingstone expressed the fear that they "were taking the plague of God to Scotland". "If the King"—as had been said long before, with remarkable prescience—"join not with the Scots, he is undone; and if he doe, they are."

What all this meant to those who cared for Charles's honour may be faintly guessed by their words. His mother was deeply hurt. "God forbid"—she said—"that I should have had a hand in persuading him to sacrifice his honour and conscience." She might, she told him, still love him as a son, but she would never again be his adviser. Hatton was almost incoherent with disgust. Hopton went to Utrecht in despair. Nicholas declared that he could not with any comfort continue where honour and conscience were mockeries. Hyde wrote from Madrid a letter which is a master-

piece of passionate irony. But he best expressed his attitude for the moment and for the future in a few private words to the Countess of Morton. "They will still live to be ashamed who gave the advice at Breda which was founded so irrationally, and can succeed only by miracle; but we must all make the best of it now it is done, and pray to God Almighty to give such a temper of mind and courage upon this great alteration that we may neither be inclined to anything that is not right by any example or concession that is made, nor shaken in our affection or duty to the King, for anything which the necessity of his condition extorts from him." It was even more important that the Royalists in England were so dissatisfied at the journey into Scotland "on such dishonourable and ridiculous, or rather no conditions," and still more at the abandonment of Montrose, that all hope from them was for the time gone. It may seem beneath the dignity of history to relate how Sophia of Hanover, with whom Charles had been flirting a year before, expressed the disgust which became the sister of Rupert, or how "the sweet Princess Elizabeth," the frail girl of fifteen who died a month later at Carisbrooke, "hath wept daily ever since".

Charles had then alienated his mother, had disgusted his best friends, had lost the Cavaliers in England and the whole Catholic connection, and had violated his written word to Montrose, Rupert, and

Ormond, on the chance that he might recover his throne by the help of a Scotch army. It is here that the disgrace lies. That he had also bound himself to a rule which he detested, and had taken oaths which he meant to break, lies in a different plane of moral reprobation. To call this hypocrisy is, we hold, entirely beside the mark. There can be no hypocrisy when the verbal deceit is recognised on both sides as part of the game. Charles landed in Scotland with lies upon his lips, by virtue indeed of those lies. But every Covenanter who had brought him there knew—like Livingstone—that they were lies, and he in turn was aware that they knew it; on either side the distrust was frankly expressed. They were conscious that they had traded on his dire necessity to induce him to place himself in their power; and they held him by the written word only. They meant to do their best to see that he kept to his bond, while by their very precautions they almost admitted his right to escape from it if he could. They wanted him among them in order that under his name they might exalt the Covenant, which he abhorred, above the Sectaries; and they knew that he hated them and all their ways. To bend him to their will was their resolve; to trick them as he best could was his. "'Tis a matter of pleasant observation," wrote a shrewd observer, during the negotiations, "to see how they endeavour to cheat and cozen each other. The King strokes them till he

can get into the saddle, and then he will make them feel his spurs for all their old jade's tricks; and they know it, and therefore will not agree he shall back them with his heels armed. They hate the thing monarchy, but they must have the name of it, and they care not for the person of the man, but his relations. They must make a property of him; no other will serve to stalk their ends by."

## CHAPTER II.

### SCOTLAND, EXILE, AND RESTORATION.

By Aberdeen, where he looked from his lodging upon the Tolbooth, on which was nailed the accusing hand of the dismembered Montrose—and by St. Andrews, where Mr. Rutherford preached to him on the theme "Actum est de Rege et Re regiâ," Charles was escorted to the royal residence of Falkland. Here he was made aware of the intentions of the Kirk, rendered more bitter than before by the discovery of his offers to the Pope. Of his household, Buckingham, Wilmot, and Dr. Fraser—all of whom had acquired favour during the negotiations at the Hague—with Henry Seymour and Rhodes, were alone allowed to remain immediately about his person. The Engagers had already been dismissed until they should be reconciled to an offended Kirk. A letter from the King to Hamilton on July 17 expresses his sense of the "rigidness and cruelty of this Kirke and State" towards his friends, and his powerlessness to assist them.

Vague hopes of help from the Prince of Orange gave Charles patience for a while. There was, more-

over, ample discontent in England; and he trusted, by hoodwinking the Presbyterians, and by promising to the Catholics the repeal of the penal laws, to secure a union between both of them and the old Cavalier party.

But meanwhile it was in Scotland itself that the first blow was to be struck. On July 22 Cromwell crossed the border, and fighting took place around Edinburgh before the end of the month. The invasion was met by an army weak from its first 'purging' of Engagers and Malignants—its best soldiers. For the present it was not a national conflict, but an ecclesiastical; it was not Scotland fighting an invader, but the Covenanter fighting the Sectary.

Even so, it was in the army that Charles hoped to find freedom. The natural antipathy between sword and gown led to an invitation from the officers to visit the quarters at Leith; and when he rode into the camp on July 27 he was received by the soldiers with enthusiasm, while numbers of those dismissed by the purging came in to add their greetings.

The vigilance of the Kirk was aroused at once. "The next day," Charles wrote to Hamilton, "the Commissioners of the Kirk desired me to retire out of the army, pretending it was for the safety of my person, but indeed it was for feare I should get too great an interest with the soldiers." He was informed that, if

he did not at once comply, the Committee would not act, nor the ministers pray for the army.

Charles was therefore forced to retire to Dunfermline, where he reported himself "narrowly watched by the serious Christians"; a fresh purging was put in force; and so far did the insanity go, that, with Cromwell at their gates, no fewer than eighty officers and 3,000 soldiers were dismissed. It is difficult, after this lapse of time, to realise the intensity of the conviction that inspired the dominant Kirk. To her 'malignancy' was a sin against the Holy Ghost; it was better for her to fight her enemies "with a handful of godly and elect people than with mighty arms loaden with that sin". And so, instead of these experienced soldiers, there were placed in command "ministers' sons, clerks, and other such sanctified creatures, who hardly ever saw or heard of any other sword than that of the Spirit"; while "had it been thought lawful to have suffered the King and all gentlemen (even excepting those excepted by name and the two first Classes) to have stayed, the Isle of Brittaine saw not such an army these hundred yeares".

Charles was as yet only at the beginning of his troubles. To justify themselves for maintaining the cause of a King who by his mere existence represented all the sins of malignancy, and in whose name Papists were in arms in Ireland, the Assembly called upon him to sign a Declaration in which he was to bewail the

sins of his father and mother; and, upon his refusal, declared that they fought "meerly upon their former grounds and principles," and that they would not own the King nor his interest "otherwise than so far as he owns and prosecutes the cause of God, and disclaims his and his father's opposition to the work of God, and to the Covenant".

Charles realised that if the army—his only hope—were to be held together, he must once more give way. Covering his retreat by a request that the Assembly would first send some of their number to satisfy him on points of conscience, he signed the Declaration on August 16. This was a very slight strain upon the faculty for dissimulation which the Kirk was fostering. On the part of the Kirk itself the whole proceeding was a monumental piece of folly. Now and in all their subsequent actions the severer Covenanters made it clear that they knew the impossibility of trusting him, and that, sore with that knowledge, they were determined to drag him through every humiliation which the ingenuity of bigotry could suggest. It was something, they felt, to degrade him in his own eyes, by forcing him to use language which it was not credible that he could seriously mean. Austere men who would have died sooner than deny their own faith were willing that their Prince should stand before them steeped in falsehood. They little guessed that there were Covenanters yet unborn who would perish

in loathsome prisons when Rothes and Sharp should misrule the land, and on many a hillside by the carbines of Claverhouse's troopers, and under the ruthless chase of Grier of Lag, because in their grim fanaticism their fathers had caused the very name of the Covenant to be abhorred by their King.

Charles then submitted to declare himself desirous of being humbled and afflicted because of his father's hearkening unto evil counsels, and because of his mother's idolatry: he bewailed the sins of his father's house, and all his own guiltiness. He avowed that he had not sworn to the Covenants and entered into the oath of God with his people "upon any sinister intention and crooked design for attaining his own ends," that he would prosecute to the utmost of his power all the ends thereof, that he would have no enemies but the enemies of the Covenant; that he would not tolerate any popery, or prelacy, or error, but would endeavour their extirpation. The "exceeding sinfulness and unlawfulness of that Treaty and Peace with the bloody Irish rebels" was duly emphasised; and Charles bound himself to establish Presbyterianism in England.

It will always be a mystery, except on the grounds we have stated a few lines back, how sane men could have imagined that such documents were worth the paper they covered. In a private letter written shortly afterwards to Lord Beauchamp, Charles describes the

Declaration as forced from him, and therefore utterly meaningless; while Ormond was told in his name that he was constant as ever to the Irish Peace which it condemned. But the Kirk was not satisfied yet. Since Charles desired to be humbled, he should have his wish. A day was decreed by the Assembly on which the King and his house and the whole land should keep a solemn public humiliation for the sins of the royal family and his own—all of which were lamented under twelve heads. And then they purged the army once more. No officers were for the future to entertain Malignants or Engagers, even to drink or converse with them, on pain of being cashiered. This was on September 1, when Cromwell's position at Dunbar appeared desperate. The insensate bigotry now bore its legitimate fruit. Two days later the emasculated army was crushed beyond hope by a leader who knew how to unite in his men religious fervour with iron discipline and military skill. To Charles himself the disaster was very welcome, for his desire to escape from persecution was greater than that of seeing Cromwell beaten, though his habits were not so devotional as to warrant the belief that he "fell on his knees and thanked God that he was so fairly rid of his enemies". He remembered himself in time to assure Argyll, who brought him the news, that in spite of the disaster he would be constant in his loyalty to the Covenant: and in his letter to the Committee

of Estates he showed how perfectly he had caught the style of his persecutors. "We cannot but acknowledge that the stroake and tryal is very hard to be borne, and would be impossible for us and you, in human strength; but in the Lord's we are bold and confident. . . . Our ancestors had only the honour and civil liberties of the land to defend, but we have with you religion, the gospel, and the Covenant, against which Hell shall not prevail, much less a number of sectaries stirred up by it. . . . We shall strive to be humbled that the Lord may be appeased, and that he may return to the thousands of his people."

To the Kirk the defeat at Dunbar meant a fiercer fire of Covenanting zeal, the need for more prayer, more purging, more preaching, and more harassment for Charles. It was enough to account for the evil days which God had permitted to fall upon His elect, that "a most malignant and profane guard of horse" had been allowed to remain about the King's person. A fast was proclaimed; and on the Sunday following the battle a sermon was preached before Charles at Stirling, in which it was declared that "if His Majesty's heart were as upright as David's, God would no more pardon the sins of his Father's house than he did the sins of the House of Judah for the goodness of holy Josiah". The extreme fanatics of the western counties were formed into a separate command; the "Fourteen

Causes of Solemn Public Humiliation to be kept throughout all the congregations of Scotland" were drawn up by the Assembly; a fresh Declaration was issued in which once more Charles was urged to repent of his own sins and the sins of his father's house—the nobles to look to their steps—the officers not to think lightly of the ministers—and the ministers to show no backsliding; while neither with Sectaries nor Malignants was there to be any compromise.

The King was now subjected to every form of personal annoyance. At the Council, at which he nominally presided, he was forced to remain silent while Johnston of Warriston, laying up a debt which was cleared many years later on the scaffold at the Cross of Edinburgh, poured forth the bitterest denunciations of himself and his father. His household was once more sifted. He was allowed as little knowledge of the business transacted as he had been in his mother's Court three years before. He was indeed "outwardly served and waited on with all fitting ceremonies due to a King; but in his liberty not much above a prisoner; sentinels being set every night about the lodging, few daring to speak freely or privately to him, and spies set on his words and actions". His very bedchamber was not free to himself, "the ministers almost daily thrusting in upon him to catechise and instruct him, and, I believe, to exact repetitions from him". John Livingstone, who had preached to him

and Cassillis on board ship, was sorely exercised at being hindered one day from improving the occasion just when he had got his "mouth opened in ane reasonable long discourse". "The poore King, who had nothing of it but the name"—thus his condition was summed up by an onlooker; and he himself wrote in bitterness of heart of his "masters". Assuredly the lad paid a high price for his "grinning honour". He "wrought himself," says Burnet, "into as grave a deportment as he could; he heard many prayers and sermons, some of a great length. I remember in one day there were six sermons preached without intermission. I was there myself and not a little weary of so tedious a service." A Sunday walk was out of the question; dancing and playing at cards were visited with severe reproof.

Golf, indeed, not being of the nature of vanity, was sanctioned, and a special guard was detailed to attend the King on the links; nor is the authority altogether to be rejected which hints that other imperious lusts of the flesh were recognised. We cannot indeed vouch for Hume's story of 'familiarities,' of the Committee of ministers appointed to reprove Charles for behaviour so unbecoming a covenanted monarch, and of the exhortations of Robert Douglas upon the advisability of drawing the curtains over the windows whenever his Majesty was disposed to amuse himself. But elsewhere we learn, with greater certainty of truth, that,

"having in the year 1650, to the many fornications and adulteries which he then committed, added the perpetration of an attempt upon a modest and virtuous lady, he had incurred the general dissatisfaction of his best friends". "General dissatisfaction" for the grossest indulgence of lust; but insult and humiliation, and the assurance of all the terrors of hell, for any levity on the subject of the Covenants.

In spite of these legalised distractions, Charles's life was a burden to him. He believed himself moreover in personal danger; it was quite possible that the western enthusiasts would endeavour to seize him and give him up to Cromwell. For a long time he had been planning a bold bid for liberty. He knew that a large number of nobles, gentlemen, and soldiers, driven out of the army, were ready to welcome him among them. On Thursday, October 3, a mixed body of Engagers and Cavalier Royalists were gathered at the Bridge of Erne, and he had promised to be with them on that day. Newburgh's regiment of guards were to join them; St. Johnston's was to be taken, and the Committee of Estates secured. At the same time Middleton and other noblemen had raised forces in different places to join in the uprising of Scottish, as distinguished from Covenanting, feeling. The prospect was a fair one, and it was ruined for the time only by Charles's imprudence. Among those who had been allowed to stay with him were Buckingham and

Wilmot, who had been won over by Argyll long before, and who practically were spies upon their master. On Wednesday evening Charles confided his hopes for the morrow to them. They induced him to relinquish the design for the moment; and Dr. Fraser was despatched with the intelligence to his friends at the Bridge of Erne. The reports which Fraser brought back, and the news that his household was to be dismissed *en bloc*, and that his guard of horse was to undergo further purging, once more decided Charles; and on October 4, under pretence of hunting, he rode out of the town, crossed the Tay at a ferry, met Lauderdale near Dundee, and thence went on to the house of the Earl of Airlie. Next morning he rode on seven miles to Clova, in the glen of the South Esk, hoping to meet Huntly and the Aberdeen men. Here, however, he was found in a helpless situation by Colonel Montgomery, who had followed with 600 horse, and who induced him to return without more ado. This he did willingly enough, since assurances had previously reached him from the Committee. On October 6 he was back at Perth, and the ill-advised and ill-executed 'Start' was at an end. An interview with the Committee was followed by his declaration "as a christian" that he had been surprised and deluded by evil counsel, and that "when he went first out he had no mind to depart, and trusted in God that—with the assistance of their prayers—it would be a

lesson to him all the days of his life". The Committee dared not go farther. They were beginning to be seriously alarmed, and Charles's escapade had been a warning to them. The little leaven of common-sense left in the army was beginning to work; the opinion was expressed, and supported both by Leslie and Argyll, that it might not be altogether displeasing to God if Engagers who had become reconciled to the Kirk were again employed. When Leslie was sent against the insurgents, Middleton met him with a bond signed by their principal chiefs, a plea for national unity in face of the invader; and the issue of an act of indemnity meant the substitution of the national for the Covenanting cause. Against all this the western enthusiasts, 3,000 men led by Colonels Kerr and Strachan, fiercely protested. They refused to fight for the King until he had given evidence of repentance and had abandoned the Malignants. The Committee of Estates, now informed with the national feeling—but, as in 1648, without the concurrence of the Assembly—formally condemned their Remonstrance; more active measures were rendered unnecessary by Cromwell, who, wishing to have but one enemy before him, sent Lambert against Kerr and Strachan. Lambert defeated them at Hamilton; and all Scotland south of the Forth and Clyde was thus in Cromwell's power, except Edinburgh Castle, which held out until De-

Once set in motion, the national sentiment rapidly gathered strength and speed. The ostracised Royalists were readmitted into the army upon verbal consent to the Covenants; and, by December 13, the Kirk itself had given way. But the well-worn forms and style were sedulously observed. When Charles opened Parliament at Perth on November 26, he claimed God's favour on the ground that He had moved him "to enter into a Covenant with his people—a favour no other King could claim"; while Parliament, as a concession to the Assembly, gladly acknowledged its members guilty of every sin charged against them; fast days were appointed, and the nation was solemnly called upon to humble itself before God; Charles himself had again to mourn publicly for his own sins and those of his father and grandfather. He took his part in the farce with jaded but serene resignation; "I think," he said, "I ought to repent too that ever I was born".

At length, on January 1, 1651, the long-deferred coronation took place. A sermon of interminable length from Robert Douglas on the limitation of the kingly power, with the usual excursus upon the sins of Charles's family, was listened to with becoming reverence. Once more, kneeling and lifting up his right hand, the King swore to whatever they chose to demand. To a running accompaniment of exhortations from Robert Douglas, Argyll placed the crown

upon his head; the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay gave him the sceptre. And then the practised actor closed this Judaic ceremony by begging the ministers "that if in any time coming they did hear or see him breaking the Covenant, they would tell him of it and put him in mind of his oath". The situation was perfectly defined when Middleton the Malignant was allowed to do penance in sackcloth, at the same time that Strachan the Protester was excommunicated and was delivered over to the Devil. Hamilton returned to the Court and Argyll retired to the Highlands. Argyll's hope of retaining his power by inducing Charles to marry his daughter, Anne Campbell, was dissipated by the very decided negative of the Queen, to whom Charles had referred the matter; and, from the repeal of the Act of Classes in June, his influence completely disappeared.

Meanwhile Charles was rejoicing in his new freedom, and was busily employed in collecting an army, fortifying the Forth, and consolidating the national feeling, which, ever since Dunbar, he had cleverly manipulated. In April, with Leslie and Middleton as lieutenants, he was at the head of 20,000 men, a number largely increased by June. "Admirably active and intelligent in all his great affairs," but "too forward to hazard his person in any attempt against the rebels," was the character he rapidly

It is unnecessary to relate the strategy by which Cromwell so out-manœuvred the Scottish forces that the desperate scheme of invading England, leaving the enemy in the rear, was the only one which offered a possibility of success. Hamilton, although delighted that "all the rogues have left us"—Argyll and all of his party having refused to join the march—and that "all with his Majesty are such as will not dispute his commands," sorrowfully admitted that their one "stout argument" was "despair". But the knowledge that he was leaving Scotland, the country where he had led so intolerable a life, a life of dreary repression of everything that was consonant with his nature, sent Charles over the border with a light heart. Three months later, when he landed in France, he told the Duke of Orleans that he would rather be hanged than ever again set foot in that hated land.

In the vain hope that Lancashire would rally to his cause, Charles led his army southward by the western route. Cromwell followed hard on the east of the Pennine Chain; Harrison hung upon his flank, and Lambert with his cavalry harassed his rear. The Earl of Derby alone joined him with a small force; while his own folly, in ostentatiously lodging in the houses of Catholic adherents, caused grave discontent among his ranks. At Shrewsbury he was defied by the Parliamentary commander, who addressed his refusal to surrender, not to "the King,"

but to the "Commander-in-Chief of the Scottish army". On August 22 he reached Worcester in desperate plight with but 16,000 wearied men. He forthwith issued a manifesto in which he offered to settle religion according to the Covenant, promised arrears of pay to all who would desert from Cromwell, an Act of Oblivion to all except the regicides and members of the High Court of Justice, and the retirement of the Scots after the victory. He hoped by this to appeal at once to Presbyterians, to any discontented men among the enemy, and to the purely English feeling; but it was as great a failure as was the order of a levy of all persons between the ages of sixteen and sixty. Two days later Cromwell was upon him with nearly 30,000 seasoned and disciplined troops. On September 3 the town was attacked. The issue was never in doubt; and the only point of interest for us is how Charles bore himself. Burnet, after his manner, casts doubts upon his personal courage, and Buckingham, who is always untrustworthy, afterwards did the same; but all evidence of value goes far to refute them. We hear that "descending from the Cathedral Tower he placed himself at the head of his troops and with conspicuous gallantry fell upon the ranks of the enemy". "Shoot me dead," he is reported to have cried, "rather than let me live to see the sad consequences of this day." An eye-witness of the fight, whose account must indeed be taken with the

admission that it was "reviewed and perfected on this side of the water," speaks of him as charging several times in person and with great success. "Certainly a braver Prince never lived, having in the day of the fight hazarded his person much more than any officer of his army, riding from regiment to regiment, and leading them on upon service with all the encouragement (calling every officer by his name) which the example and exhortation of a magnanimous general could afford; showing so much steadiness and undaunted courage in such continued danger that, had not God covered his head and wonderfully preserved his sacred person, he must in all human reason needs have perished that day." It was not until dusk was falling, and all was lost, that the King made his way out of the north gate with Buckingham, Derby, Lauderdale, and Wilmot, and, separating himself from the general rout with some sixty men, rode with all speed into the night.

And then followed that wonderful flight of six weeks through a country swarming with soldiers, eager to earn the reward of £1,000 offered for the capture of the "tall man, above two yards high, with dark brown hair scarcely to be distinguished from black". As a story of loyalty and devotion, of incessant danger and almost inexplicable escapes, it is one of intense interest. But it has so often been told in detail that it may well be left here, except to point

out that amid all privations Charles's buoyant humour never deserted him. Whatever were his risks and escapes, we may be sure that fatigue, exposure, hunger, and the fear of the hunted animal, were preferable to safety with the chance of another sermon from Robert Douglas. More than once his habitual light-heartedness brought him close to capture; and on each occasion his ready wit and self-possession served him well. Thus we hear from Colonel Gunter, who was present, how, when Charles was mistaken for a Roundhead—his hair having been cropped close by the Penderels—he clinched the fortunate mistake by gravely rebuking his discoverer for his untoward habit of occasional swearing. At Bridport, where he acted as groom to Colonel Windham, the ostler accosted him with "You are welcome, I know you very well". "Where did you know me?" answered Charles. "At Exeter; I lived two years in an inn there." With memory created by need, "And so did I"—said Charles—"in the service of Master Porter. I am glad I have met with a countryman; but I see you are so busy that you have no time to drink with me: when I come back from London we'll talk of old stories." On another occasion, when his horse had cast a shoe, and he had taken the animal to a forge, he asked the blacksmith for news. "There is no news," replied the man, "since the good news of the beating the rogues the Scotch;" but, he added, he

had not heard that "that rogue Charles Stuart had been taken". "If that rogue," said Charles unconcernedly, "were taken, he deserves to be hanged more than the rest for bringing in the Scots." "You speak like an honest man," was the satisfactory reply. At the inn at Long Marston, Charles, in his character of servant, went to the kitchen, where he was at once set to wind the jack. "What countryman are you," said the maid, when he showed his ignorance of the art, "that you know not how to wind up a jack?" "Only a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane, in Staffordshire," said Charles; "we seldom have roast meat, and then we don't use a jack." Another incident deserves record, for it was singularly recalled to Charles's memory when he was on his death-bed. While he lay concealed in Mosely Hall, a secular priest called John Huddleston, afterwards a Benedictine monk, who had been instrumental in effecting his concealment, placed in his hands a manuscript entitled "A short and plain way to the Faith and Church," which he read attentively and with apparent conviction. More than thirty-three years later the same priest, then one of the Queen's chaplains, was hurriedly conducted up the backstairs at Whitehall to give to the agonising King the last rights of that Church whose tenets he studied for the first time under circumstances so strange. "You once saved my body," gasped the dying man, "and now you are come to save my soul."

It is only fair to the memory of Charles, laden as it is with the burden of so much ingratitude, to remember that, even after the nine years of exile which were to follow, he showed to every one of those who had helped him, from the beautiful Mistress Jane Lane to the yeomen Penderels, a full sense of his debt. It was always so with him; labour and sacrifices in his service, as ruler of his country, counted for nothing; but strictly personal acts of kindness or fidelity were remembered and generally repaid. It will surprise many to know that there are families now in England who still enjoy the benefits of the devotion shown by those most instrumental in the escape. Some fifteen years after the Restoration, there were granted, in addition to all former gifts, by letters patent dated July 24, 1675, a series of perpetual pensions descendible "forever" to the heirs of the grantees—£100 a year each to Richard and William Penderel, 100 marks each to Humphrey, John, and George Penderel, and £50 to Elizabeth Yates, daughter of old William Penderel, of Boscobel, and his wife Joan. A large number of fee-farm rents and charges on tithes in half a dozen counties were assigned to trustees for the service of these pensions, the whole of which are still received by the descendants of those who originally enjoyed them. Several of the Penderels held offices about the Court, and Humphrey's grandson Richard, who became the Sardinian Marquis Penderel de Bos-

cobel, was the godson of Charles's wife. The entire family, moreover, were exempted by order in Council from the penal laws against the Catholics, and protected in the days of the Popish terror, as were the other members of the Catholic faith who had aided the King.

On October 16, Charles and Wilmot set foot upon French soil at Fécamp. So deplorable was their condition that they narrowly escaped being detained as vagrants; while at Rouen the people of the inn carefully examined their rooms before they left, to see that nothing had been purloined. They appear to have reached Paris in little better condition, for to Jermyn Charles owed his first clean shirt for some weeks, the first indeed since Huddleston had given him a new holland shirt of his own at Moseley Hall.

For six months Charles lived upon the charity of De Retz and other friends, and, almost literally, on the crumbs from his mother's table. When at last a small monthly grant from the French Court relieved the pressure, Henrietta insisted that he must henceforth bear half the charges of the evening meal, since she had, she said, enough to do to feed herself and her youngest daughter. So business-like indeed was she, that the arrangement was retrospective; "and the very first night's supper which the King ate with the Queen began the account . . . so that the first money

that was received for the King upon his grant was entirely stopped for the discharge of his Majesty's part". His brother James was fairly provided for by his colonelcy in the French army and a small pension from the Court.

Barely clothed and fed, Charles was in forlorn plight. It was noticed that his high spirits had left him, and that he had become silent in company. But his privations formed the height of luxurious living when compared with those of his servants. "I have not been master of a crown these many months," said Hyde, "am cold for want of clothes and fire, and owe for all the meat I have eaten these three months." "I am so cold," he writes again, "I can scarce hold my pen, and have not three sous to buy a faggot." The destitution deepened as time went on. "Five or six of us eat together one meal a day for a pistole a week; and the King himself owes for all he hath eaten since April." In March, 1654, Hyde had not received a shilling from the King for more than three years, and was "wasted to nothing"; in April he wanted shoes and shirts; but, he says, with thankfulness, "I do not know that any man is yet dead for want of bread, which really I wonder at".

No possible source of help was left untried. The death of his brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange, had closed the only purse upon which he could reckon.

But "we cast many a false dice to win the game," wrote one of his Court. It was intimated to the Pope that the King was ready to change his religion, if it were made worth his while, and that he would in any case protect the English and Irish Catholics when restored, if some help were forthcoming. He was met by the suggestion that his conversion should be declared first, and the negotiation, as later in 1655, naturally lapsed. In 1652 he sent Wilmot, created Earl of Rochester for the purpose, to the Diet of Ratisbon, to solicit the aid of the German Princes, who were beyond the fear of Cromwell. Wilmot, though he was frequently drunk and abusive in public, and generally disgraced his master, succeeded in obtaining a vote of 200,000 rix-dollars—a very little of which came to hand; and from the Electors of Treves and Cologne small sums were received. But Charles had practically to depend upon the contributions of Royalists in England, and his signature was appended to many a document which bore the following: "I doe acknowledge to have received the summe of £100 sterling, which I doe promise to repay as soon as I am able".

He had another possible resource. His mother saw to it that the courtship of the Grande Mademoiselle should be taken up once more. His chances were better than before. In spite of the cropping of his rich black curling hair, of a coarsening of the features

and a recklessness of expression, the lady found him much improved; and he had about him the halo of "the dangers he had passed". He roused her pity by his description of his existence in Scotland, where there was not a woman fit to be seen, and where it was a sin to play the fiddle. Most important of all, he had somehow learned to speak French since they last met, and was able to assure her, in a civilised tongue, that he could not regret his defeat at Worcester, since it brought him back to her; that he cared to regain his kingdom now only that he might share it with her. In fact, "il faisait toutes les mines que l'on dit que les amants font". But at this moment the possibility of a greater alliance—with her cousin Louis XIV.—floated before her; she revolted against the incessant attack kept up by Henrietta, and by the two Princesses of Orange, who had been brought to Paris for the purpose; and the farce came once more to the only end which Mazarin would have allowed.

In other matters Charles followed Hyde's advice. He dismissed "that Father of Atheists, Mr. Hobbes, who hath made all the Queen's Court and part of the Duke of York's atheists, and would have done his best to have poisoned the King's Court". He now needed little dissuasion from any longer "counterfeiting the Presbyter," and, in spite of the urgency of Buckingham and "all the Presbyterian gang,"

gave up attendance at the Huguenot services at Charenton with alacrity. Indeed Hyde's anxiety was soon roused in the opposite direction, for "C. S. and his fraternity went to pass away the afternoon at the Jesuits of St. Anthony".

The King's assertion of independence caused his relations with his mother, which were never cordial, to become very strained. Necessity however compelled them to stay together in Paris until July, 1652. In that month the capital was in the hands of Condé and Orleans, a prey to fire and massacre, and Charles and Henrietta were allowed to go to St. Germains, whence, in October, they accompanied Louis XIV. on his triumphal return.

During the whole of this year the King had been busy with futile schemes. When war broke out between the States and the Commonwealth, he applied to be allowed to serve in the Dutch fleet; he tried to arrange a marriage between James and the daughter of the Duke of Lorraine, who had an army to dispose of; he proposed to visit the Emperor of Russia and the Princes of the Empire, who might give money; to mediate between France and Spain, and so secure the help of both. In June he commissioned Middleton to command the Royalist Scotch nobles and chiefs who were expected to rise in the north.

Meanwhile Hyde, with Ormond, Nicholas, and Hatton, were bent upon getting Charles out of the

power of the "juggling cardinal"; they were haunted by the fear that, for his own ends, Mazarin would deliver him to Cromwell. So long as the issue of the war between England and the States was doubtful, Mazarin kept him carefully in sight, by the simple process of curtailing supplies. But by August, 1653, England was absolute mistress of the sea; and it became advisable to conciliate the Commonwealth. An obvious step was to withdraw all protection from Charles; and in January, 1654, Cromwell was informed that, if he would ally himself with France, the King should be dismissed. "This Crown," wrote Hyde in February, "longs to be rid of us, that it may proceed briskly in their treaty with Cromwell; so the King hath sent them word that he will be gone within ten days after they have paid the money which they have promised." But Charles had to solace himself with billiards and tennis, visits to the Jesuits, and facile amours, until July, when the political situation was clear. His destination was easily settled. The States were closed to him by the treaty with England of April, 1654. "The Kings of France and Spain take it for a principle that the King's interest is none of theirs, and each counts Cromwell for a *non noceat*." Germany however was open, and—on condition that Charles went there—Mazarin found the necessary funds. He left Paris on July 8, and after a month's stay at Spa with his widowed sister—"an excellent Princess, if she

had not the natural imperfection of her family, an unwillingness to put herself to think of business"—passed on to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he spent another month; and thence, in November, to Cologne, receiving an exuberant welcome. Ormond, the "ornament of the Court," and Nicholas, now appointed Secretary, remained in attendance; while Hyde, free of immediate business, took up his residence at Breda.

The rivalry between the Queen's friends and the triumvirate who represented his father's old servants—Hyde, Ormond, and Nicholas—had been settled in dramatic fashion before Charles left France. Hyde, as most in his confidence, was the mark of every attack. An impudent accusation of holding communication with Cromwell, supported with detail of time and place, brought matters to a head. Hyde at once challenged an investigation before the King, to the utter discomfiture of the conspirators. "It pleased his Majesty to declare that he never heard so frivolous an accusation in his life, and wondered that such trash should ever come from such persons." So absolutely did this confirm Hyde's position, that his friends laughingly declared that he must have hired his assailants to bring their charge.

To Hyde, earnest, hardworking, and of unimpeachable morals, Charles's character began to give no little uneasiness. The "natural imperfection of his family" was more pronounced in him than in any of the others.

"I do not forget the letters the King should write, but he never sets himself to that work but on Fridays," and, he elsewhere adds, by no means always then. "Whenever anything is to be done by the King's own hand we must sometimes be content to wait, he being brought very unwillingly to the work, which vexes me exceedingly." Nicholas again emphasised his shrewd perception of character, but lamented the more that "so excellent an understanding and judgment in affaires should be combined with such luxury and neglect of business, and so little secrecy". Hyde did not confine his feelings to letters to his friends. He lectured Charles now as he had lectured him at Bristol and Jersey, pressing upon him that "it was his Majesty's misfortune to be thought by many not to be active enough towards his own redemption, and to love his ease too much, both for his age and fortune". The fact that he held a far higher opinion of James—"a most glorious young Prince"—who was in honourable service under Turenne, did not however cause Hyde to swerve from his loyal reserve and invariable practice: "When all is done, and we have lamented and advised as we ought to do, we must to others make the best of it, and put all the fair glosses and interpretations of innocent mirth upon it". In the term "innocent mirth" we must, we fear, include drink and the incontinence which was already a scandal. Poor as was his Court, wine and women were easily come by. As regards

drinking, he kept at this time within bounds; it is especially noted that on a hunting expedition he and Tom Elliott, his gentleman of the bedchamber, were the only two who returned sober. But the graver vice was notorious. Elsewhere we read of his "seventeenth mistress abroad"; while Hyde himself had been employed by the Queen "for the removal of a young lady out of the Louvre, who had procured a lodging there without her Majesty's consent". A most amusing anecdote, related at first hand by St. Evremond, shows that even during the perils of the flight after Worcester Charles had not been able to refrain from indulging his passions. The tuition of Mrs. Windham, carried on by Percy, and especially by Buckingham—the most worthless of a worthless crew—had borne ample fruit.

In extreme poverty, harassed by the importunity of friends in England and the petitions of penniless Cavaliers who found their way to Cologne; every design at once known in London through Cromwell's spies, and through the skill of Dr. Wallis in deciphering his intercepted letters; his Court so torn by private factions that Thurloe reported the confusion to be "as great as ever was in the tower of Babylon," Charles nevertheless kept a light heart. Hyde might tutor him, Ormond might speak of his affairs as "utterly broken," Mazarin might "deride our misery"; his business was to make life as pleasant as he could. Madame de Motteville declares that he "bore the ills

of poverty and exile with reckless nonchalance, snatching at whatever pleasures came in his way, even those of the most degraded kind"; although Hyde asserts that he "betook himself with great cheerfulness to compose his mind to misfortune, and with a marvellous contentedness prescribed so many hours a day to the study of both the Italian and French languages". He hunted every day when the weather allowed; and at night, he tells us himself, "we dance and play as if we had taken the Plate fleet". He had "a small fiddler that does not play ill on the fiddle," and he was eager to obtain the music for "new corrants and sarabands and other little dances"; in the meantime, he says, "we must be content with those that make no difference between a hymn and a corranto". Dancing then, as always, was his chief delight indoors; but the consideration of the new clothes and the sword—the latter wholly unsatisfactory—which Henry Bennet had forwarded to him, the "two beaver hats, six pairs of shoes of the Paris shoemaker, and six more made by Dyke, three pairs black and the others coloured," helped to pass the impracticable hours.

In August, 1655, he went incognito with his sister Mary to the great Fair at Frankfort, was splendidly entertained by the Elector of Mentz for three days, and at Königstein met Christina—the "wild Queen of Sweden," the "atheistical madwoman"—who had shortly before renounced her crown, and who was

scandalising Europe with her excesses. On another occasion he visited the Count-Palatine of Neuburg at Düsseldorf, and probably then acquired the distaste for German women which he afterwards crystallised into the verdict, "Odd's fish, they are all foggy!"

The absence of sympathy between him and his mother has already been dwelt upon; but an open and long-abiding breach was now caused by her sustained attempt, in violation of many pledges, to secure the conversion of her youngest son, Henry of Gloucester, a conversion upon which the Catholics built great hopes. "Henry the 9th," they said, "was to repair what Henry the 8th had ruined." Charles, when appealed to by Hatton and other Royalists in Paris, resolved to frustrate the scheme. The struggle was conducted by Henrietta with cajolery, deceit, and extraordinary harshness, and continued from the moment that Charles left Paris until the following November, when he wrote letters to his mother, and to James, Lord Jermyn, and Henry himself, which admitted of no dispute, and sent Ormond with instructions to bring the boy away from Paris without delay. Henry left France in December, and in February, 1655, was in his sister's safe custody at the Hague; but he was driven thence in virtue of the treaty with Cromwell, and joined the Court at Cologne in May. Hyde declares that he had "never seen the King so awakened" as in this affair. The motives for this energy need

not be exalted to the plane of conscience. They probably resided solely in the need of impressing a certainty of his steadfastness to the Faith upon the Cavaliers in England, whom he would have lost had he been believed to be a consenting party to his brother's conversion. When, however, Henry was once out of France, and he could point to this victory, Charles lost no time in endeavouring to satisfy his Catholic friends, by sending Lord Taaffe to the Nuncio to explain and lament the necessity under which he had found himself; and to express his complete readiness to change his own religion if he could thereby secure advantages sufficient to make the step worth his while. All this followed on a letter written to the ministers of the Scotch Kirk some weeks previously, in which he appealed to their memory of his life with them, and bade them to rest assured of his resolve to walk as in the sight of the Most High; though they would recognise that he was compelled to make friends of all sorts of men.

Even graver matters called for decision. Ever since the autumn of 1649, a Royalist committee had been in existence in England to prepare for a revolt. Towards the beginning of 1654 it was dissolved and succeeded by a more energetic body, called the 'Sealed Knot,' which at once grew busy. Encouraged by Hyde and Ormond, the 'Knot' began to organise a widespread insurrection during the spring of 1654;

and this, conjointly with the movements of Middleton and Glencairn in the Highlands, would, it was hoped, shake Cromwell's power to its base. At the same time the Royalist Henshaw came to Paris with a scheme for the assassination of Cromwell. Charles refused to see him, and, by the advice of Hyde and Ormond, discouraged any attempt until the 'Sealed Knot' were prepared to follow it up at once by open insurrection. On the other hand, Lord Gerard, Rupert—who had quarrelled with both Charles and Hyde—and Sir Edward Herbert, the Keeper of the Seals, who was sore at the failure of the attack upon Hyde in 1653, in which he had been prominent, urged the pursuance of the scheme, and did not hesitate to express their opinion of the superiority of James over his brother as a man of action and judgment. This brought matters to a crisis. Charles steadfastly supported Hyde and Ormond, with the result that Rupert was compelled to leave the Court, and Herbert to give up the Great Seal. On May 3 there was published the famous proclamation in which Charles was made to offer a full pardon, £500 a year, and a colonelcy to any one who would kill Cromwell. The absurdity of ascribing it to the King has been fully shown, and internal evidence has fixed it upon Herbert. That Hyde and Charles, with Ormond and Nicholas, were perfectly cognisant of later plots, especially that of Sexby in 1655 and 1656, and that the celebrated

pamphlet *Killing no Murder*—"which is only to show the lawfulness and conveniency that he be presently killed"—had their entire approval: these things do not admit of question. On the limits of the moral reprobation to be attached to such complicity we have already expressed our view; and that view is strengthened when we remember that a price had been put upon the capture of Charles himself as a "traitor," that Cromwell had sanctioned atrocious cruelty in Ireland, and that, at this very time, Monk was offering rewards in Scotland for the capture or death of the leaders of the royal forces in the Highlands. Moreover, if accounts of the most circumstantial nature which reached Charles had any foundation, assassination plots were not all on one side; for in May, 1657, news was sent from England of his intended murder, with names and details of the conspirators.

The impatience of the English loyalists now brought disaster upon the cause. In February, 1655, they were resolved to rise in many parts of the country; although "the Sealed Knot, in whom alone there is any authority from the King, declared absolutely and sharply against the madness of those people that are resolved to begin". Urgent warnings from Charles and Hyde led to nothing but invectives against the Knot, and against the King himself for his apathy. At length he was forced by the remonstrances of the over-eager men to despatch Rochester to command in

the north and Wagstaff in the west; while he himself went to Middleburg, to be ready for an immediate voyage.

But there was no call upon Charles's presence in England. In March a premature revolt at Salisbury was easily suppressed; other isolated risings in west and north burned out for want of support and coherence; and the result was to settle more firmly "the damned Oliver, the Beast in the Revelations, whom all the Kings of the earth do worship".

Cromwell's French alliance, and his attack upon Spain, naturally opened up a new prospect for Charles. The delays for which Spanish diplomacy was famous —the 'Spanish Method'—prevented anything definite until the spring of 1656, when he went incognito to Brussels to confer with the ministers Fuensaldagna and Alonzo de Cardenas. A draft treaty was then drawn up, and ratified in the summer, by which Charles agreed to suspend and, if possible, secure the parliamentary revocation of all penal laws, and to maintain the treaty with the Irish Catholics, in return for a monthly allowance of 3,000 crowns to himself, and 1,500 to James, the opening of the Spanish ports for Royalist privateers, and the promise of armed help to recover his kingdom. But there was an immediate condition of far greater import. He was to call out all the English and Irish soldiers in the French army, to be formed into regiments in the service of Spain.

This condition led to a serious family quarrel. The Duke of York had served with much credit under Turenne, to whom he was deeply attached. By an arrangement with Cromwell, who wished to keep the brothers in opposition, Mazarin had offered him the command of the forces in Italy; and James was bitterly disappointed when he received instructions from the King to resign his commission, to join him at once at Bruges, where he had now taken up his residence, and to take the oath to Spain. Through a skilful intrigue of Mazarin, James failed to secure even the command of the new regiments; and his ill-humour was completed by a further order to dismiss his confidant, Sir John Berkeley, who, under Cromwell's instructions, was inciting him to resistance. In a fit of sullen resentment James left Flanders to follow his friend to Holland.

Charles was deeply incensed at this "unimaginable sally"; while Cromwell noted with satisfaction that "that fire kindled between them will not ask bellows to blow it to keep it burning". Hyde's sagacity saved the situation. He urged that the very excess of James's action made his reduction to his duty sure, and that "no compliance with the Duke's weakness should be omitted, so that by it he may be got again to Bruges". Ormond was sent after the runaway, for he was the invariable messenger in family matters requiring firm and tactful handling. On condition that

the past should be forgotten, that his household should not be interfered with, and that Berkeley should be made a peer, James returned somewhat sulkily to his duty. In May he was in command of the regiments —"brave, and as little troublesome as any Prince can be"—while Gloucester served as a volunteer with Caracena; and in June a final reconciliation took place between the brothers, in which Charles was relieved of serious embarrassment by James's promise to hold no farther communication with the Queen or Lord Jermyn upon public affairs.

Other causes of friction arose in the matter of the regiments. What the incident was which drew the following letter, on December 28, from Charles to Don Alonzo is not known; but it is worthy of transcription as evidence of one of the four or five known occasions upon which he allowed anger to disturb his usual easy temper. "I have seen your letter to the Chancellor, and am so full of indignation at the affront that is put upon me that I have scarce patience to write this letter. I send this bearer expressly to let you know that before I suffer this affront to be upon my regiment, which was never yet offered to any private colonel whatsoever, I will break the regiment a thousand times over. I command you to tell Don Juan this from me. . . . Let me have without delay a positive answer of what I may trust to; for I cannot, nor will not, any longer be at the charges and trouble I am at."

During the negotiations with Spain curious pieces of byplay had gone on, in which, but for Hyde's controlling hand, a fatal mistake might easily have been made. In June the Levellers and other extreme Republicans in England, who were Cromwell's most formidable enemies, made proposals to Charles through Sexby; to which, however, he was advised by Langdale not to listen, since they were incapable of carrying them out, and since the King ought not "to build the foundations of your counsels upon any that have been in blood against your Majesty or your royal Father". Sexby moreover worked hard to induce the Spanish Court to give its active assistance to the Levellers in the projected insurrection, on the promise of the surrender of Dunkirk; and to Spanish help Langdale had no objection. "Strangers," he said, "are the most fit instruments for your Majesty to act in England withal; and these are not your friends, or do not understand England, that will persuade your Majesty that strangers will not be welcome to your friends in England." To such a suggestion Hyde would not of course listen for a moment, although he was as anxious as Langdale to come to some agreement with Spain, and although he at once took the steps which resulted in the treaty of 1656.

Meanwhile a busy Irish priest of indifferent character, Peter Talbot, who had acted as the intermediary between Sexby and the Spanish ministers,

had been using the occasion to urge Charles to enter the Catholic Church. If Spain were to help, "the King should renounce the French faction and become a Roman Catholic, yet so secretly that no living creature should know of it, but Fuensaldagna, Don Alonzo, the Archduke, and Father Talbot"; the secret should be kept, if he wished, all his life; if he would promise this—but not otherwise—Fuensaldagna would have him come to Brussels at once, and, in that case, the Pope and the King of Spain would see that (by God's assistance) he was restored in six months. Talbot added in another letter, "only want of information can alienate a person of your Majesty's great wit and judgment from our communion".

The indignation with which Hyde received this letter, and which burns in every word of his measured reply, is easily explained. If Charles were, under any temptation, to lapse from Protestantism, he could never return to England. Thurloe had roundly asserted, and it had been printed in Holland, that he had privately become a Catholic. The mystery of the King's religion is so insoluble that it is impossible to affirm or deny with certainty; the undoubted fact that he attended Mass is no evidence one way or the other. But with Hyde the mere fact that suspicion was openly expressed was enough to call forth the most vehement protest.

Hyde's incessant care that his master should make no false step is admirably illustrated by his letter to

Ormond, who had undertaken a mission to England in order to ascertain how matters really stood with the King's friends. He insisted that a conjunction between the Levellers and the Cavaliers must be a first condition of any agreement with the former; that particular promises might be made to particular men, but no general concessions; that Ormond could not extol too highly the privileges of Magna Carta or the power of free Parliaments. "When they are obstinate to insist on any unreasonable propositions . . . let your consent be with this clause—'If a free Parliament shall think fit to ask the same of his Majesty'; and let that clause with an *If* be rather inserted to several unreasonable propositions than one general clause consented to." Through all the dreary days that were to follow, Hyde was immovable from this position. To the Levellers Charles had already written at his suggestion promising pardon to all but those who sat and voted for his father's murder, and binding himself to govern by the known laws of the land and by successive parliaments.

The cloud of poverty which had been somewhat raised by the treaty with Spain soon settled down more hopelessly than ever, as the inability or unwillingness of Spain to keep her bargain increased. "God send us health and some money," wrote Hyde, who was suffering from 'poor man's gout'; while Ormond answered Hyde's complaint of not receiving letters

with the question what in the world he thought there was to write about, except "the want of money, that makes us mad". Of Charles's own straits Hyde said, "If he has not a very speedy supply, he must take horse and tell Don Juan he is plainly run away from starving, and from seeing his servants beg in the streets or be hauled to prison". That this was no exaggeration is shown by two other entries: "If M. Ogniate do not this day prevent it, poor Barton will be cast into prison for what he owes his landlord"; while "Poor Dick Harding hath pawned every little thing he hath—the cup which the Prince gave him, and every spoon, and hath not a shirt to his back, and yet will not importune his master". Hyde and Charles were themselves no better off than Dick Harding. On September 5, 1657, after referring to his "great necessities, which you know I never call so till there be nothing left to pawn for bread," Hyde described how, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he had looked over the state of the debts, and found that "every bit of meat, every drop of drink, all the fire and all the candles that hath been spent since the King's coming hither is entirely owed for, and how to get credit for a week more is no easy matter". There was no money with which to pay the men of the newly-formed regiments, and every day Hyde had before his eyes "the sad spectacle of naked soldiers". "The Court," wrote one of Thurloe's correspondents with malicious pleasure, "is scattered, and so

retired that they are scarce visible"; and Dorothy Chiffinch could not get four livres a day to pay for the whole washing of the King's household. As late as the end of 1659 Hyde was complaining that "we every day omit the doing of somewhat, for want of £20 or £30, that is of extraordinary moment". How Charles was able to pay for his 'blacks,' when he went into mourning for Ferdinand III., was a puzzle to Thurloe's correspondent. We feel that we are in the regions of bathos when we read that, compelled by dire necessity, "The King hath been long without a chaplain".

Youth, high spirits, and a splendid constitution, reinforced by a happy facility for ignoring other people's privations, carried Charles gaily through it all. The *insouciance* which developed later into a fixed cynicism never failed him; while the mixture of familiarity and affectionate banter with which he wrote to Hyde and Ormond reminds us of the child's letter to Newcastle, and shows that he felt absolutely safe in their patient loyalty. The gravity with which he trusted that Hyde—who had piteously described how shrunken he had become—will recover his "accustomed greatness"; the hurried note which bade him—at a time when the 'poor man's gout' was particularly aggressive—"make as much haste as your gouty feet will give you leave"; the summons to Ormond, the grand seigneur, "Put your lazy bones to it, for we know not what to say till you come";

the petulant "I would you were—(the royal tongue has a touch of coarseness here)—for not letting me have a copy of your book of inscriptions, subscriptions, and superscriptions"—such utterances as these are sufficient to show the relations; and we can easily imagine the magisterial gravity of Hyde when he wrote —in answer to Charles's letter telling how he had lost his keys while watching the procession on Good Friday —"You do very well in letting what you intend to lose be always by itself, and unentangled with what you desire to keep".

This is the more interesting because neither Hyde nor Ormond were persons with whom liberties could safely be taken, and this Charles sometimes discovered for himself. There is a letter extant which shows that Ormond preserved the spirit which he showed as a mere boy, when he caused Strafford, then in the pride of his power, to be told that, if he called upon him to give up his sword, he should have it—through his body. He now had reason to feel aggrieved at some slight passed upon him, apparently by James, and he wrote forthwith to Charles himself—"All this not being to be suffered with dissimulation but with great meanness, the most moderate resentment I can have of it is to demand full satisfaction from your Majesty, most humbly beseeching you to believe that no greater misfortune can befall me than that of being reduced to take this means . . . hoping that in this occasion

your majesty will oblige me never to depart from that true and sincere passion I have always had to manifest myself," etc.

Idle poverty and recklessness are sure companions. To the infinite regret of his wise and loyal advisers, Charles permitted himself and his followers even more license in Flanders than in Cologne. From one of his spies at Bruges, Thurloe received the following: "There is now a company of French comedians at Bruges who are very punctually attended by Charles Stuart and his Court, and all the ladies there; their most solemn day of acting it is the Lord's day. I think I may truly say that greater abominations were never practised among people than at this day in Charles Stuart's court. Fornication, drunkenness, and adultery are esteemed no sins among them." Accounts such as this must, it is true, be read with discrimination. We do not expect austere morality from a tramp; but neither is it probable that the Spanish Government would have allowed any very open scandal without protest; and it must be borne in mind that, the more lurid the reports, the better would Cromwell and Thurloe be pleased. They were carefully published in England, and undoubtedly injured the prospects of Charles, by preventing sober men, especially Presbyterians, from expressing sympathy with him. Indeed they were largely responsible for the carrying of the Act of November, 1656, by which all title of either of

the three brothers, or their descendants, was absolutely extinguished. Pleasure and debauchery did indeed promise to be the "leaden clogs which will in the end make them stick".

Charles had arrived at Bruges on April 22, 1656, and for a few weeks lodged at the house of the Irish Viscount Taragh, in the street of the old Burgh. On June 3 he occupied permanent quarters in the first house on the right-hand side of the High Street, as one walks from the Burgh. Here he remained until February 7, 1658, when he went to Brussels. One or two interesting notices of his stay are to be found in the records of the two societies of St. George and St. Sebastian, composed of cross-bowmen and archers respectively. On June 11, 1656, he was present with his brother Henry at the festival of the former; he aimed first at the 'bird of honour,' suspended from a mast, and struck it; it was finally brought down by a wine merchant, around whose neck Charles hung the prize—a golden bird. On June 25 he did a like honour to the rival society. Under the dates of August 3 and 6 there are records in its registers of promises from Charles of 1,000 crowns of gold after his death, and from Henry of 300 crowns due from his heirs. Strange to say, Charles was better than his word. In 1662 he paid to the Society of St. George 650 livres de gros, Flemish silver, and to that of St. Sebastian 3,600 florins. To the end of his reign he

retained a grateful memory of the Flemings, whom he described as "the most honest and true-hearted race of people that he had met with".

The outlook of the exiles had been brightened by the treaty with Spain. But, having secured four good regiments from Charles's English and Irish followers to fight her battles, Spain had no intention of wasting them upon his. The reiterated demands of the King as to the causes of delay—the "King of I don't know what," as the Marquis de Leda called him—brought little satisfaction, and he was driven to put off his projected descent upon England until the winter of 1657. He was deeply hurt at this "scurvy usage". "If I were with Don Juan"—he wrote to Hyde—"I should follow your counsel, and swear two or three round oaths; but though I am in ill humour, methinks you are in worse." Hyde was, he admits, weary of his life. "God give you a better temper," exclaimed Lord Bristol.

The relations were still more strained when Don Juan—"Don Devil" he had become now—refused to allow Charles to join his brothers at the front. The difficulty was at length smoothed over; and very shortly Hyde was lecturing him on his want of consideration for his subjects in recklessly and uselessly exposing his person, though "none of those who think that you are like to recover your three Kingdoms without being in danger of your life". It is evident that

the service was of real danger, and that there was no shirking on the part of the brothers, for at this very time Charles was requested by Bristol to remonstrate with James on the same score; while, in an attempt to recover Mardyke, Ormond had his horse shot under him when riding at the King's side.

Once more the King claimed the fulfilment of the Spanish promises; his friends in England were at length ready to move, and arms and provisions were stored at Nieuport and Ostend. But Don John replied that he would risk no troops until some trustworthy informant could satisfy him of the actual facts. The extraordinary confidence in which Ormond was held is shown by the acceptance of his offer, already mentioned, to go to England and ascertain the state of parties. Charles pawned his 'George' to pay the expenses of the journey. Cromwell's spies were successfully deceived by the report that he was leaving on a mission to the Diet, and he landed in Essex in the beginning of January, 1658. He remained a month in disguise in England; consulted the Sealed Knot and other leading Royalists; and returned with a report so hopeless that all designs had to be postponed. His presence in England was duly notified to Cromwell by Sir Richard Willis, the traitor of the Knot, who, however, playing the double game, gave warning to Ormond himself at the same time, so that he was able to leave the country unscathed. While

still in England, in hourly danger of liberty and life, he managed to send a notable and beautiful letter to Hyde, which shows with what discriminating loyalty these two dealt with their master. "I must now freely confess to you that what you have written of the King's unseasonable impatience at his stay at Bruges is a greater damp to my hopes of his recovery than the strength of his enemies, or the weakness and backwardness of those that profess him friendship: modesty, courage, and many accidents may overcome those enemies and unite and fix those friends: but I fear his immoderate delight in empty, effeminate, and vulgar conversations is become an irresistible part of his nature, and will never suffer him to animate his own designs and others' actions with that spirit which is requisite for his quality and much more to his fortune. This to any but to you or him, from any (unless a very few) but from me, or from me at any other time, were too bold a lamentation, for so God knows it is. May God bless him and fit him for his work."

It is letters such as these that show that Charles was restored in spite of himself.

While Ormond was thus risking his life in England, Charles was at Antwerp with his sister Mary. His first governor, the magnificent Newcastle, was there also, and for many days all troubles were forgotten in the entertainments which he provided. But the prospects grew darker month by month throughout

that year. The Spanish pensions were not paid; complaints of robbery and outrage by the starving men of the regiments were frequent; the broken officers thronged the Court with importunate clamour. On March 1 English frigates destroyed the ships at Ostend in which Charles hoped to make his voyage; and 'next winter' was once more the earliest moment for the enterprise. On June 8 the prospects of Spain, and with them his own, vanished at the battle of the Dunes, when the four English and Irish regiments under James gave way before the charge of the Ironsides. Once more conversion was put before Charles as his best chance of help; but he himself reported on June 28, "I find Don Alonzo reasonable enough in the point of my conversion, and does think the best way to that is, to do all that is possible to set me in England again and leave the rest to God". The last five words form the diplomatic phrase for indefinite postponement. Spain no more cared about Charles's conversion than did Louis XIV. in later years at the Treaty of Dover.

At length, for a brief interval, hope flared high. Charles was playing tennis when Sir Stephen Fox called him from his game with great news. "It had pleased God out of His infinite goodness to do that which He would not allow any man the honour of doing." The 'powerful devil' was dead. For a moment all was exultation—delirious, inarticulate. Jermyn wrote from France the assurance that the "en-

gagements with the dead monster expire suddenly": Colepeper reported that Amsterdam was mad with joy, "no man is at leisure to buy or sell; the young fry dance in the streets at noon day; 'The Devil is dead,' is the language at every turn". But Jermyn was not in the councils of Mazarin, nor the 'young fry' in those of John de Witt. Lockhart kept the Cardinal firm, although "Dick Cromwell sate like an ape on horseback"; while in a few days Colepeper wrote again that the States now bent all their thoughts on renewing the treaty with the new Protector, "hoping to edge in that which they could never obtain from the crafty fox his father, the Maritime Treaty". Charles's wiser friends kept their heads. Hyde's voice was heard at once: "I hope the King will not be prevailed upon to do any sudden thing; we shall have advantages offered if we do not hurt ourselves with projects". Meanwhile all friends should get into Parliament as soon as possible. Wait till they quarrel, added Colepeper, and then the weaker part will be glad of our help.

Colepeper's very able letter contained one fruitful piece of advice, which could not however be fully acted upon for nearly another year. The key of the situation was held by George Monk, who had the army of occupation in Scotland at his disposal. The aim should therefore be to satisfy him that his personal interests would be best secured by a restoration; and

his own way of declaring himself should be accepted without demur. "The way to deal with him is by some fit person . . . to show him plainly, and to give him all imaginable security for it, that he shall better find all his ends (those of honour, power, profit, safety) with the King than in any other way he can take. Neither are we to boggle at any way he shall propose in declaring himself, let it at the first be Presbytery, be King and Parliament, be a Third Party, or what he will; so it oppose the present power it will at last do the King's business, and after a little time he will and must alone fall into the track we would have him to go in; when he is engaged past a retreat he will want you as much as you will want him, and you may mould him into what form you please."

To prepare the ground, to be ready to take advantage of the recriminations and quarrels already breaking out between Presbyterians and Republicans in England, to prevent all divisions among themselves, to frustrate especially the intrigues of Father Talbot and his like, who were endeavouring to set up the interest of James against that of the King, and to conciliate every possible source of support; this was the course laid down by Hyde, who now, as Lord Chancellor, had more authority than ever. An obvious, and a necessary step, was to reassure all good Protestants, especially Presbyterians, of the King's firmness to the Faith. If his Scottish experience had sickened

him of all religion, it had at least taught him the value of asseveration ; and, on November 7, letters were despatched to the ministers of the English Presbyterian Churches in Holland expressing his undying zeal for the Protestant religion, "the propagation whereof we shall endeavour with our utmost power".

In the beginning of March, 1659, the Levellers renewed their offer to help Charles to regain his crown, upon conditions which meant nothing less than pure republicanism, veiled under monarchical phrases. But Hyde kept steadily before him the idea of a restoration subject to such conditions only as did not imply a nerveless monarchy or a new church. For this he trusted to time. Meanwhile he pleaded incessantly with Mordaunt, Broderick, and other eager friends in England, for the avoidance of hasty action. They were pressing for a restoration on any terms, confident that the restrictions imposed "will be suddenly taken off by your Majesty's sweetness of disposition and temper". But "three Kingdoms," Hyde felt, "are too considerable to venture upon a slight account". Against all proposals to rise in arms he protested most earnestly, and especially warned his friends against Buckingham, then in England, "who will be glad to merit by setting any ridiculous plot on foot". He would not, if he could help it, allow Charles to send a line to his friends without his endorsement. It was he who held the pen when the King authorised his

agents in England to make what promises they thought fitting, and engaged to make them good—but "not to such as were possessed of Church or Crown lands, or the lands taken from our faithful subjects"; or when Charles wrote directly, saying, "I do avoid making large promises to you, because I am told it would not be acceptable, and that you are swayed by other thoughts, yet cannot but tell you, you shall never repent any offices you shall do me". Of all promises actually made Hyde kept a careful register, and they were scrupulously redeemed.

By May, 1659, the outlook had again altered. On the 4th, Charles heard that his adherents were ready to rise in the Midlands and in the north; and on the same day the army restored the Long Parliament and dismissed Richard Cromwell. "Chaos"—he was told—"is a perfection in comparison with our order and government; the parties are like floating islands, sometimes joining and appearing like a continent, when the next flood or ebb separates them, that it can hardly be known where they are next." In the beginning of June all was in good posture, and Hyde was urging rather than restraining; while Charles, adjured from England that he must hazard his own person if success were to be hoped for, promised that in case of a rising he would come with 2,000 men at least; France and Spain, he added, would doubtless

help him, since a temporary cessation of arms had been arranged.

Charles might promise 2,000 men, but he could not possibly move while Ostend was closely watched, for it was the only port where he had ships. But the man who, next to Monk, held the issues in his hands was Admiral Montague; "a perfect hater of the men who now rule," though "devoted to old Noll his countryman". Montague was in command of the fleet at the Sound; and it was intimated to him that if he would bring his vessels to embark Charles's regiments, there would be practically no limit to what he might ask and receive.

Without waiting for the result of these advances, Charles wrote to England that he and James would set out on July 21, in the hope that his friends would be ready for him. He expressed his anxiety—or Hyde's—that "the English nation may be the means of removing the misery—without owning those great obligations to foreign princes which they seldom yield without some advantage to their own interest and impairing their neighbour's". In a few days, however, he received a letter from Mordaunt and Titus warning him that arrangements were still unmatured, and imploring him not to expose his person to danger.

At the beginning of August it was understood that all was at length in train. The proposals were that Massey should seize Gloucester, Lord Willoughby

Lynn, and Sir G. Booth Chester: while Plymouth, Bristol, Shrewsbury and Exeter were to be attacked. Montague was to bring the fleet from the Sound. Gloucester was then to sail from Ostend for the east coast with the Irish regiments. Turenne had promised to convey James with his troops and artillery from Boulogne. On the 15th, Charles had started for Calais; thence he went in disguise to St. Malo in Britanny, and was about to sail on September 8, when Ormond overtook him with news of disaster. The whole scheme of the insurrection had been betrayed to the government by Willis; and when Booth rose in Cheshire, he was easily crushed. Montague, who had come to the mouth of the Thames, had fortunately not yet declared himself, and by desperate lying managed to escape death or imprisonment. On the 26th Charles was told that he must look for no more risings of his friends, and the bitter truth was pressed upon him that "the Spaniard uses you, the French betray you, the Dutch are already declared against you".

One chance remained. Mazarin and Don Luis de Haro had met at Fonterabia, in Spain, after the cessation of arms, to discuss the future settlement; and thither Charles went in the hope that he might induce the two Crowns to help him; and, in particular, that the army of Condé, which with his own would make 16,000 men, would be put at his disposal. He met

with nothing but disappointment. Mazarin was resolved not to break with the existing government in England so long as there was a possibility of renewed war with Spain. Spain was still less in a condition to entangle herself, and her interest in Charles was limited to the desire for the restoration of Jamaica, which had been captured by the English, and of Dunkirk, which had fallen to them after the battle of the Dunes. In his suggestions to Mazarin, Charles included a proposal of marriage with his niece Hortense; but the Cardinal gracefully declined the honour by insisting that "as long as a cousin of his own remained unmarried he must not stoop to think of a simple demoiselle". The hope of securing Condé's forces vanished through the vigilance of Lockhart, who obtained a clause in the treaty for their immediate disbandment. Nothing was left for Charles but to return as cheerily as he could to Brussels, with 'next winter' once more upon his tongue.

On the journey he went out of his way to Colombe to visit the Queen, and mother and son were reconciled. At this visit also was formed that romantic attachment to his youngest sister, which will deserve much notice later; no sooner had he left than there began the series of letters for "deare deare sister," which, with her proudly affectionate answers, can scarcely now be read without emotion. It was the one untainted spot in Charles's life.

At Fonterabia Charles acquired distinct reputation. "He has behaved himself here as if he had been bred more years in Spain than in France," wrote O'Neal; the French were equally impressed; and "all his Council could not deliver his business better, nor add a syllable to what he says". Even from Hyde fell unaccustomed words of praise. "His dexterity and composedness hath removed the fatal misfortune of not being believed, for till the King be thought to understand his own business and to be able to conduct it, all our striving is against the stream; and towards that good reputation an opinion of his industry is as necessary as of his conception." The usual "hot report" that he had turned Papist was of course spread, with circumstantial evidence, after his Spanish visit; and "Your Master is utterly ruined if this be true," wrote Mordaunt. There were doubtless suspicious circumstances—he had gone to Mass, and Bristol had been converted; the fact that Charles had at once dismissed Bristol from his Council did not affect the conclusions which were drawn.

It is worth while to turn aside from the narrative for a few moments to notice one delightful passage from Hyde which puts in the strongest light Charles's appreciation of his own limitations and his dislike of clumsy flattery. A certain Dr. Creighton had sent to Hyde, for criticism, the proof-sheets of a book upon the Council of Florence, with an epistle dedicatory to

Charles, couched in the high-flown language of a courtly divine. Hyde thus replied:—

In the next place you must remember that though our Master hath taken great pains, and with excellent success, in the modern languages, yet in the Latin he is too unskilful, by the inexcusable negligence of those who should have laid that foundation; so that when this book shall be presented to him, there is no question but that he will command that the Epistle dedicatory be translated for him into English; and I must tell you that as there is no Prince this day in Europe who deserves greater commendation, so his modesty is so predominant over all his virtues, that no gentleman is sooner out of countenance with being over-commended. I have not in my lifetime seen him more displeased, and more angry, than in some few encounters of that kind, and I dare swear he will be put to many blushes upon the reading of your Epistle, and wish some expressions were away. You have not, nor you cannot say too much of the candour of his mind; of the justice and gentleness of his nature; of his affection and zeal to the Protestant Religion . . .; but I beseech you allay those other expressions which he will believe belong not to him, which relate to his conduct and perfection in war, and to such extraordinary ability as can be got only by experience. . . . Above all I beseech you review and allay those two hyperbolical expressions of the modesty and severity of our Court, where, God knows, the Fabricii nor the Camilli can be found; and these encomiums may possibly call on some reproaches upon us which we do as little deserve.

It is easy to imagine the contemptuous "Odd's fish, he is a fool," with which Charles would have read the praise of his Latin, his military skill, and the chastity of his Court.

Nothing remained for the exiles but to fall back upon their accustomed diet of patience. They were now in worse plight than ever; the King's clothes were threadbare, and he was obliged to dismiss his

servants and to pawn his remaining plate. Monk's brother, who had been sent on the mission to that impenetrable man, had returned with no word, comfortable or adverse. We know now that he had heard Charles's communication read to him, although he would not take it into his hands; that a letter from him to the Speaker had been drafted in which he demanded a free Parliament; that on receipt of the news of Booth's defeat this letter had been torn up, and that all who knew of it had been sworn to secrecy. It was not until October that Monk showed his hand. Hearing of the expulsion of the Rump by Lambert, and grasping the fact that the traditional feeling of the average Englishman was the exact opposite of the army doctrine, he made Scotland secure, and, having received from the former Committee of Safety a commission to command all the forces in England and Scotland, prepared to march against Lambert.

At Brussels it was felt that the confusions of England tended but one way. "A sensibility of miseries, and a thought of no way to have them redressed but by monarchy, and that in the right line, begins to creep into most men's thoughts." The shifting scene of parties in England in December is admirably described by Broderick, who pertinently asks, "Will a bone often dislocated thereby acquire firmness in the socket?" And ever, as the prospect of a conflict between Monk and Lambert became

clearer, was heard Hyde's reiterated advice, "to have a little patience to sit still till they are in blood".

The restoration of the Rump Parliament on December 26 gave small hope, since one of its first acts was to vote a new and most comprehensive abjuration of Kingship and of the family of Stuart. But Charles had taken a fruitful step when, by Hyde's advice, he had declared that he would confirm all the privileges of the City, and give still farther concessions, since he wished to owe his restoration to the courage and devotion of the citizens only. The most powerful organisation in the country was thus secured; while at the same time he gained the willing concurrence of Manchester, Northumberland, Annesley, Prynne, and many other leading Presbyterians. As Presbyterians, they regarded Hyde as their salvation, since he was "the only man that hath and will keep out Popery"; and, as men of substance, they saw in him "one who understood the law and would preserve Property". Hope in the possible virtues of Charles had also much to do with the Presbyterian favour; and his friends were not left without ample assurance of these virtues. "He hates not the vicious, but abominates their vices"—"he hates not the drunkard, but his drunkenness"—"he is the perfect pattern of piety, but more of patience"—"a perfect enemy to all debauchedness". So wrote the author of *Three Royal Cedars*. And the need which was felt to keep

up the farce is shown in the grumble of one impatient Royalist, "We are all commanded to be plaguy godly".

On January 1, 1660, Monk crossed the Tweed, and, unopposed by Lambert, whose forces melted away as he marched, entered London on February 3. What would he do? Once more, said Hyde, "we can but wait God Almighty's time". The various episodes of that interval of hope and anxiety do not need repetition; and we may pass to the middle of March, when "The controversy begins now to be rather upon what terms, than whether, the King shall be restored". The Presbyterian nobles demanded the Isle of Wight conditions, which would have established a dominant aristocracy rather than a monarchy. The City demanded the immediate recall of the King, with an amnesty, satisfaction to the army, and settlement of religion by a Council of Divines. And, underlying all politics, careless of terms or no terms, was the longing of men, and still more of women, for peace, for social peace. "I pray God," wrote Penelope Denton to Sir Ralph Verney on March 8, "send mee my life to see peace in our dayes, and that friends may live to rejoice each other." On April 15, when the Exchange was crowded, "there came a fellow with a ladder upon his shoulders, and a pot of paint in his hand, and set the ladder in the place where the last King's statue had stood, and then went up and wiped out that inscription, *Exit Tyrannus*, and as soon as he had done it threw

up his cap and cried, 'God bless King Charles the Second'—in which the whole Exchange joined with the greatest shout you can imagine, and immediately caused a huge bonfire to be made, which the neighbours of Cornhill and Cheapside imitated with three or four more, and so that action passed." This melodramatic prophecy was followed hard by its fulfilment. Monk had at last made up his mind. He put nothing on paper, but Bernard Grenville committed the conditions to memory and carried them to the King. They were less onerous than those of the Presbyterians or the City, but they especially urged the departure of Charles from Flanders into Dutch territory, that all fear of Spanish interference might be avoided. At the same time a paper of advice reached Charles from Lenthall the Speaker. He must be wary of the Army, and of the Presbyterians—he must yield to nothing prejudicial to his rights—must temporise regarding the power of the sword—tolerate Catholics and all other religious parties—keep his friends from boasting—bind himself to nothing, lest he be a mere Doge of Venice. Morley, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, had been employed to hoodwink the Presbyterians. The most unreserved testimonials to Charles's orthodoxy had been secured from the Protestant congregations in Holland, France, and elsewhere on the continent; while James Sharp, who came from the moderate Scotch Presbyterians, clearly saw his account in assuring himself that Presby-

tery would be safe. But probably the most convincing evidence was afforded by the deputation of London ministers, headed by Mr. Case; the story is indeed derived from a source so scurrilous that, were it not entirely consistent with Charles's humour, we should hesitate to accept it. Mr. Case, "coming where the King lay, . . . was carried up into the chamber next, or very near the King's closet; but told withal that the King was busy at his devotions; and that till he had done they must be contented to stay. Being thus left alone, and hearing a sound of groaning piety, such was the curiosity of Mr. Case, that he would needs go and lay his ear to the closet door. But, Heavens! how was the good old man ravished to hear the pious ejaculations that fell from the King's lips! 'Lord, since thou art pleased to restore me to the throne of my ancestors, grant me a heart constant in the exercise and protection of thy true Protestant religion. Never may I seek the oppression of those, who, out of tenderness of their consciences, are not free to conform to outward and indifferent ceremonies.' With a great deal more of the same cant." All this, in face of the reports which were spread by the King's enemies of his devotion to prelacy, and even to Catholicism, was, it was felt, but a pardonable *ruse de guerre*.

Another subject had now to be evaded as well as might be—"The longing impatience to know whether his Majesty will condemn or save his blessed Father's

murderers. I answer all parties that his grandfather . . . never questioned the executioners of his Mother. . . . But, descending to particulars, some members of the Rump are content their fellows should be hanged; they reciprocally of the same mind." To every attempt to bind Charles to definite engagements came Hyde's steady and invariable reply: "No man is so tender of the Nation as the King is, and will do all he can to preserve it, except it be to offer violence to his conscience or honour: and they who believe he will buy his crown upon such conditions as would make him ashamed of wearing it, will be deceived".

Hyde's reward was now very near. On April 25 the free Parliament met, with a Royalist majority: on May 1 letters were read from the King to both Houses, to the Army, the City, and Monk. They were dated from Breda, whither he had made a hurried flitting from Flanders, according to Monk's wish; barely in time indeed, for the Spaniards would have kept him until they had extorted promises regarding Jamaica and Dunkirk. On May 9, Charles was proclaimed King, unfettered by any written condition; three weeks later he entered his kingdom without the help of a single foreign soldier, and, except for the promise to Spain to endeavour to repeal the penal laws against Catholics, without a pledge to a single foreign prince. Hyde's triumph was complete. None

the less both he and Charles knew that conditions did exist, the failure to fulfil which would probably have relegated him once more to a wandering life among the Courts of Europe. That this was so arose from the all-important fact that, speaking roughly, he was restored by those who had overthrown his father and who were responsible for his own exile. The fleet, the army, the fortresses, were in Presbyterian hands. England had, it is true, shaken off at length the military despotism by which Cromwell had cut right athwart the most cherished traditions of English life. Like an unstrung bow, she had fallen back upon her old ways of life. She had restored her Parliament, and then, Parliament and monarchy being co-ordinated in the English mind, she had restored her King. "This government was as natural to them as their food or raiment, and naked Indians dressing themselves in French fashion were no more absurd than Englishmen without a Parliament and a King." But, having thrown off, first the despotism of Charles I., and then the despotism of military force, the country had no thought of bending to another. The new reign must take account of the feelings which had grown up during the overthrow and abeyance of monarchy. That Charles fully recognised the position was seen in his own words some months later to the House of Lords, when he spoke of "those who brought or permitted us to come here". The people

might, it was hoped, be deceived by the professions made; but made they must be.

The Declaration of Breda, a monument to Hyde's legal subtlety and clear perception of the whole field of strategy, was admirably suited to the object in view. By the most careful expression of deference to the authority of the Parliament, he trusted to lull suspicion until the King should be steady enough upon the throne to use his constitutional power of dissolution at a favourable moment, when he would be able to secure a Parliament more to his wishes.

The foremost question in men's minds was how far retaliation would be allowed free play. Had the Restoration been the work of a victorious Royalist movement, the passions aroused would have been quenched, the accumulated injuries of years avenged, in torrents of blood. But it was primarily the re-establishment of parliamentary government; and thus it was that the Declaration granted a general pardon to all who, by any open act, returned to loyalty and obedience within forty days, *excepting only such persons as shall hereafter be excepted by Parliament.* It contained no demand even for vengeance upon the murderers of Charles I. A significant hint, however, was given in the letter to the Speaker which accompanied the Declaration. "If there be a crying sin for which the Nation may be involved in the infamy which attends it, we cannot doubt that you will be as

solicitous to redeem and vindicate the nation from that guilt and infamy as we can be."

The question of the Church was treated under the same conditions. The Presbyterian was looking forward with eager anxiety, the Anglican Churchman with exultant hope. To quiet the one, but in terms which might afterwards leave the field clear to the other, Charles proclaimed on his own account a complete "liberty to tender consciences," declaring himself ready "to consent to such an Act of Parliament as, upon mature deliberation, shall be offered to Us for the full granting that indulgence".

The re-settlement of the land was next dealt with. During the wars many estates had changed hands. The Crown lands and those of Church dignitaries had been confiscated by the Commonwealth, and sold. About them nothing was said in the Declaration. As to private estates, either granted away by the Commonwealth, or sold by distressed Royalists, the decision was left absolutely in the hands of Parliament. In another matter the Declaration expressed how completely the Restoration was one of sufferance. It concluded with a promise to consent to any Act of Parliament "for the full satisfaction of all arrears due to the officers and soldiers of the army under the command of General Monk," and to receive them into the royal service, "upon as good pay and conditions as they now enjoy".

Foreign ambassadors, English Royalists who had done much for him, and many who were hoping to reap from soil where they had not sown, those who had everything to hope, and those who had much to fear; Parliamentary deputations, Church Divines and Presbyterian ministers, crowded the Hague. Schooled by Hyde, and aided by his own natural and acquired powers, the King performed his part with all due observance. From occasional outbreaks of his peculiar humour, however, he could not be stopped. When a body of persons who had done nothing but shout with the crowd claimed audience, he called for wine to be brought; drank their healths with all imaginable courtesy, and dismissed them with the remark that "he was now even with them, having as he thought done as much for them as they had done for him".

And in the midst of it all he found time and heart to send a letter to "deare deare sister," the sweet young girl to whom he had given all the love of which he was capable. No absence, he said, nor any other cause could alter that love; and none who were with him could ever share it. He thanked her for the song she had sent him, though he did not know whether it was pretty, as Jeanneton had not yet learnt it; and commissioned her to choose the trimming and feathers for his summer clothes.

On May 23, surrounded by his relatives, with every

circumstance of florid pomp, and with "infinite shooting off of guns," Charles went on board the *Naseby*—rechristened after dinner by him with his own name. The mere fact of being afloat, as "the anchor was weighed and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England," was enough to exhilarate the lover of the sea, who had not been on salt water since he had landed at Fécamp, a worn, haggard, and hunted man, nine years before. All that evening he walked the deck incessantly, and told his eager listeners the story of the wonderful escape; and it was long after Pepys's usual bedtime before he released his audience. At daybreak on the next day but one the *Royal Charles* was close in shore at Dover. Charles behaved like the philosopher he was. He knew he had a hard day before him; he sent for his brothers from their ships, and the three sat down to peas and pork, and boiled beef, with the robust appetite which had shocked the Grande Mademoiselle when, years before, he had thrown himself upon the shoulder of mutton instead of trifling with the unsatisfying ortolans. It was not until past noon that, attended by his brothers and Montague, he rowed ashore in the ship's barge, while Pepys, with a dog which the King loved, was able to land at the same moment, and see all that went on. He saw the greeting with Monk, which showed that the successful soldier of fortune had placed his sheathed sword in Charles's hand. He saw the Mayor give up and

receive back again the sign of his office—token that the civil power knew its lawful King. He saw the solemn presentation of "a very rich Bible," which, with the ease born of his Scotch experiences, the King declared to be the thing he loved above all things in the world. "And so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury," and for the present Pepys saw him no more. Through shouting multitudes, through "divers gallant troops of horse," in which the meanest rider was some gentleman of note, through the foot regiments of Kentish men, he passed over Barham Down to Canterbury. Slowly he rode along streets loud with music, amid civic ceremonies and gifts, to Lord Camden's house. And there he sat down and wrote to his child-sister thus: "I was so tormented with business at the Hague, that I could not write to you before my departure"—he had forgotten the letter we have quoted—"but I left orders with my sister to send you a small present from me which I hope you will soon receave. . . . My head is so dreadfully stunned with the acclamations of the people and the vast amount of businesse, that I know not whether I am writing sense or nonsense. Therefore pardon me if I say no more than that I am entirely yours—For my deare sister."

And the next day, and the next, from Canterbury to Rochester, from Rochester to London, through garlanded streets, through the sombre regiments,

through bands of "proper maids, clad all alike in white garments, with scarfs about them," who strewed his path with flowers; past conduits running wine, amid all the civic glories of the ancient city, amid the blare of trumpets, and the blaze of colour, and the thundering of guns, the wanderer of a month back rode to Whitehall at seven on the evening of the 29th, and received, through the Houses of Parliament, the allegiance of the kingdom to which Hyde's prudence, and Cromwell's Major-Generals, and the force of old associations, had, after more than fourteen years of exile, at length brought him. When Manchester in the name of the Peers of England gave welcome to "the desire of three Kingdoms," the King excused himself for making an inadequate reply, "so disordered by my journey, and with the noise still sounding in my ears"; but bade all to be confident that "next to the honour of God . . . I shall study the welfare of my people; and shall not only be a true defender of the faith, but a just asserter of the laws and liberties of my subjects".

England had become England again. "A thing had happened, never read of in history, that, when Monarchy was laid aside at the expense of so much blood, it should return again without the shedding of one drop." And Evelyn was but one of thousands who "stood in the Strand, and beheld it, and blessed God. . . . It was the Lord's doing, for such a restora-

tion was never mentioned in any history, ancient or modern, since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity."

Another besides Charles entered upon a kingdom that night. There were those about him who studied his well-known tastes. After the receptions were over, and the feasting done, the restored Monarch, to whom the honour of God stood first, retired to rest—whether in the bedchamber at Whitehall, or whether in the house of Samuel Morland across the water—in the exultant arms of Barbara Palmer.

This abandoned woman came of good stock. She was the only child of William Villiers, second Viscount Grandison, who gave his life for the Stuart cause. Her mother was daughter of Lord Bayning. Barbara Villiers was one of those happily rare women for whom unchastity has invincible attractions. Before she was sixteen years of age she had given herself, with zest and without the slightest reserve, to Philip Stanhope, the second Earl of Chesterfield; and apparently not to him alone. In April, 1659, she married Roger Palmer, a student at the Temple, who carried messages from England to Charles in February, 1660. A little later we shall find him accepting an empty title as the price of his wife's public dishonour. But, poor creature as he was, and suspicious as are many of the circumstances, there is no evidence that he was in the first instance privy to this

preferment. It is noticeable that Chesterfield, who was still Barbara's lover, came with the King in the *Royal Charles;* it was probably through his good offices that she secured the dominion which she kept almost unimpaired for ten years. "The finest woman of her age," as she is described by one who did not love her, with the form and carriage of a goddess, an exquisite and petulant beauty which carried conquest in every mood, and the triumphant freshness of youth and of buoyant physical health, she established from that moment an unquestioned despotism over the debauchee of southern blood for whom she was indeed a fitting mate; a despotism which suffered no weakening as every day she increasingly betrayed a coarseness of tongue, a vulgarity of hate, an insatiable rapacity, and a promiscuity of vice, which might have revolted the most fallen of her sex; a despotism which was certain to fail when the attractiveness of her person began to wane, but which failed only then.

## CHAPTER III.

### CHARLES AND CLARENDON.

SINCE the grandfather of Charles received the crown from Elizabeth a change had come over the meaning of the word 'Monarchy,' which was amply illustrated by the Declaration from Breda. The old phrases might be used in Parliamentary addresses; the absence of all conditions imposed by the Houses might be dwelt upon by exulting Royalists; but every one knew that there were conditions, and that the phrases merely veiled a profoundly altered set of relations. Nominally the prerogative remained what it was before thirty years of strife had taught their lessons; but none the less it was clear that 'Prerogative' and 'Parliament,' 'executive' and 'legislative,' were terms which had received new interpretations in men's minds, and must now undergo, in practical application, a serious and frank revision, if the English Monarchy, the English Parliament, and the English people were to live in harmony during the reign which opened in such a delirium of satisfaction. Even more pressing was the question, What was the new Church to be? How were

he lessons of the last generation to be applied to her? There was no place in England for another Strafford; was there a place for another Laud? Was the Church to return to her old powers, her old possessions? Was she to be the Erastian Church of Elizabeth, the Anglican Church of Charles I.? Was Presbyterianism to be bowed to, or comprehended, or tolerated, or hounded out of her borders? What was to become of 'tender consciences,' of Independents, of Anabaptists, of the thousand sects which had sprung up? How were the promises made by Charles to the Catholics to be redeemed, when it was remembered that the mere report of his conversion had been enough to imperil his return? What, in fact, was to become of the first part of the great inheritance left by Cromwell—toleration?

But it was not these comprehensive issues which for the moment pressed most heavily. The problems which called for solution without a day's unnecessary delay were those of life and property, and of freedom from the rule of the sword. That the regicides should suffer was understood by all; but how much farther was vengeance to be carried? It was not disputed that the Church and Crown lands which had been confiscated and sold by the Commonwealth should revert to the Church and Crown; but were men who had paid hard cash in fair bargain for the lands of necessitous Royalists to be robbed because they had been on the wrong side? And lastly, what was to be done with the Army,

that army which had destroyed in turn the Monarchy and the Parliament, and which even now might in a moment throw all into confusion? Neither Monarchy nor Parliament could breathe freely until it was gone. And, when it was gone, who would occupy the vacant field of force? Who was to enter into the second part of Cromwell's legacy—the power of the sword?

Such were some of the questions which, at this particular phase of the great controversy that had opened out when James I. came to the throne, and, in its essentials, closed when James II. left it, demanded skilful, and in some cases immediate, reply.

And of what sort was the King upon whom that reply rested? The preceding pages will indeed have been written in vain if this is doubtful; for they are a record, however slight, of his life, and he was what his life had made him. Before he was thirteen years old he had learned that there was no divinity that hedged a king; and after four years of confusion and defeat, of the "noise of the captains and the shouting," he had begun his long exile. Once indeed, with a foreign army, he had again entered the land he hoped to rule, and had been chased out of it with a price upon his head. In France he had been taught the same lesson as in England, the lesson of war between king and subjects. During nine years he had remained almost ignorant of the opinions of English people upon the matters that were of chief importance to them; and,

horoughly English in his physical vigour, his the sea and of all forms of active sport, he itically a foreigner to his country. He knew f France and Spain, of the Flemings and the far more of Scotland, than he did of England. less was he the slave of circumstance in his l habits. Separated from the father whose life was beyond reproach, fretting under the of a mother with whom there was no sympathy, learned under the tuition of Buckingham every son that that most despicable man could teach. he age of sixteen he had given the rein to his passions. He was without love, save for his ster; without friendships. Too healthy and too t to be ill-humoured, he concealed under the od-temper which so fascinated little minds an ate selfishness and an oriental ingratitude. He quired patience, but it was that ignoble form of e which consists in waiting for difficulties to r themselves. He had grown accustomed to th effrontery, and to betray without shame. In and in Flanders he had learned that religion natter of gorgeous ceremonies and easy morals; land he had learned that it was an austere and tyranny. For the rest, he had a cool head, astuteness, considerable insight into character, bility and imagination, a certain curious indity of view and of action, and a sense of humour.

Hyde, however, undertook explanations which resulted in an acceptable modification; for the astute soldier of fortune had no idea of risking the stake for which he had so skilfully played the game. And so, with a dukedom, the Garter, the command of all the forces, the Mastership of the Horse, a place in the bedchamber, and vast rewards in money and estates, Monk entered the Council, bringing with him his friend Morrice, and the "slippery humour" of Ashley Cooper, but consenting to the omission of a large number of those whose names he had perforce officially suggested. Out of this Privy Council a small Committee was formed, nominally for foreign affairs, in which was vested the whole executive power. Hyde—now Earl of Clarendon—Lord Chancellor; Ormond, Lord Steward; Nicholas, Secretary; Southampton, Lord Treasurer; these projected into the reign of Charles II. the high-toned virtues of the old Cavalier stock, and represented legitimacy in its purest form; while Monk, Morrice—who became the second Secretary—and Manchester, Lord Chamberlain, stood for the other elements of the compromise. For practical purposes the whole internal policy in England rested upon Clarendon. Middleton, the Scotch Cavalier, in full possession of Clarendon's favour, was sent as High Commissioner to inaugurate the 'Drunken Administration' in Scotland; while Robartes, a Presbyterian who had fought for the Parliament, was placed as

Monk's deputy in the command of Ireland, until Ormond, shortly afterwards, re-assumed the Lord Lieutenancy.

One most interesting source of counsel must not be unnoticed. Twenty-two years ago Charles had received from Newcastle the scheme for his education which was freely quoted in its place. And now his old governor put into his hands another lengthy letter of advice, as to how he should bear himself as king. It is Polonius advising Laertes. "King James and King Charles always about Michaelmas went to Royston, in stable time, both for hunting and hawking, both at the field and at the river—this would not only refresh your M.tie with the sweet ayre and wholesome exercise, but unbende your more serious thoughts from the wayght of businesse that you would have in London. . . . This, Sir, will mentayne healthy and long life better than physicke." But the King must think of other people besides himself: on his return to Whitehall he must prepare Masks for Twelfth Tide, at which "Etalianes make the sceanes best". He should "invite every one by tickets from the Lord Chamberlayne . . . and the Lord Ch. to be very carefull that none else enter but those who are invited". The second time the play is given, the Inns of Court alone should be asked; the third time "the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, with the principal merchants and no others—a handsome banquet every

time, and your Ma.tie to drink their welcome, which would infinitely please them". At other times he must give balls, and "invite the young ladies, give them a banquet and drink their welcome with thanks". Charles is to ride his "horses of manege" twice a week, "which will encourage noblemen to do the like, to wayte of you and to make matches with your noblemen, so many aside, to run at the ringe, for a supper or a play, or some little jewell; besides this, to be in the Tilt yard publicly. Upon Coronation Day there should be tilting and other horse feats, to make your Lords good horsemen and to keepe good horses. Your Ma.tie's Father of blessed memory was the best man at arms I vowe to God that I ever saw, both for grace and surenesse." If objection is raised on the score of expense, "copper-lace is very cheap, and will make as good a show for one day as the beste; all Q. Elizabeth's days she had itt, and King James".

"For gameing serten times your M.tie will sett down, as also for Tennis and pall malle. Goffe and other recreations will do for winter." At Lent the King is to go to Newmarket—"the sweetest place in the world and the best ayre—no place like it for hunting, hawking and coursing, and Horse Races"; he is to invite "the northern lords and gentry that hath the best horses and hounds," and to hold hound races "with coloured ribbons". Newmarket, it is added parenthetically with delicious, if unconscious, humour,

is especially suitable, because "while there, the University will entertain you and send most excellent preachers every Sunday". At Easter he must be careful to send venison to the Lords and powerful men—or, better, to the ladies, "for, as Sir E. Coke sayd, the night crowe was powerful, and the gray mare is the better horse". Whatever else he attends to, the King should amuse the people. *Panem et Circenses.*

Newcastle then passes to the less important phases of kingship. He trusts that his pupil will govern by love, but love mingled with fear. He must remember, as in former days, that "the great study and learning for Kings is not to reade bookes, but men". He advises no change in Scotland—the Scots will soon petition for a change themselves. On Irish matters Newcastle is a little vague, but would have Charles bear in mind Chichester's words to James I.: "They are a very scurvy people, your Majesty, and have been as scurvily used". He should keep clear of Rome, for, "though they say the Pope is chosen by the Holly Goste, if it were so I daresay the French King or the King of Spayne would offer him a bribe on either side".

As regards foreign politics, Newcastle's advice is very clean cut. "I should humbly advise your Ma.tie to have a warre with one of these greate Kinges, and I think it would be best to begin with France. When

that is over, have one with Spayne, and by sea too; the French will give you money for this."

At home, Charles should bear in mind that London is the great Leviathan, that England has a head too big for its body. "Master that and you master the whole Kingdom; disarm it totally, and arm yourself. But hide your forces, for the people loves not the cudgell." As to the Church, Newcastle expresses the old Tudor view, "Remember you are both King and Pope". The Universities need purging, and contain too many scholars; but "that which hath done most hurte is the abundance of Grammar Schools and Inns of Court". Newcastle urges that the Grammar Schools should be cut down to one-half, since—it might be a School Board election in the twentieth century—"they only teach boys to become clerks instead of farm-labourers and mechanics".

Charles is to give few titles of honour, to hinder Parliament from attacking his ministers, to entrust the government to none but well-trained statesmen; to keep a bounteous table, "say £80,000 a year". Finally, and most impressively, "Your Royal Father always wanted money. . . . Putt money in your purse and keep it, and avoid Parliaments. When you are rich, and call a Parliament, your Majesty is then master of the fields."

We have often wondered whether the royal Laertes ever read the words of Polonius. It is certain that

in almost every detail Charles acted very closely in accordance with them. One marked exception there was. He tried indeed very hard to "putt money in his purse". But Newcastle had forgotten one adjunct of royalty, as Charles understood it. He had forgotten the expenses of a harem.

In one part at least of the partial fulfilment of the Declaration from Breda Charles took an important and creditable share. There was great danger—growing greater as the days passed—that, in spite of the composite character of the House of Commons, the spirit of retaliation might even there secure a bloody satisfaction. But a far more savage temper reigned in the Lords. The bill sent up from the Commons, in consequence of an urgent message from the King, "excepted" only eight of the King's judges "for life and estate," and some twenty more "for pains and penalties not extending to life". The Lords resolved that all who had signed the warrant should die; then "all who were concerned in the murder". Again Charles intervened. He insisted upon drawing a broad line between the regicides and all others. But for his promise, he told the Lords plainly, neither he nor they would have been there; his own honour and the public security alike demanded an indemnity for all except those immediately guilty of the "crying sin". In the conferences between the Houses the Lords

actually demanded the death of four members of Cromwell's High Court of Justice in revenge for the death of four of their own number condemned by that court, the victims to be chosen by the relatives of the slain men; they even proposed to bring to the scaffold all who had sat upon any court of justice by which Royalists had been tried. But Charles and Clarendon supported the Commons' resistance with their whole influence, "hoping that their Lordships would not have the sacrifice of the King's blood to be mingled with any other blood". And so, at the price of some twenty lives, the universal fear was removed. It should not be forgotten that it was principally owing to Charles and Clarendon, that, after a civil war which had its roots in the deepest feelings which can stir men's minds, after a despotism which had been established in blood and held in its place, amid the ruins of the constitution, by the sword, and only by the sword, the restoration of the old order was accomplished with slaughter which, when compared with the wrongs which seemed to call for vengeance, was well-nigh insignificant.

And when, a few months later, a new House met, the composition of which showed that a parliamentary movement had become a Royalist revel, and that there was a serious prospect of some tampering with the primary condition of the restoration settlement, Charles's earliest message was a distinct refusal to pass

any bill whatsoever until this Act was placed beyond dispute.

It was not only in his public utterances that the King showed his distaste for severity. One day in July, 1661, when he was in Council, a question arose as to whether another batch of prisoners should be brought to trial. On a scrap of paper which he passed to Clarendon, Charles wrote: "I must confess that I am weary of hanging, except on new offences; let it sleep. You know that I cannot pardon them." The prisoners little guessed that to these careless words they owed their lives; as little as Vane knew, two years later, that, in spite of the King's promise, he stood upon the scaffold because, with equal flippancy, Charles had written to Clarendon that it would be well to put him away "if it can be honestly done".

Nevertheless there was hanging and quartering enough to satisfy the man in the street. On October 13, 1660, Pepys, who had seen Charles I. killed, had a great treat—he saw the first blood shed in revenge. "I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered, which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could look in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy." Evelyn, a few days later, was unfortunate enough to miss the actual doing

to death of four others in the presence of Charles; he had to content himself with meeting "their quarters mangled and cut and reeking as they were brought from the gallows in baskets on the hurdle". And when we remember that the only exclamation which this sight drew from one so gentle, so refined, was "Oh, the miraculous providence of God!" it is not easy to overestimate the value of the firmness with which Charles and Clarendon stood in the path of those who sought for blood.

It was only when the religious question was seriously taken up that the difference between the views of Charles and those of his old adviser began to make itself felt. Clarendon held that the restoration of monarchy meant the restoration of the Church for which the monarchy had fallen. He detested the Presbyterians now, as he had always detested them, with a whole heart; and he was resolved that they should lie under the heel of the victorious Church. But Charles had a very different object. He could not be expected, since he was a boy when he left England, to realise at first the strength of Anglican feeling. He, too, hated Presbyterianism, with the hatred born of his Scotch experiences; at any rate it was not the religion for a gentleman. But on the other hand he wanted, in all earnest, to redeem his pledges to the Catholics, who had been among his father's most faithful adherents, had helped him to

escape after Worcester, had found him funds during his exile, and had been, more than others, the mark for fine, imprisonment, and confiscation. "Rebel for rebel"—he scribbled to Clarendon—"I had rather trust a Papist rebel than a Presbyterian." If Clarendon and the Bishops were to have their way, and the Church were to be restored to her full supremacy, all hope of toleration would be gone. For the moment the most obvious plan was the emasculation of the Church by forcing upon her a compromise with Presbyterianism. That Clarendon ever meant this to take place, if he could prevent it, we do not for a moment believe. How far Charles himself was sincere, it would be hard to say. But in the present state of the House of Commons all pointed to the feasibility of the plan. Charles took his part in what turned out to be an elaborate farce by making ten of the leading Presbyterian ministers royal chaplains. He even attended their sermons. He was then desired by the Commons to select a number of divines of both persuasions, to debate the conditions of compromise. To this meeting, on October 23, he submitted the draft of a Declaration which he wished to issue. Repudiating the many oaths he had taken in Scotland to the Covenants, on the ground of constraint, and declaring his preference for the Anglican Church as "the best fence God hath yet raised against Popery in the world," he nevertheless upheld the claims

of the Presbyterians to favourable treatment. The Declaration went on to create an episcopal system so modified as, with the promise of a revision of the Prayer Book, to secure an acceptance from many of the leading Presbyterians, one of whom accepted a bishopric on the faith of it. So far all had gone smoothly. And then suddenly, before he had been six months on the throne, came the cleavage, on the one side of which stood Charles alone, on the other the two great religious parties which possessed political power. A petition having been read from the Independents and Anabaptists praying for freedom of religious worship, Charles thought his opportunity was come. He proposed toleration for *all*, so long as the public peace were not disturbed; a toleration even greater than Cromwell would have allowed, whose inheritance he was claiming. A cold silence fell upon the conference, broken at length, not by the Episcopalians, but by Baxter. Without reserve he said that there could be toleration neither for such as denied the Trinity nor for Papists. Not a voice was heard in support of the King's view, and the Declaration was published without this clause. The King was thanked for it by Parliament, and a bill was brought in by Sir Matthew Hale to turn it into a law. But now Clarendon took part in the drama. He had no intention of baulking the Church of her rights, of seeing even a partial triumph of Presbyterianism. He

had been busy in securing a majority against any compromise. The Declaration had done its work in gaining time, and Hale's bill was rejected by 183 to 157. Parliament was at once dissolved. Even before the new House met, the mask had been thrown off by the issue of an order to the justices to see that the full liturgy of the Church was restored. In April, 1661, another conference was held in the Savoy Palace, which failed because Clarendon and the Episcopalian members, at any rate, intended it to fail. The field was again free for the full play of the vengeful passions of the Church; and Charles, at the very threshold, had received his first lesson on the limits of his power.

The extent of the reaction which followed the Restoration was disclosed when the new Parliament met in May, 1661. In a House of more than five hundred members, scarcely one in ten was of the old majority. It was "a parliament full of lewd young men, chosen by a furious people in spite to the puritans, whose severity had distasted them". They were "of loyal families, but young men for the most part, which being told the King, he replied that was no great fault, for he could keep them till they got beards". The great majority were prepared to go any lengths in favour of the Church. The Sacrament was imposed upon all members according to the prescribed liturgy; the bishops were restored to their seats in the Lords, in spite of Charles's personal opposition;

the Corporation Act—demanding an oath which Presbyterians would not take, as a condition of membership of a municipal body—swept away at a blow their whole political influence in the corporations, where they were strongest, and thus destroyed Presbyterianism in the State. The Act of Uniformity destroyed it in the Church. No one might hold a living unless he had, before St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24, 1662, publicly read the service from the new Prayer Book, which had been revised by Convocation in the sense most objectionable to the Presbyterians, and had declared his "unfeigned assent and consent" to everything therein. Finally, all incumbents, holders of university offices, schoolmasters, and private tutors, were to take the oath of the Corporation Act, renounce the Covenant, and promise to conform to the Liturgy, and "endeavour no change or alteration of government either in Church or State".

The Presbyterians, for the most part, refused the terms of uniformity. On Sunday, August 17, farewell sermons were preached to crowded and sympathetic congregations; and two thousand clergymen retired into voluntary poverty and professional exile. Henceforward Presbyterianism was the mode of thought, not of a large part of the English Church, but of a dissenting sect; the Church of England had taken the shape which it holds to this day.

The King was soon to learn how completely he was

in the grasp of the Church; he had already become conscious of very galling constraint. The resolve of the Commons to bring in the Uniformity Bill had been the firmer because it was known that he was opposed to stringency. In the midst of the Royalist riot they had been careful to give him such a revenue only as should keep him poor—because, in Marvel's gravely ironical words, "'tis good to leave something to give hereafter"—and his financial difficulties gave them the complete control of the situation. They used their power to wring from him a personal declaration of allegiance to the Church. On March 1, 1662, he complained to the House of the unworthy suspicions against himself, declared that he was zealous for the Church and "in love with the book of Common Prayer," and expressed his desire for the Act of Uniformity. He was supplied with money, and was then called upon to fulfil his part of the bargain. But the Act having been passed, and Parliament prorogued, Charles began his running fight for the prerogative by announcing his intention of suspending execution; and when Clarendon opposed so unconstitutional an assumption of power, he induced him to give way on the grounds that his honour was pledged to this cause. At the back of Clarendon however, stood the bishops; and their resistance, led by Sheldon, "a mighty stout man, a man of a brave high spirit," who represented with great ability the

irreconcilable section of the Church, speedily convinced Charles of the imprudence of the step. Foiled in this first attempt to snatch the suspensory power, he was now to have still more emphatic evidence of the limits to his independent action.

The Commons had separated in May, 1662, gratified by their triumph over the Presbyterians in the Corporation and Uniformity Acts. They met again in February, 1663, to find themselves confronted by an enemy whom they feared and detested with a still keener hate and terror. The dominant factor in the feverish politics of this reign is to be found in the feeling of the ordinary English mind regarding Popery. Churchmen might despise and persecute the Presbyterians; the Presbyterians, as in Scotland, might regard the independent sects as the advocates of the Devil; but in all of them hatred of Popery was the master impulse. Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* was favourite reading, and the fires of Smithfield were in the English imagination ready to burst into flame. Another Armada seemed to hang like a dark cloud upon our shores, and a fresh Gunpowder Plot might at any moment come to light. There was no atrocity which was not held to be natural to the Papists; the very debauchery of the Court was laid to their charge; and the cry which greeted the early Christians in Rome—"Christianos ad leones!"—never rang more pitilessly than the execrations which, when the panic

rose to its height, were hurled at the "Bloody Papists".

To the Englishman, then, it was the first duty of his king to hate and combat "this last and insolentest attempt on the credulity of mankind"! But, first to his astonishment, and then to his indignant fury, he found, or thought he found, that Charles was of altogether another mind.

For, during the recess, the King had again deliberately challenged this ingrained feeling of the nation. On December 26, 1662, he had issued a declaration expressing his intention of doing his best to induce Parliament to mitigate the rigour of the Act of Uniformity, and "to concur with him in making some Act for that purpose, as may enable him to exercise, with a more universal satisfaction, *that power of dispensing which he conceived to be inherent in him*"; the very claim which, under the pressure of the bishops, he had for the moment relinquished. This declaration drew from Sheldon a letter in which the iniquity of the proposal, "as tending to set up that most damnable and heretical doctrine of the Church of Rome, whore of Babylon," was set before him in the plainest language. Undeterred by this fulmination, the King met Parliament on February 18 with a speech in which he declared himself "in nature an enemy to all severity for religion and conscience"; and while disclaiming any intention of favouring the

Papists, and desiring that laws might be made to hinder the spread of their doctrines, he asked for such a power of indulgence, "to use upon occasions," as might not needlessly force the Dissenters out of the kingdom, or give them cause to conspire against its peace.

So astute was the evasion that no one could have guessed that Charles was at this very time in secret communication with the Pope Alexander VII. for a reconstitution of the English Church, whereby, while retaining her national and independent character, she should nominally acknowledge the Holy See as her head. Nevertheless, before the words were well out of the King's mouth, all men saw before them in tangible shape the enemy they dreaded most. They had kept out the fox, said William Coventry; were they now to let the wolf into the fold? They did not know whether Charles was himself a Catholic. But there was much going on to cause suspicion, and, in every place where he wrote 'Dissent,' the English mind read 'Pope of Rome'. He did not remain long in ignorance of the feelings he had aroused. Within a week the Commons answered his appeal by a remonstrance of the boldest character, wherein they put before him clearly the conditions on which he might expect to enjoy his throne. At all hazards Popery was to be kept out of the kingdom, by the maintenance of a State Church. Charles was given to understand that

supply would depend upon the immediate issue of a proclamation banishing all Catholic priests, and he yielded at once.

But he was anxious to keep the future treatment of the whole question as far as possible in his own hands, and he evaded farther pressure by a prorogation. By the time the Houses reassembled Protestant rather than Catholic Dissent again claimed their attention. The Act of Uniformity had led to unauthorised religious meetings, or 'conventicles,' against which the Anglican clergy and the Commons inveighed as hot-beds of schism and sedition. Charles had already learned to abandon resistance where attack was persistent, and he was anxious for a farther supply; he therefore gave his assent to the First Conventicle Act. This iniquitous measure absolutely forbade, under crushing penalties, all meetings of more than four persons besides the household for religious services other than those allowed by the Church. Upon the Quakers the blow fell with special weight, for the novelty of their doctrines caused them to be more suspected than any others. Pepys relates how he saw several being dragged through the streets, and his only comment is: "They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would conform, or be more wise and not be catched."

The appetite for persecution grew; and before long an Act still more cruel and drastic was carried

in the Commons without a division. During the desolation of the Plague, many of the clergy had fled from London. The deposed Presbyterian ministers stepped into their pulpits without authorisation, and once more gathered eager congregations. But the vigilance of the Anglican Church was not relaxed. The old cry was raised of "schism and rebellion". At the October session at Oxford, in 1665, it was determined to prepare "a shibboleth, a test to distinguish amongst those who will be peaceable and give hopes of future conformity and who of malice and evil disposition remain obdurate"; and once more the pressing need of supplies compelled Charles to give way. The Five Mile Act laid down that no Nonconformist minister was henceforth to teach in schools or to come within five miles of any city, corporate town, or Parliamentary borough, unless he had previously subscribed an oath denying the lawfulness of taking arms under any circumstances against the King or those commissioned by him, and, as in the Act of Uniformity, had declared that he would not "at any time endeavour any alteration of government in Church or State". The machinery of persecution was now complete. The Corporation and Uniformity Acts had eliminated Presbyterianism from State and Church. By the Conventicle and Five Mile Acts Parliament answered the claim of Dissent to tolerable existence.

These concessions to the blind rancour of Anglicanism, which put Charles's hope of favouring the Catholics every day farther out of sight, formed, then, the price which he paid for Parliamentary grants. He would fain have carried out Newcastle's advice, to put money in his purse. But the revenue settled upon him by Parliament was quite inadequate to the various calls of government, the payment of debts incurred abroad, the satisfaction of Royalist demands, and the expenses of his more disreputable pleasures. Still less was it sufficient to enable him to gratify the desire, fitfully entertained for many years, of ruling as Louis XIV. ruled, of establishing an intelligent despotism, founded upon armed force and the sympathy of Dissent, and independent of Parliament. He resolved therefore to secure his freedom from control by other means; and this resolve is the explanation of his foreign policy throughout the reign.

His first application had been to the Dutch; and from them, as the price of an alliance, he had demanded two millions. The renewal, however, of the Navigation Act of 1651, by which their carrying trade had in a great measure been destroyed, formed an insuperable obstacle to union. Charles had plenty of alternatives, for Spain, France, and Portugal were approaching him with rival offers. In September, 1660, he let the Spaniards understand that his active friendship was merely a question of price. They offered him what-

ever money he might want, but they coupled with this offer the inadmissible demand that Jamaica and Dunkirk should be restored to them.

France stepped into the vacant place. A close understanding between the two Crowns was a natural one from the dynastic and personal points of view; for Charles was more than half French by blood, and had received much kindness from his cousin. French statecraft pointed the same way. Louis and Mazarin had indeed ample reasons for desiring not merely to form an immediate compact, but to secure a permanent influence at Charles's Court. They hoped to do this by finding him a rich, beautiful, and clever wife. They had her, they thought, to their hand. Hortense Mancini, then in the full pride of her rich southern beauty, was still unmarried, and she was now offered to Charles with a dowry of 4,000,000 francs. But Charles had not yet forgotten the refusal at Fonterabia, and he curtly remarked that when he married it would be to please himself. His choice, however, was limited. The available Protestant princesses were Germans, and they were all "foggy". And so it came to pass that after all he married, not to please himself, but to please Louis XIV.

At the Peace of the Pyrenees Louis had bound himself to give no aid to Portugal, then engaged in her war of independence with Spain; and he now saw the means of evading this engagement. The marriage

of Charles with the Infanta Catherine was a signal victory for French influence. Portugal gave a magnificent dowry—Tangier and Bombay, freedom of commerce in Brazil and the East Indies, religious liberty for English subjects in all Portuguese territories, and half a million sterling. Charles in return bound himself—while avoiding any declaration of war upon Spain—to assist Portugal with a force of 3,000 men and 1,000 horses, and to put eight frigates at her disposal. To enable him to carry out these terms, Louis made him a present of £80,000. A little later, against the earnest opposition of Clarendon, Dunkirk was sold to the French for £200,000. The marriage was entirely consonant with the Cromwellian policy of making us, in Dryden's magnificent phrase, "freemen of the continent"; for it secured vast commercial advantages, and implied an active interest in continental politics. The sale of Dunkirk, on the other hand, however advisable as an economic measure, was as absolute a negation of that policy, and spread dismay among the Protestant powers. For this Charles cared little. He looked to the money to provide himself with the army which should some day make him independent of Parliament.

In one respect Louis had missed his aim. It soon became evident that he could not obtain, through the Queen, that personal control which he had hoped to secure over Charles. Not even the cleverest of women

could have guided the descendant of Henry IV., if she were not possessed of physical charm. Catherine was neither well favoured nor clever. Even the portraits of the Court painters can go no farther than to bear out Pepys' indulgent verdict: "nothing charming, yet she hath a good, modest, innocent look". Probably not even Henry VIII., when he first saw Anne of Cleves, was more chagrined than Charles when he met his wife. The ungraceful dress, and the grotesquely unbecoming method of wearing the hair which prevailed in Portugal, added to her unattractiveness. He "thought they had brought him a bat instead of a woman; but it was too late to find fault and he must make the best he could of a bad matter". Writing privately to Clarendon of his first interview —the letter is a trifle too frank for complete insertion —he declared generously that "there was nothing in her face that can in the least shame one". "Brought up in a monastery"—says Reresby—"her education was so different from his that she had nothing visible about her capable to make the King forget his inclination to the Countess of Castlemaine". Here was the rub. On the one side the wife, ignorant and bigoted as only women of her country and training could be, awkward in manner, unversed in female arts or graces, of short, broad figure, "her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out," with "nauseous distempers," and, at the best, with nothing absolutely

displeasing in her face; on the other side the mistress, "the finest woman of her age," radiant in health and beauty, with everything in face and form, in self-abandonment and effrontery, that could make her attractive to such as Charles; the lust of the eye incarnate.

Two other marriages had already taken place in the King's family. In 1655, at Aix-la-Chapelle, Clarendon's daughter Anne Hyde had been placed in the service of Mary of Orange as maid-of-honour, and had remained with her to the Restoration. James fell in love with her when on a visit to his sister, promised her marriage, and seduced her. At the Restoration she returned to her father; and, finding herself with child, appealed to James, who married her at Clarendon's residence on September 3, 1660, in time to legitimate the boy who was born in October. Hitherto the story is sufficiently commonplace. But then James appears to have behaved like a cur. Clarendon's statement that he denied the marriage, in spite of the injured woman's asseverations in her pangs, is indeed incredible; for there were witnesses to the ceremony, and one of them was Ossory, Ormond's gallant son, who was no more likely to give his name to a lie than was his father. But that James listened to the groundless assertion of his blackguard friend, Charles Berkeley, that his wife had had criminal relations with other men—with Berkeley himself

indeed—is certain; and it is equally certain that he sought on the strength of this to have the marriage declared invalid. Charles, to his credit, refused to countenance the fraud, and was justified when Berkeley confessed his own infamy. In spite of the passionate opposition of the Queen Mother, who came over with her daughters to stop the union of her son with one of such modest birth, the marriage, which gave two queens to England, was publicly owned before the end of the year.

Another alliance for which the Queen Mother came to ask, not Charles's refusal, but his sanction as head of his family, was that of his sister Henrietta with Philip of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV. Born amid the din and the turmoil of a beleaguered city; carried as a peasant's infant through hostile armies by her intrepid governess, Lady Dalkeith; a sweet and courteous child—Reresby gives us a delightful picture of her—beautiful among the fairest of the French Court, and clever as she was beautiful; admired by poets, dramatists, soldiers, and divines, by her cousin Louis most of all; deeply wronged by a worthless husband; sometimes indiscreet, yet always pure; it is not all this which gives to Henrietta a special interest. Nor is it that she became the political confidant of Louis and Charles; nor is it the pitiful tragedy of her death. It is, as has been said before, that she was the only woman whom Charles ever loved.

A single relic of her visit remains upon one of the hasty notes which passed across the Council table. "I would willingly," writes Charles, "make a visit to my sister (at Tunbridge) . . . when can I best spare the tyme?" "I suppose," rejoins Clarendon, "you will go with a light trayne?" "I intend to take nothing but my night bag." "You will not go without 40 or 50 horse!" "I count that parte of my night bag."

We must now deal somewhat more closely with Charles himself and the Court for which he was responsible; and indeed it was a sorry sight, although its colour and glitter of movement have attracted and will for ever attract the indulgent interest of those who do not know, or do not care to realise, the truth. The keynote of the King's way of looking at life and kingship was struck on the day after his entry into London. To the great edification of the righteous—of Pepys and the Fleet especially—he issued a proclamation against swearing and drinking. Four days later he was himself drinking to excess in the Mulberry Gardens till two in the morning; and on June 28 the Earl of Sandwich could not get to bed before five, as he had been supping with the King. Charles understood the art of devolution. There is ample testimony that he was an excellent, if somewhat unconventional, committee-man; but, on the whole,

"business was left to the Earl of Clarendon; and the King, as he was of an age and vigour for it, followed his pleasures; and if amongst those love prevailed with him more than others, he was thus far excusable, besides that his complexion led him to it, the women seemed to be the aggressors, and I have since heard the King say did sometimes offer themselves to his embraces. The two Dukes, his brothers, were no less lovers of the sex than himself." In other words, Charles gave the signal for idleness and debauchery; and, by the middle of 1661, the "lewdness and beggary of the Court, the drinking, swearing, and loose amours," were too notorious for silence.

To much of Newcastle's advice Charles gave sedulous attention. "For gameing sertentimes your Majesty will sett down." The Twelfth Night gaming tables were in full swing in 1662. Evelyn tells us that "according to custom his Majesty"—who does not appear to have gambled farther than in this formal way—"opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself in the privy chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his £100. The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about £1,000. . . . At other tables, both there and at the groom porter's, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion amongst some losers; sorry I am that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced

in a court which ought to be an example of virtue to the rest of the Kingdom." On the last day of the year Whitehall was "crammed with fine ladies, the prettiest at the Court," who were well able to appreciate the delicate humour of the King when he called for the first country dance, "which was," says he, "'Cuckolds all awry,' the old dance of England". "Dancing, with fiddlers, all night almost, at Lady Castlemaine's," and suppers, such as those reported to us by De Cominges, with "the most illustrious libertines of the Kingdom," at which took place scenes of licence which would lose by transcription; such occupations would stand for a good many dates in the royal diary.

These were the more innocent relaxations of the Court. To try to describe the darker side—to throw open fully the doors of that temple of unabashed wickedness, where Lady Castlemaine sat enthroned, triumphant goddess of lust—is forbidden by the reticence of modern life. The passage of sorrowful eloquence in which Clarendon describes the moral and social disintegration, the destruction of all family ties, the loss of individual honour in men and women alike, which had resulted from the political upheaval of the past thirty years, is well known. In such loose soil every base character grew unchecked to rankness; the Berkeleys and the Bennets, the Buckinghams and the Sedleys, the Chiffinches and the

Bab Mays, among men; the Castlemaines and their like, among women; while austere men like Clarendon, and high-souled men like Ormond, and cultured men like Evelyn, and—bitterest condemnation and shame of all—prurient bourgeois like Pepys, looked on at "the burning lusts, the profane and abominable lives," with sorrow and contempt. And there are a few pure women also, who gaze shuddering, or hide their faces in very shame.

"The Committee to get Mrs. Stewart for the King" —Frances Stewart, with whom he was "besotted," but who managed after all to rise so far above her sisters as to leave her virtue an open question, and to become, as Duchess of Richmond, an 'honest woman'; Charles, when she escaped him, furious as a satyr who has missed his clutch at a wood nymph; his "sottish slavery" a jest to every boy in the street; factions high between him and James, and all the bestial Court "in an uproar with their loose amours"; Sedley and Buckhurst running naked through the streets, beaten by the watch, and locked up all night —"the King taking their parts"; Charles too drunk to give audience to Arlington on his way to Newmarket, and making the fiddlers at Thetford sing all the obscene songs they could think of; Lady Castlemaine declaring that her little daughter will be "the first mayd in the court that will be married," flaunting £40,000 of jewels upon her dress, and receiving the

"bold petition of the poor whores of London"; swearing that the King should own her child, and that she would have it christened in the chapel at Whitehall to proclaim his assent, or she would bring it to the gallery and dash the brains of it out before his face; the maids-of-honour at the royal chapel breaking out in unrestrained mirth when the chaplain discoursed on marriage and continence; the "King's friends" whipped up from the taverns and brothels of Westminster to vote against some obnoxious measure; Charles robbed and kidnapped in a disreputable house at Newmarket, and obliged to disclose his identity before he was set free; or at supper at the rooms of his bastard son's young wife, with his usual associates, "all mad in hunting a poor moth," while the Dutch guns could be heard roaring in the Thames, and London lay in ruins; all this, and a thousand times more, would be needed before we could duly gauge the riot of recklessness and sin in which the Court was steeped. With one anecdote we will close the record of shame—and we choose it because a historical writer of repute, who has given special attention to this time, has gravely stated that Charles was free of the vice of drinking. The King and his brother with a chosen band were out hunting when "they came to Sir George Carteret's house at Cranbourne, and there they were entertained and all made drunk; and being drunk, Armorer did come to the King and swore to him, 'by

God, Sir,' says he, 'you are not so kind to the Duke of York of late as you used to be'. 'Not I?' says the King. 'Why so?' 'Why,' says he, 'if you are, let us drink his health.' 'Why, let us,' says the King. Then he fell on his knees and drank it; and having done, the King began to drink it. 'Nay, Sir,' says Armorer, 'by God you must do it on your knees!' So he did, and all the company; and having done it, all fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another, the King and the Duke of York, and the Duke of York and the King; and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were; and so passed the day."

So that men were constrained to say: "of all places, if there be hell, it is here; no faith, no truth, no love, nor any agreement between man and wife, or friends". Make what excuses we may—and they reside only in the earlier pages of this book—of all this the memory of Charles must rightly bear the shame.

"Blush, oh heavens,"—so speaks an anonymous writer—"and be astonished, oh earth; a people loved of God, and so often saved by his wonderful providence, are become the Tyre and Sidon, the Sodom and Gomorrah of the world. Let us repent in dust and ashes, let us turn to God from the bottom of our hearts, with fervent love and good works of our martyred ancestors, or their life and death will rise up in judgment against us, and God will yet suffer their and our enemies to swallow us up quick."

We must, however, guard against the impression that the vice of Whitehall was reflected in the homes of the country gentlemen—the Verneys, the Ishams, the Norths, the Harleys, and their like—or that it passed without protest from them. The private family correspondence of the time abounds with expressions of dismay at the state of London, "that wicked towne," and with hopes that the younger members who have to go there will "remain pure in the general profanity of London". "Sin," wrote Sir E. Harley, "every day grows high and impudent: the Lord, I trust, will graciously provide a hiding place for his poor children." "My children"—said Lady Fitz-James—"are in no heart to marry; and I believe if they do not marry till they can have religious men, they never will. I think they will not be in the worse condition if they never do, unless men were better . . . than as the world goes now."

To leave Charles with no farther comment, no saving clause, would however be false to fact. His character was curiously multiple. There never lived a king who more openly, though in his own peculiar fashion, declared his admiration for honesty, purity, and loftiness of mind; and while he led the devil's dance of drunkenness and prostitution, he never concealed his contempt for his followers: Sedley was good enough to drink with, and Buckingham made a rare fool. We know them all well, these

shameless men and women, and we are apt to think that none other were in the Court. It is but right to lay emphasis upon the Ormonds and the Annesleys, the Evelyns, the Morays, and the Marvels. Charles's intellectual tastes moreover were keen, like his insight into character and his business aptitude, until all fell together into the dreary decadence which attends upon unbridled self-indulgence. He could talk—and talk admirably—upon naval architecture with Pepys and Petty and Evelyn, and the new yacht built for him in 1663 was fitted with navigating contrivances of his own; he spent many long days in his laboratory with Robert Moray, who had been President of the Royal Society, and was certainly the ablest Scotchman of his day; he could discuss theology with an austere divine or a pretty Quakeress, politics with his sister, music and painting with all comers. And at any rate—and here we think may be found one key to his popularity then as now—there was no pretence in him. Clarendon knew him well, when—as we saw at an earlier page—he advised Dr. Creighton to suppress his dedication. And we have already quoted his exclamation upon seeing his portrait, "Odd's fish, I'm an ugly fellow!" He was genially ready to accept the official censure of those whose claims to give it he admitted. "I am going to hear little Ken tell me of my faults," he would say with gay resignation. Occasionally there was a gentle deprecation of what appeared to

him hypercriticism; and he was no doubt sincere in believing that "God would not damn a man for a little irregular pleasure". When compelled to listen to remonstrance, he made two provisos: it should be presented to him in good taste, and he must not be expected to alter his ways. "Tell Dr. Frampton"—he said to a gentleman of his bedchamber, when that divine had preached before him upon the sin of adultery—"that I am not angry to be told of my faults; but I would have it done in a gentlemanlike manner"; and he read Burnet's letter of remonstrance twice before he threw it into the fire. His patience under the preachers to whom he was bound to listen was exemplary, whether it were a young man "playing the fool upon the doctrine of purgatory," or a royal chaplain who preached "an unnecessary sermon upon original sin". One source of his strength has lately been given to the world. "We have"—he says in a delightful letter to his sister at Paris—"the same disease of sermons that you complaine of there, but I hope you have the same convenience that the rest of the family has, of sleeping out most of the time, which is a great ease to those who are bound to heare them."

The urbane nonchalance of Charles was but seldom ruffled, and the storm was soon over. About matters of State he was never more than annoyed. It was only when some offence of a specially personal nature was committed that he lost his "natural mildness and

command over his anger, which never transported him beyond an innocent puff and spitting". We have already quoted the letter to De Cardenas before the Restoration. An attempt to thwart his favour for a disreputable companion, or a blunder of his attendant in shutting the door of his room against someone whose admission he had sanctioned, would throw him into a tempest of anger for the moment; and, at the close of his life, Monmouth was the cause of the most vehement fit of wrath that Bruce had ever witnessed. But the most detailed and striking instance of a loss of self-control was when Henry Savile, one of his gentlemen, voted for the address against Lauderdale in the House of Commons in 1678. "The King was mightily displeased against him, and to so high a degree, that when he was late that night going to bed, and Savile coming in after his ordinary way, the King upon the first sight of him fell into such a passion, that his face and lips became as pale (almost) as death, his cheekes and armes trembled, and then he said to Savile, 'You Villayne, how dare you have the impudence to come into my presence when you are guilty of such baseness as you have shown this day. I doe now and from henceforth discharge you from my service, commanding you never to come any more into my presence, nor to any place where I shall happen to be.'" It surprised no one to hear that Savile was in attendance again in a few days.

His magnificent constitution and his active habits enabled Charles to defy the effects of unrestrained debauchery for more than thirty years. Here, again, he reminds us of his ancestor, Henry IV. It was seldom that he passed a day without visiting the tennis court as early as there was light enough to see clearly. In the summer he was there at five in the morning; on October 5, 1660, at eight, he told Clarendon at Council, "I am now going to take my usual physicke at Tennis". It was in the tennis court that grave interviews were granted; when the lords of the Hamilton party came, in 1678, to press their cause against Lauderdale, they kissed hands in the lobby of the court; and it was in 1679 that he had his first serious illness from the chill which he caught, after a hard game, by sauntering along the water-side in St. James's Park. He was devoted to every form of open-air sport, especially hunting; and a chief attraction of England to him was that there was no country where a man could be abroad so many months in the year or so many hours in the day. When not hunting, he generally walked three or four hours a day—"which he did commonly so fast, that, as it was really an exercise to himself, so it was a trouble to all about him to hold up with him". He would ride fourteen miles to dine with one of his Court, or to Banstead Down or Epsom to see a foot-race, returning the same evening; and we hear how "The King tired all their

horses and comes home with not above two or three able to keep pace with him". On another day he covered sixty miles, rising at dawn on a summer day, and reaching home to consult with Moray at midnight. His early habits were a sore trial to those who had business with him: "this morning I went to wait upon the King, but he was gone by five o'clock to Hampton Court"—entries like this are frequent. And when the baffled visitor returned in the evening for the promised interview, Charles had been hunting all the day and was "very sleepye," and so "appointed the Bishop to attend to-morrow morning". Long after eleven at night, on March 7, 1669, he sat writing to his sister, "so sleepye as I hope you will pardon the shortnesse of it," and at three in the morning was on his horse for Audley End, where he used to stay for the races until fitting lodgings were arranged for him at Newmarket.

Excelling in every form of physical exercise, Charles was especially noted for his horsemanship, in the widest sense of the word. This was the gift of Newcastle, himself a noted horseman and breeder of horses, who relates with pride how he "had the honour to be the first to sate him on horseback, and did instruct him in the art of horsemanship". While quite a boy, Charles acquired an intimate knowledge of horses and the power to make the most of them. Newcastle notes how he saw "that his Majesty made

my horses goe better than any Italian or French riders (who had often rid them) would do, and to hear him say that there are very few who know horses, which was knowingly said and wisely judged of his Majesty; it being very certain that all men undertake to ride them, but few know them or can tell what they are good for". It is not to be wondered at that horse breeding and racing should, as Newcastle had advised, be sedulously patronised, and that even though Britain's fell, Newmarket's glories should rise. There is not, we imagine, a noted racehorse of the present day which does not trace its pedigree to the Eastern blood imported into England by Charles. Racing, in a formal sense, with its spring and autumn meetings, began with the institution of the 'Twelve-stone' Plate, in 1665, though the King's first personal visit was not until March, 1666. From that time he rarely missed a meeting, sometimes indeed being at Newmarket thrice in the year; and, since the whole Court usually accompanied him, the little town became accustomed to the gay wickedness of Whitehall, which was made even gayer and more wicked by the absence of the usual formalities and ceremonial. Business was seldom allowed to intrude upon these holidays, and ministers and ambassadors attended him in vain: "there was nothing but hunting and horse-racing to be spoken of". "Most excellent preachers" indeed, as Newcastle had promised, came for Sundays from

Cambridge; and in 1673 Charles administered a severe rebuke to them for wearing their hair and wigs unbecomingly long, and bade them—possibly in the hope of effecting a curtailment there also—to deliver their sermons for the future by memory. A letter from Sir Nicholas Armorer, who had put two guineas on Lord Thomond's 'Thumps' for the 'Great Race' in 1668, on behalf of the owner, gives a glimpse of Newmarket existence. "Thy Armorer brings for you, and himself, two guineas which was improved on Thump's victory; won but a yard and soe straight the entire six miles. The King is highly pleased with all his Newmarket recreations; by candle light yesterday morning, and this morning, hunting the hare; this afternoon he hawks and courses with greyhounds; to Norwich to-morrow, on Monday here again. The Cup ridd for here next week before the Queene. As thou prizes earthly Paradise, bringe a mayde of honour behind thee next week." All kinds of sporting feats, professional and amateur, were arranged for Charles's pleasure; and we need not fear the charge of degeneracy in these days, when we read how, on October 10, 1670, Lord Digby, who was then quite young, bet £50 that he would walk five miles within the hour on Newmarket Heath, and lost the match by half a minute, although "the King and all his nobles attended to see him do it stark-naked and barefoot". One chronicler does indeed add a loin-

cloth. It was at these times that Charles was best able to carry out Newcastle's admonition to "put off King". "On Tuesday the King and the jockeys met at supper at Ned Griffin's, when there were made six horse matches for £500 a match to be run at Newmarket next meeting." Charles himself does not appear to have betted, except a guinea or two upon a cock-fight; nor, for all records to the contrary, did he run horses of his own until the autumn meeting of 1671. But he then put his horsemanship to practical use by becoming a gentleman rider. On October 12 there was a match between his horse 'Woodcock' and Tom Elliott's 'Flatfoot,' in which 'Woodcock' was beaten. According to the old Newmarket Calendar, this race was run with 'owners up,' though Evelyn, who was there, does not say so when he mentions it. But it is certain that two days later Charles rode the winner—not named—for the Plate, against Monmouth, Elliott, and Thomas Thynne; and, in October, 1672, he rode two heats, being, we presume, beaten in the second, since he is not named in the 'course,' or deciding heat, when the Duke of Albemarle's horse fell and broke his neck. It was in the spring of 1675 that, after riding several races, he won his last and greatest success on the turf. "Yesterday," we read in a private letter of March 21, "His Majesty rode three heats and a course"—on his 'topping horse Blew Capp'—"and won the Plate; all fower were hard and

neer ridden, and I doe assure you the King wonn by good horsemanshipp." 'Blew Capp,' 'Tankot,' 'Dragon'—a famous animal which he bought from Mr. May after seeing him run on March 17, 1680—with 'Cork,' 'Roan,' 'Mouse,' and 'Postboy,' were the most noted of Charles's stud.

In the midst of the wild rout of the Court, there remained one infinitely pathetic figure. Such as we have seen her, possessing no quality of mind or person which could attract him, Charles's wife was for a short time free from absolute insult. It amused him to teach her to say a few words like a parrot. "You lye!" was her first English to him when, with delicate raillery, he had laughed at her for thinking herself with child. It was not long, however, before he began the breaking-in process, by forcing upon her the insolent presence of the reigning prostitute as lady of her bedchamber. That Clarendon should have yielded at length to Charles's passionate insistance, and consented to take his part in this brutality, comes upon us as a shock at the end of his honourable career. Insignificant and helpless as Catherine was, she had the feelings of an honest woman, and the scene which took place—a scene to which Balzac alone could have done justice—was perhaps the most disgraceful of Charles's private life. But after that, "though she has spirit enough, yet seeing that she did no good by taking notice of it, she

forbears it in policy". And then the real pathos of the situation is felt: "The Queen begins to be brisk, and play like other ladies, and is quite another woman. It may make the King like her better and forsake his other mistresses." She rapidly adapted herself to the situation; cutting her dress immodestly low, and indulging in unseemly frolics in the streets. She even aspired to lead fashion, by wearing the skirts short to show the feet and ankles; and "The other day"—Charles wrote to his sister—"my wife made my Lord Aubigny, and two others of her chaplains, dance country dances in her bedchamber". Her excessive bigotry gave him an opportunity for a piece of careless indulgence. "Pray send me"—it is as if he were speaking of a child whose whims should be consulted or disregarded as best suits the convenience of the elders—"some images to put in Prayer Books. They are for my wife who can get none here. I assure you it will be a greate present to her, and she will look upon them often, for she is not only content to say the greate office in the breviere every day, but likewise that of our Lady too, and this is besides going to chapell, where she makes use of none of these." He even seems to have acquired some tolerant affection for her, for when she was seriously ill, he wept by her bedside—a strange but not unfrequent instance of his southern descent; but "he supped none the less with Madame de Castlemaine, and had his usual talk with

Mademoiselle Stewart". On May 19, 1664—and farther than this we do not remember that he permitted his usual habits to be disarranged—Charles wrote, "I have been all this afternoon playing the good husband, having been abroad with my wife; and 'tis now past twelve o'clock, and I am very sleepye".

While the Anglican Church was exacting the vengeance she deemed her right for the injuries of twenty years, the country was reeling under the stress of a great naval war. England and the Dutch Republic were engaged in the second part of that tremendous contest for the commercial supremacy of the world of which the first had been fought out between Tromp and Blake. Long before any declaration of war was issued, and while all the forms of amity were preserved between the governments, the nations themselves had been actually in fierce and incessant strife in every quarter of the globe—in the East and West Indies, in America, in the Mediterranean, and all along the African shore. Naval engagements on a large scale had taken place, fleets of merchantmen had been captured on both sides, and ships of each nation, which were lying in the ports of the other, had been seized as prizes. The countries necessarily drifted into formal war.

The declaration of war, on March 17, 1665, was a notable event in the reign, for it marked the only

occasion upon which Charles was in complete harmony with his people. The landed gentry and the merchants were alike eager for the struggle; while "the Parliament men would pawne their estates"—it came to their shirts later—"to maintain a warre," and supported their words with the unheard-of grant of £2,500,000.

When Charles wrote that he found himself the only man in his kingdom who did not desire war, his words were intended for Louis XIV., and need not be taken seriously. Everything indeed led him to favour war. His private and family feelings were enlisted against the Dutch. He bore them deep and lasting resentment for their treatment both of himself and of his sister Mary during his exile; while a constant flow of lampoons and caricatures in Holland since his restoration—and especially one in which he was represented between two women, with his pockets turned inside out—added keenness to his longing for retaliation. He was anxious to restore the young Prince of Orange, his nephew, to the Stadtholderate; his honour, he thought, demanded that he should be hostile where Cromwell had been in alliance; and he hoped that a war would unite parties at home, and that he would be able to fill his purse with the liberal supplies given by Parliament. Nor was he likely to be deterred by the remonstrances of the Dutch ambassador, who, with a plentiful lack of humour, represented that the prayers

put up for him in Holland would have to cease. He replied that he was not much interested in the prayers of a country which permitted the publication of lampoons.

There is no doubt that the attraction which everything connected with salt water possessed for Charles had much to do with his pleasure at the prospect of watching a naval war. On November 5 he took De Cominges, the French Ambassador, with him to Sheerness to see the launch of a man-of-war of 1,200 tons burden; and he then carried out a joke of the kind in which his soul most delighted. An excellent lunch was served on the royal yacht; Charles drank the health of Louis, and De Cominges that of Charles. "Both were honoured with so many guns and so much noise that the weather changed. While we were thus carousing, the sea became rough and completed what the wine had begun. The Queen, who was on the river with the ladies, escaped the sickness. All the rest were less lucky, as was only too apparent. . . . The Queen went home with the coaches prepared for the King; but he, who was greatly amused at seeing the others discomposed, did not care to allow us to do the same." Not content with this, he made the miserable De Cominges get up at five in the morning to go with him to Chatham, "to see six vessels, or rather six war machines, the finest and largest to be seen at sea".

Charles had but one anxiety. He knew that by a

eaty of 1662 Louis was engaged to help the Dutch hostilities broke out, and if they were the attacked ırty; and he was anxious to avoid this complication. ouis was equally desirous to avoid being compelled waste the strength which he was storing up for his tended attack upon the Spanish Low Countries, upon war for which he had no heart. For the success that attack he knew he must neutralise the certain ɔposition of the English nation; and to that end he ust secure the friendship and the personal co-opera-ɔn of the English King. Already, before December, 664, Charles had offered to refrain from all hindrance his design if he would throw over his treaty and fuse to help the Dutch, on the ground that they, and ɔt England, were the aggressors. In reading the tters which passed at this time between Charles and s sister Henrietta, who was the confidential secre-ry of both monarchs, it is not easy to settle whether ıestions of imperial policy such as these, or the new shion of waistcoats lately introduced into France, ɔcupied the chief place in Charles's mind.

Louis did his utmost, first to induce Charles to stop ıort of hostilities, and then to avoid his treaty obliga-ɔns. When he failed in both efforts, he declared war ɣainst England in January, 1666. But the conduct the French showed how little their sympathies lay ith their nominal allies. The troops whom Louis nt to help the Dutch against Charles's strange and

picturesque ally, Bernard van Galen, Bishop of Munster —a prelate "in his naturals rather made for the sword than the cross"—behaved as if they were in a hostile country. They pillaged the people and insulted their religion, they openly cursed the Dutch cause, and they drank publicly in the market-place of Maestricht to the healths of the King of England and the Bishop of Munster. At sea the squadrons of Louis were carefully kept back from assisting the Dutch fleets; and it was evident that at the first opportunity the two Crowns would come to a perfect understanding. This opportunity—we must here anticipate for a moment—came at the beginning of 1667, when England, torn, bleeding, and utterly weary of the war, prayed Charles, in the Speaker's address on January 18, to make peace. In February he secretly sent Lord St. Albans—the Jermyn of former years—to conclude an engagement on the basis that England should form no connection with the house of Austria during that year, while Louis was to support all Charles's designs 'in or out of the Kingdom'. The final form which the agreement took was a mutual pledge not to enter into any alliance contrary to the other's interests for a year, an engagement by Louis to keep his fleets in harbour, and the promise of Charles to allow him a free hand in the Spanish Low Countries. This was the first of those private arrangements with France which represent Charles's personal share in foreign policy to the end

of his reign. It was kept from the knowledge of his ministers, and was contained only in autograph letters from both monarchs to Henrietta Maria.

England had entered upon the great contest with a light heart and a full assurance of success. Even Admiral Lawson asserted that "according to an eye of reason, and if God says amen to it, the Dutch are not able to deale with our master the King of England". In the beginning of May, 1665—in spite of chaos in the Admiralty—a fleet such as had never before been gathered together—109 large vessels, with 30 of smaller size, manned by 21,000 men, armed with 4,200 guns, and largely commanded by old Commonwealth captains who had learned the art of sea warfare with Blake, sailed under the command of James. Rupert was to have led them, but he was accounted an 'unlucky' man. On June 3 took place the first battle, off Lowestoft, resulting in a victory for England which might well have seemed crushing. But an unexpected ally appeared to sustain the Dutch. Four days later came the hottest day in London that Pepys had ever known, and the red cross was on the doors. That week there died 112 of the Plague, the next, 700; by September 20 the official weekly mortality showed more than tenfold that number. There was no heart for farther effort, and the Dutch again asserted their supremacy. A fresh fleet sailed from Holland, in the midst of the stormy season, to

challenge their foes wherever they might be found. The challenge was not taken up. London was panic-stricken by her affliction, and sixty ships lay inside the Thames in sullen inactivity. The Dutch returned to their own shores without firing a gun.

By May, 1666, the country had rallied sufficiently to send out another fleet. This time Monk and Rupert confronted De Ruyter and Tromp; and a terrific battle, which lasted for four days, began on June 14 off the Dunes. The "blockhead Albemarle," who "hath strange luck to be loved, though he be the heaviest man in the world, but stout and honest to his country," was a picturesque figure, as he walked his quarter-deck in the hottest of the fight, phlegmatically chewing tobacco. Rupert continued to earn his epithet. The victory of the Dutch was signalised by the slaughter of 5,000 English; eight ships of the line were sunk, and nine more, with 3,000 prisoners, taken. But on August 4 another long day of carnage off the Norfolk coast gave Monk his revenge; and a few days later the daring act of a single English frigate and five fireships destroyed in one fell conflagration 160 merchantmen which were riding at anchor in apparent safety at Flie, in the entrance to the Zuyder Zee. A month later happened the second great national disaster to England; and "London *fuit*". Once more De Witt sent out a fleet to seek Rupert at the mouth of the Thames, and once more he found

no foe. For this Charles was directly responsible. Two more grants had been voted by Parliament, of sums unheard of before the Restoration, and yet the Treasury was empty. On the whole Charles had had considerably over £5,000,000 for the war. He now retrenched expenses in his own way. His women never wanted money—at one gift Lady Castlemaine had £30,000; but he starved the navy to such an extent that England was obliged to act strictly on the defensive; the sole office of her warships being to creep along the coast, convoying colliers from Newcastle to London. The country was indeed, as soon appeared, defenceless. "The enemy can come and cut our throats when he likes," wrote one well-informed country gentleman to another.

Peace was clearly a necessity: "We must have a peace, for we cannot have a fleet". "If the warre continue," declared Sir Roger Burgoyne, "which God forbid, I am sad to think what will become of us next yeare; may it prove happy to all, and let not a 66 come these hundred yeares again." But '67' saw greater national humiliation yet. In May a conference opened at Breda. For a long time it was found impossible to come to terms; for neither nation had so exhausted the other as to gain the commercial advantages upon which each was bent, and Charles had gone into the conference strong in his secret treaty with Louis. In the end De Witt resolved upon a stroke which

should extort peace. On June 7, the sound of guns in the Thames was suddenly heard in London. Sixty-one Dutch men-of-war under De Ruyter and Cornelius De Witt were avenging the insult at Flie. Driving the English vessels before them, they took Sheerness, and ascended the river to Gravesend; sailed up the Medway to Rochester, burned three English men-of-war, and captured the *Royal Charles*, the noble vessel which De Cominges had seen launched.

On July 31 the Treaty of Breda was signed. Its terms were the terms of a drawn battle. The great struggle for the command of the sea and the commerce of the world was over for the time, only because the combatants, exhausted and bleeding, needed repose. It had decided nothing, and left behind it hatred and mistrust. "Though this may end in peace," wrote the sagacious Temple, "yet I doubt it will be with so much unkindnesse between the nations, that it will be wisdom on both sides to think of another."

And meanwhile the King's government, as he understood it best, had to be carried on.

"The King is always with Mrs. Stewart, and sees Lady Castlemaine only once a week;" Monmouth is spending his time "most viciously and idly"; Mrs. Stewart has "her lockes done up in puffs"; the King is "mad with Mrs. Stewart," who has married the Duke of Richmond and sent him back his presents; Lady Castlemaine has consequently resumed her

sway. "The King, who minds nothing but his lust, hath taken ten times more care and paines in making friends between my Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart when they have fallen out than ever he did to save his Kingdom." And, to sum up the whole matter, "There is a lazy Prince, no Council, no money, no reputation at home or abroad"; so that "It is strange how everybody do now reflect upon Oliver, and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour princes fear him; while here a prince, come in with all the love and prayers and good liking of his people . . . hath lost all so soon that it is a miracle what way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time". But there were compensations, for Charles and for all the town. The new waistcoats had arrived from Paris; and "Little Nelly at the King's play house"—"pretty, witty Nell"—had been discovered, and was bewitching all beholders with the piquancy of her acting.

Charles had been every day realising how narrow were the limits of his freedom, except in the domain of pleasure. His parliament had been showing itself imbued with precisely the same views as the Long Parliament of his father, except that, whereas that had been Puritan, this was Anglican. Its enemies were the same—Popery, military force, and an uncontrolled use of the purse by the Crown; and upon

all three points the action of Charles had excited keen suspicion and discontent. It was largely through that suspicion and discontent, aided by the base desertion of the King, a desertion less notorious than his father's desertion of Strafford only because the circumstances were less tragic and the personages less grandiose, that Clarendon was now struck down.

During the years of exile Clarendon had maintained his place practically unchallenged, because he was indispensable. He was equally indispensable, and equally unchallenged, during the Restoration settlement. All business, as we have seen, was left by Charles to him—or, as he himself modestly says, "to their natural course of God's providence". For the present, "though many do endeavour to undermine him, the King (though he loves him not in the way of a companion as he does these young gallants that can amuse him in his pleasures) yet cannot be without him for his policy and service". But Clarendon himself had no illusions. He knew that in time he would have to yield to the "lewd instruments, who had only a scurrilous kind of wit to procure laughter, and whose skill in mimicry was the best faculty in wit many of them had". "He had enemies at Court," said Evelyn bitterly, "especially the buffoons and ladies of pleasure."

It was not indeed until 1666 that he began to find himself in direct antagonism with the Commons. He then incurred their displeasure by opposing, as an im-

proper limitation upon the prerogative of the Crown, the proviso that the supply of £1,250,000 should be applied strictly to the war. He incurred it even more when, upon offering another still larger grant, they demanded a public inspection of accounts. His view of the constitution in this respect was precisely what it had been when he served Charles I., despite the lessons of the last twenty years. He declared that this was "an encroachment as had no bottom, and that the scars were yet too fresh and green of those wounds which had been inflicted upon the Kingdom from such usurpations". His counsel to dissolve Parliament, and thus put an end to the antagonism, was a farther grievance; but it was the knowledge that he was responsible, not only for raising troops, but for exacting money from the counties for paying them without Parliamentary sanction, which created so strong a feeling that it was certain that when Parliament met in the autumn of 1667 he would be impeached. It was not the first time that he had excited jealousy on this score. After Venner's plot it was supposed that he was making that event an excuse for raising an army; "But the House did, in very open terms, say they were grown too wise to be fooled again into another army; and said they had found how that man that hath the command of an army is not beholden to anybody to make him King". Throughout these years Clarendon was surrounded by enemies.

Lady Castlemaine hated him with the hatred of disappointed vanity and avarice. Not only had he steadfastly declined to court her favour—he would not even permit his wife to visit her—but he had frequently refused to pass grants for her from the King. It was at her house that those nightly meetings were held, at which a knot of young political adventurers, to whose rise the all-absorbing power of the Chancellor was an obstacle, met to plan his overthrow. Ashley, Lauderdale, William Coventry, and Henry Bennet—better known as the Earl of Arlington—who was now Secretary of State in the place of Nicholas; Berkeley, who helped Bennet to provide for the more intimate pleasures of the King; and Buckingham, for whom Clarendon had never concealed his contempt; each had good reasons for wishing his fall. With these were many, like Clifford and Osborne, not yet famous, who followed the fortunes of one or other of them. The disappointed Cavaliers owed him a deep grudge for the Indemnity Bill and the Bill of Sales, which had baulked them of their revenge. The Catholics hated him as the representative of that Anglican triumph which was the chief obstacle to their recognition; the Presbyterians and other dissenting sects laid their persecution at his door. He was disliked by the courtiers for the decency of his private life, and for the integrity of his public conduct. His daughter's marriage with the presumptive heir to the throne awoke the jealousy

of the nobility; while the report was industriously spread that he had knowingly chosen for the King a wife whom he knew to be incapable of bearing children. The citizens of London were alienated by his haughty reserve. He was envied for his wealth. He was denounced as the author of the surrender of Dunkirk, and as the man who had secured most benefit from its sale; and all the failures of the war—the subject on which he had practically no influence with Charles—were laid to his account.

The peculiarity of Clarendon's personal relations to the King must not be forgotten. Charles had grown up under his governance. He had been tutored by him in England twenty years before—lectured and controlled by him in exile; and Clarendon could not throw off the 'dominie' merely because his pupil was King. Charles himself declared that his Lord Chancellor would barely let him speak in Council now any more than when he was a boy at Bristol; and he was certainly kept to his work with scant ceremony. One of the notes which passed between the two at Council runs thus—"I doubt you do not think enough of the business of Scotland": another when Charles wants his dinner, "This debate is worth three dinners, I beseech you be not weary of it, but attend it with all patience". "Will your Majesty never put an end to this business?" "The business will not do itself," and so forth. Clarendon remonstrated boldly with

Charles on the licence of his life, and took whatever line he thought right without much reference to his wishes. Instead of waiting upon the King, he "made the King to trot every day to him, although he was well enough to visit his cousin". For a long time Charles took it all good-humouredly enough. When he was told by Lord Gerard that Clarendon had said openly that he "was a lazy person and not fit to govern," he laughingly replied that that was no news, "for he hath told me so twenty times, and but the other day he told me so". But at length he grew annoyed at hearing on every side that, so long as his minister was in power, he was but half a king. The situation, and Clarendon, grew tiresome, and to be tiresome could have but one ending with Charles. "The truth is," he wrote to Ormond—who, on hearing of the King's intention to dismiss his old comrade, dispatched from Ireland a very beautiful letter of remonstrance—"his behaviour and humour were grown so insupportable to myself and all the world else that I could not longer endure it, and it was impossible for me to live with it." When to all this it is added that Clarendon opposed him directly in many matters upon which his mind was bent, and that in especial the King believed him to have been the author of the marriage of Frances Stewart, which robbed him of a much-desired accession to his establishment, there were reasons enough and to spare for a Stuart and Bourbon

to show a want of generous feeling, "which was a flower that did never grow naturally in the heart of either of the families". Finally—and this was with Charles throughout life the most potent argument—it was easier, in the presence of popular clamour, to abandon than to support him. On August 30, 1667, orders were sent to him, ill as he then was, and mourning the death of his wife, to deliver up the Great Seal. Three days before this, when he had had his last interview with the King, Lady Castlemaine had sprung from her bed and run out in her smock into her aviary looking over Whitehall Gardens, where she "stood blessing herself at the old man's going away". "As soon as Secretary Morrice brought the Great Seale from my Lord Chancellor, Bab May fell upon his knees and catched the King about the legs, and joyed him, and said that this was the first time that ever he could call him King of England." So it was that, strong in the gratified hate of a harlot and unshamed by the congratulations of a pimp, Charles abandoned the wise old man to whom he owed his throne. Did he remember his father's last injunction, "never to give way to the punishment of any for their faithful service to the crown upon whatsoever pretence or for whatsoever cause"? Whether it were so or not, he seems to have heartily enjoyed Jacob Hall's robe-dancing on that day, unconscious that he was watching a rival in the affections of the mistress *en titre*.

It may well be doubted whether, had neither Parliament attacked nor Charles betrayed him, Clarendon could have long maintained his position. He did not instinctively feel, and therefore could not guide, as Pym had guided, and as Shaftesbury was to some extent to guide, the desires of his generation. His essentially negative views had not stood in the way, had rather been advantageous, at the Restoration itself. But when his task of restoring the parliamentary monarchy in strict alliance with the old Anglican Church had been completed, the weakness of a position based upon negations showed itself. He had neither the keenness to discern a coming change, nor the elasticity of mind to adapt himself to it when it came. Had it been otherwise he might have died Prime Minister, for no one contested his usefulness. But then he would not have written the great Epic of the Rebellion.

The Treaty of Breda, we have said, had left behind it hatred and mistrust. But hatred and mistrust yield to a common danger. Even before peace was made, Louis XIV. had begun his war of aggression upon the Spanish Low Countries, which he claimed in right of his wife. Giving out that he was going to *travel* in her inheritance, he suddenly crossed the frontier, and in less than two months was master of all the southern towns. To both English and Dutch the prospect was

full of alarm; and it was this alarm, and all the accretions of distrust which Charles's conduct allowed to gather round it, which form the key to the events of the next ten years. Flanders had for centuries been connected by the closest commercial bonds with England, and was indeed regarded as a sort of continental annex; while the Dutch dreaded to see themselves become a maritime province of France, even as faint-hearted Englishmen, a century ago, dreaded to see England.

It happened that at this moment the English resident in Brussels was Sir William Temple, the most cultured of our public servants, whose despatches and memoirs can still be read with the fullest pleasure for their vivacity and literary grace. A keen opponent of French aggression, he had anticipated the action of Louis, and had already sketched the plan of a close alliance between England and the Republic which should compel that monarch to hold his hand. John De Witt, acting in accord with Temple, now approached Charles with such an agreement in view; while Louis strained every nerve to secure the King's neutrality or active help. Ruvigny, a personal friend of Clarendon, was sent hastily to England, with ample funds to enforce his arguments, and with instructions to offer to Charles himself the promise of French help against his own subjects. Before he reached London, Clarendon had fallen, and he

had to deal with Buckingham and Arlington, who were attempting to fill the vacant place. It is interesting to watch Charles in his first serious essay in foreign politics. He received Ruvigny with perfect frankness, and expressed the warmest personal regard for Louis, but declared that Parliament would never assent to an alliance with France under such circumstances. Nevertheless he made it clear that this did not close matters on his own part. Concealing the active negotiations which were at the moment going on with De Witt, he hinted that a large supply of ready money, a part of the French conquests in the Low Countries, and important commercial concessions, might move him in the required direction. Louis at once instructed Ruvigny to promise the money, increased facilities for trade with France and the Low Countries, and assistance in ships and supplies wherewith to conquer the Spanish possessions in the West Indies.

The contest between France and the Republic for Charles's alliance was accentuated by the personal rivalry of Buckingham and Arlington. Buckingham was on the whole the most worthless of all the men who claim attention in this reign. His person was extremely graceful—Reresby held him to be the finest gentleman in the land; and he was naturally quick of understanding; he was for a time probably the richest subject of the King; he had a certain insolent

ease of speech, was regarded by his dependents as a wit, and had attained considerable power of mimicry, the lowest form of intellectual exercise; and there panegyric must cease. He was essentially a trifler, heeding nothing but the fancy of the moment, and so inordinately vain and selfish that he was at once the easiest and the most satisfactory of dupes. His profligacy was such as to give him an evil pre-eminence even in the Court of Charles; his outrages upon religion were of vulgar indecency; while to men of honour and steadfastness he was the object of alternate contempt and distrust, which he repaid as he best could by insolent ridicule or dishonourable intrigue. He could not even claim that which, in popular esteem, will always cover a multitude of vices, a reputation for personal courage. The story of his life does not record a single honourable action. And Charles rated him at his real worth. He drank with him, and drabbed with him; but he never gave him office or command of any moment, and he duped him relentlessly when he essayed to be a politician.

At the present moment Buckingham was wholly in the French interest, for his whim at the time was the command of an English contingent in the service of Louis. In this he was steadily opposed by Arlington, who, unscrupulous as he was, a "*fourbe* in politics," had acquired the principal direction of foreign affairs by his evident capacity for business and coolness

of judgment, and by the fact that he alone among Charles's ministers was able to converse easily with the foreign ambassadors in their own tongues. Arlington perfectly understood the temper of the English people, did not play entirely for his own hand, and, having married a lady from Holland, was inclined to the Dutch, rather than the French connection. The opportunity which was now offered of thwarting Buckingham drew him in the same direction. While therefore engaged, in apparent concert with his foolish rival, in preliminaries with Ruvigny, he busied himself, with Charles's sanction, but without Buckingham's knowledge, in direct negotiations with De Witt.

At the same time—a lively illustration of diplomatic honour—Charles was offering to Spain also his active alliance. His terms were, as always, ready money and commercial privileges. The poverty and the pride of Spain forbade their acceptance.

The choice therefore lay between France and the Republic; and in the face of the rising clamour of Parliament the policy of the line of least resistance claimed its votary. Early in January, 1668, Temple was sent in haste to the Hague. Charles threw himself into the matter with zeal, even to the correcting of the wording of Temple's despatches—"for the undecency of the word *force* I would willingly have left it out," he writes in the margin of one—and by January 13 Temple had finished a brilliant piece of diplo-

matic work by the Triple Alliance, so called from the later accession of Sweden. England and the Republic bound themselves to assist each other, if attacked in Europe, with specified forces; to restore peace between France and Spain upon clearly expressed conditions; and finally to *compel* both parties, if necessary, to make peace. This last provision was kept secret. If France were recalcitrant, the war upon her should not cease until she had been reduced to the limits imposed by the Peace of the Pyrenees.

The Triple Alliance was the first formal expression of European resistance to the aggressions of Louis. But on the part of Charles himself it was a piece of gross political knavery, surpassed only by what shortly followed. His hopes were in reality fixed upon France. On the very day upon which the treaties were signed, he wrote both to his sister and to Louis himself, pointing out that "the effect of it is to bring Spaine to consent to the peace . . . so as I have done nothing to prejudice France in this agreement"; emphasising his desire "to execute it with every possible regard to your satisfaction"; and explaining his action as forced upon him by his subjects. The secret article, of course, he carefully concealed for the time. But by this secret article, whenever he thought fit to disclose it, he knew that he had fatally compromised the Dutch before Louis, and had thus secured their isolation when he should himself desire to attack

them again. That this was no distant prospect is seen from the exclamations of the fiery Clifford, who was in his confidence. On the very day when London was blazing with bonfires for the conclusion of the Peace of Breda, Clifford was heard to declare that, for all the rejoicing, there must soon be another war.

Louis bowed before the Triple Alliance, and the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was concluded at the end of May, 1668. Temple had no hope in the permanence of "a peace which both France and Spain come to so unwillingly, and which both England and Holland promote upon conditions which both dislike". Even before it was ratified the disintegrating forces were at work.

It was not likely that Louis would contentedly accept his rebuff at the hands of the Dutch. As republicans, as traders, and as Protestants, they were the objects of his haughty contempt. The arrogance of speech in which they were unwisely indulging—their "fanfaronnades de pêcheurs"; the medal in which France was represented as the sun stayed in his course by the Republic; these and other grievances so rankled in his mind that he never, he says, entered his Council without thinking how he might make them pay dearly for the great *rôle* they had assumed. But, before attacking, he set himself to remove from them all possible sources of support, to destroy the coalition limb by limb; and he began with England. Since

"stinking Dutchmen" was the best appellation that Charles could find for his friends, success did not seem improbable. The ties which bound him to France—his French blood, his love for his sister, his admiration for Louis XIV. and the system of personal rule which he had inaugurated—no less than his desire to be revenged for the Chatham disaster and the caricatures—all tended in the same direction. He had already betrayed his nominal allies to Louis by informing him of the secret article.

Charles had shown that he intended—in pale imitation of Louis—to be his own foreign minister: he now made this clearer. Buckingham might be allowed to play at statesmanship, and to believe himself the confidant of Charles, Louis, and Henrietta of Orleans; Arlington needed humouring, for he had openly expressed the opinion that Louis's wings must be clipped; he was a useful secretary and could be trusted to conduct formal negotiations with ability. But neither of them had any real influence of a direct kind. "One thing," wrote Charles to his sister, "I desire you to take as much as you can out of the King of France's head, that my ministers are anything but what I will have them;" and, a little later, "whatsoever opinion my ministers had been of, I would and do always follow my own judgment, and if they take any other measures than that they will see themselves mistaken in the end". They were used, tricked,

allowed to trick one another, and repudiated, as was most convenient, and Charles enjoyed no part of the business more.

It would be a grave mistake to regard the King, in what followed, as making a surrender of himself to Louis. He was for the time master of his own game, and he exacted his own terms. But the game was not an easy one to play. He was to break off an alliance upon which his people were earnestly bent; he was to enter into fellowship with the representative of European aggression and Catholic despotism, and these were what his people most dreaded.

Scarcely a week had passed after the signature of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle before Charles signified his wish for a strict union with France, and asked to be met half-way. The guarded reply of Louis called forth his private assurance, through Ruvigny, that he "would willingly make treaty with you, as between gentleman and gentleman, and that he preferred your word to all the parchment in the world". But Charles made two conditions, one of his own, that he should be "assisted," since his people thought differently from himself; the other, suggested by Arlington, that Louis must speak first, because, "if he made proposals, and they were not accepted, but became known to the Hollanders, he would suffer". Louis accepted the situation without demur, and replaced the Protestant Ruvigny by the more wily Colbert de Croissy, a

Catholic, without however letting the new ambassador know the length and breadth of his designs. At Colbert's first audience Charles told him plainly that he himself was the only man in his dominions who wanted the French alliance; and that there were two difficulties in the way. France had been developing her trade, and increasing her navy. This must stop. Trade was the idol of England, and sea power her only effective claim to consideration; these interests—at any rate the second—must be secured, if dealings were to proceed. More than once he held the same language. "The only thing which can give any impediment is the matter of the sea, which is so essential a point to us heere, as an union upon any other security can never be lasting, nor can I be answerable to my Kingdoms, if I should enter into an alliance wherein their present and future security were not fully provided for." The second obstacle he mentioned with his tongue in his cheek. "The other difficulty is the treaties I am entered into of late, which I am sure the King my brother would not have me violate upon any terms, since he has given me the good example of being a martire to his words."

Louis at once instructed Colbert to set on foot a commercial treaty, which could give no ground for suspicion, prolonging the negotiations while the preliminaries of a more practical alliance were carried on. Charles entered willingly into this scheme, and amused

himself in duping both Buckingham and Colbert, by setting them, with every circumstance of mystery, to work upon it as if it were the only matter in hand; but he again expressed his extreme jealousy of the growth of the French navy. At the same time he thanked his sister for the gloves, which are "as good as is possible to smell," and for "the petticoat, which is the finest I ever saw". He needed however assistance of a more solid kind than gloves and petticoats. Economies had been made in his expenses, chiefly by diminishing pensions; but economy was an "exotic at court," and he was very soon sorely put to it for money.

Secrecy was essential if the intrigue was to proceed without hindrance, and we have an interesting example of the manner in which this secrecy was maintained. "I had written thus far," he wrote to his sister Henrietta, "when I receaved yours by the Italian whose name and capacity you do not know; and he delivered your letter to me in a passage where it was so darke as I do not know his face again if I see him; so as the man is likely to succeede, when his recommendation and reception are so sutable to one another." In prolonged negotiations however it was impossible to maintain such secrecy for any length of time, and Arlington and Colbert were successively admitted to just so much confidence as was necessary to keep them at work. Arlington, who shrewdly suspected what was going on, soon gave evidence of

his readiness to help to the farthest extent; his change of front was probably due not only to his warm attachment to Catholic views, but especially to the fact that James had already declared his conversion, and, with all a convert's ardour, had been urging his brother to the same course. It was not however until May, 1669, that Charles reported Arlington as "intirely mine"; it was six months later before Colbert was entrusted with the whole secret. Buckingham, as a Protestant and a babbler, never knew it at all.

On January 25, 1669, Charles announced to James, Clifford, Arlington, and Arundel, in the strictest confidence, his desire to be a Catholic. The political aspect of Catholicism was as convincing as the religious; only under a Catholic constitution, he said, might a King of England hope to become absolute. In the previous August—if the documents in the archives of the Jesuits can be regarded as genuine—he had sent to the General of the Order a request that the son of his Jersey boyhood (p. 33) might be sent to him in order that he might practise with him in secret the mysteries of the Catholic religion, "without giving a shade of suspicion that We are Catholic". But the hope that he might be received into the Catholic Church while outwardly appearing a Protestant was destroyed by the uncompromising statement of the Pope in the case of James, who had made the same

request, that even the Head of the Church himself had no power to grant such a dispensation. The formal conversion was therefore left until his alliance with Louis should make him strong enough to brave the country; and there it remained until the imminence of death set him free.

Out of the *pourparlers* with Louis two main ideas now definitely shaped themselves: in return for large subsidies and a share in the spoils, Charles was to join in the invasion of Holland; and he was to make a public confession of Catholicism, receiving for this, also, a generous supply from Louis, with additional help in men and money in case of trouble with his own subjects.

It would be tedious to enter upon the labyrinth of negotiations that now went on; Charles, Louis, and Henrietta alone seeing the whole matter clearly, the agents working in such dim light as was vouchsafed them. The episode of the Abbé Pregnani is however too characteristic of the time and of all concerned to be omitted.

The frequent journeys of messengers between England and France, and the conferences between Charles and Colbert, were arousing public suspicion. It was openly declared in the streets that a compact was already concluded, and the price was named for which English honour had been bought and sold. To avoid this public attention, the Abbé Pregnani, an

Italian monk, who had acquired a reputation among the ladies of Paris by his pretensions to astrology, the fashionable nonsense of the day, was sent over by Louis, under pretence of helping Charles in his favourite chemical experiments, but really in order that, favoured by the privacy of the laboratory, he might act as a go-between for Charles and Colbert, without any initiative of his own. The arrangement for a time worked well. Incidentally we learn to what extent Charles believed in astrology: "You may be sure," he said to Henrietta, "that I will keepe the secret of your prophet. I give little credit to such kinde of cattle, and the lesse you do it the better, for if they could tell anything it is inconvenient to know one's fortune beforehand, whether good or bad, and so, my dearest sister, good night." This letter was written very late in the night of March 7, 1669. At three next morning Charles had dragged Pregnani out of bed to ride with him to Audley End; and on the 12th he wrote, in malicious delight, how he had made him trot hard from Audley End to Newmarket to see a foot-race, and had completely tired him out. On his return to London he related with infinite satisfaction how the foolish Abbé, not content with the safe telling of remote fortunes, had lost his money "upon confidence that the starrs could tell which horse would win, for he had the ill luck to foretell three times wrong together, and James (Monmouth) believed

him so much as he lost his money upon the same score". There was clearly nothing to be done, in a sporting country, through an agent who proved himself an unreliable tipster, and Louis at once recalled him. Charles had a softer heart. "I finde the poore Abbé Pregnany very much troubled, for feare that the railleries about foretelling the horsematches may have done him some prejudice with you, which I hope it has not done, for he was only trying new tricks, which he had read of in bookes, and gave them as little credit as we did. . . . The man has witt enough, and is as much your servant as is possible, which makes me love him."

On June 6 a very important letter reached Henrietta, in which Charles detailed the preparations which he was making to meet the dangers that he foresaw:—

> I am securing all the principal ports of this country, not only by fortifying them, but lykewise the keeping them in such hands as I am sure will be faithful to me on all occasions, and this will secure the fleet, because the cheefe places where the ships lye are Chatham and Portsmouth. . . . There is all the reason in the world to join profitt with honour when it may be done honestly, and the King will find me as forward to do Holland a good turne as he can desire . . . and I am sure we shall never be satisfied till we have had our revenge, and I am willing to enter into an agreement upon that matter whensoever the King pleases.

Arlington, he added, "will be as forward in the matter as I am, and farther assurance you cannot expect from an honest man in his post, nor ought you to trust him if he should make any other professions

than to be for what his master is for". Elsewhere he told how he was cautiously increasing the number of his troops—which was done by adding insensibly more men to a troop or company, and then more troops or companies to a regiment, until in 1673 there were 18,000 men encamped at Blackheath—while Lauderdale, his vizier in Scotland, had formed an army of 22,000 men, bound by Act of Parliament to march where and whither he pleased in his dominions. Ireland was in good hands under Berkeley, and he had every confidence that Ormond would support him. He would proclaim his conversion as soon as he felt perfectly secure; and he had no doubt that he should easily be able to satisfy the holders of the lands which in pre-Reformation days had belonged to the Church, which would of course—if Catholicism were established—revert to her.

Finally, we are told by James, "the rigorous Church of England men were let loose and encouraged underhand to prosecute according to the law the Nonconformists, to the end that these might be more sensible of the ease they should have when the Catholics prevailed".

It is easy to rate Charles's words about his preparations too highly. That floating ideas of force passed before him is more than probable. But a fixed resolve was foreign to his nature; and, day by day, as his character deteriorated under continual

debauchery, he grew less capable of sustained effort. Often we see him forming great designs, and proceeding with them just so long as they do not meet with formidable resistance. Careless as he always appeared of public opinion, he never deceived himself for long as to the facts of his position. He did not forget his father's fate, nor had he any intention of again "going on his travels". As to the Church lands, no one knew better than Charles that to move Olympus would be an easier task than to oust their possessors; while the idea that Ormond would be a party to the subjection of the country to military force, or to a betrayal of English Protestantism, sounds no less absurd to all who remember who and what Ormond was.

An amusing game of fence now took place upon the question whether the English declaration of war against the Republic should precede or follow the announcement of Charles's conversion. The object of Louis was to attack at the earliest moment, and he cared very little about the King's religion; Charles on the other hand was in no haste to bind himself to the cost and risk of a great war a moment sooner than necessary. Upon the religious question, he said, repeating the theory expressed by James, he could reckon upon the neutrality, if not the active support, of the Dissenters, for they hated the Church more than they hated Catholicism; with his troops and fortresses he should be strong enough to carry the matter

through, and he could then begin the war. Colbert in reply laid stress upon the fact that the Dutch would in this case stand before Europe as the champions of Protestantism, while the difficulties which would arise at home would impair the King's strength for the joint enterprise. But if—sustained by the commercial jealousy of his own people—he declared war first, he would have a ground for demanding large supplies from Parliament, and with the troops and ships thus provided he would find it easy, at the close of a successful conflict, to secure a quiet acquiescence in his conversion. To Charles's next suggestion, that Louis should first begin hostilities, and that he himself should then carry out both parts of his scheme simultaneously, Louis replied with an absolute refusal to enter upon the war without the explicit concurrence of England. The French monarch had been well served by the English Parliament in the session which began on October 19, 1669. In asking for a generous supply Charles had prided himself upon being the happy instrument which had secured the Triple Alliance, and the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. He had used language which, though not verbally mendacious, was intended to lead to the belief that the Triple Alliance stood firm. Temple had been sent as ambassador to the Hague, and had more than once been allowed—all unconscious of the deceit—to pledge his master's honour to the Dutch ; it is indeed possible that

Charles might even yet have kept faith if Parliament had given money with a free hand. But the Commons had voted him a sum quite inadequate even to strengthen his hands in the negotiations. He was thus compelled to meet Louis half-way; but it was not until January, 1670, that he proposed terms which showed that he was in earnest. It was characteristic of him that while acceding to the main position of the French monarch—precedence for the war—he insisted upon one provision which showed how well he knew the temper of his people. He told Louis bluntly that no English captain would take orders from a French admiral; if therefore the fleets were united, they must sail under English command.

Once more his reconciliation with Parliament in the session of February 10, 1670, with its practical result of a large supply, enabled Charles to call the game. He began to hang back, and to raise his terms; and on every point—commercial advantages, the command and numbers of the fleets, the payment of subsidies in hard cash and not in letters of exchange, even his demand that in the powers given to the commissioners he should be styled 'King of France'—Louis found himself compelled to yield.

The few remaining difficulties were left to be overcome by Charles's sister—"deare deare sister"—through whose hands all the confidential letters had passed, and who now paid a long-promised visit. With

a suite of 257 persons, among whom was a young girl named Louise de Kéroual, she reached Dover on May 5; and Charles, with his old boyish eagerness, rowed far out to sea to meet the squadron. On June 1, 1670, Colbert for France, and Arlington, Clifford, Arundel, and Bellings for England, signed the Treaty of Dover—the *Traité de Madame*. On the 12th Henrietta returned to France, leaving behind her an impression of beauty, goodness, and charm which is reflected in the correspondence of far-away country homes. On the 29th she was dead.

By the famous compact Louis secured his immediate object. But Charles was, except for honour, no loser; nor, he might claim, was England. He was indeed bound to declare his conversion; but the date was left absolutely to himself, while he was at once to receive £150,000 to aid him in any difficulties which might arise upon that score. For the war he was to have £225,000 a year; and the command of the coasts of Zealand was to be his share of the spoil. One of the conditions acknowledged the supremacy of England at sea. The French fleet—of thirty vessels only—was to be regarded as auxiliary; and the whole was to be under the command of an English admiral.

And now followed one of the most curious pieces of by-play in history, one exactly in consonance with Charles's genius. It was impossible to show the

treaty as it stood to the King's Protestant servants —to Buckingham, Lauderdale, Ashley, Ormond, or Rupert; it was equally impossible to keep from them for any length of time the fact that a treaty had been made. With Buckingham's frothy egotism to play upon, the matter was however very simple. He was allowed to negotiate—believing the suggestion to be his own—a fresh treaty, the *Traité simulé*. Stimulated by the flattery of Louis, and still more by the feigned hesitation of Arlington and Colbert, while Charles looked on with infinite amusement, he laboured zealously in preparing a draft differing from the original one in only two important respects. All mention of the conversion was omitted, the subsidy offered for that purpose being now added to that to be given for the war; and the commander of the English land-contingent was to take precedence of all the lieutenant-generals of France. This latter condition was inserted in order still farther to quicken Buckingham's zeal, since he hoped to have the post. It led a little later to a scene described by Colbert in a letter to Louis on November 9, 1671, which aptly illustrates Charles's tone with his servants, and his regard for Buckingham in particular. The King had by that time induced Louis to waive the demand for the troops, and Buckingham complained in sulky petulance to his master of what he regarded as a personal grievance. Charles replied that "it was folly to

imagine he could put in competition the interest the Duke had in commanding a body of troops with that of the public," and added angrily that, on such occasions, he considered him no more than his dog.

The *Traité simulé* was duly signed by Buckingham, Lauderdale, and Ashley, in the beginning of 1671. Among all the immediate servants of the Crown, there was thus scarcely one whose hand was not given to this shameless betrayal of an alliance which England had herself sought.

The treaty being made, Charles had good reasons for desiring an early war. He must engage the country beyond recall before Parliament should meet again; and his abandonment of toleration, and his duplicity, had placed him for the moment in possession of ample funds. On October 24, 1670, he had opened Parliament with a speech in which he had carried deception regarding foreign affairs to the farthest point short of absolute falsehood. The necessity of raising the navy to a strength which might challenge both France and the Dutch was dwelt upon. Not a hint was dropped that the Triple Alliance was in danger; the first of Temple's treaties indeed, which bound England and the Republic to mutual defence in case of attack, was specially mentioned. Completely deceived, the Commons answered the demand for a supply by a vote of £800,000. To avoid being afterwards confronted with the proof of his own falseness,

Charles took the unusual step of forbidding the Lord Keeper's speech to be printed. It was not until long afterwards that Andrew Marvel, when writing his great pamphlet upon the 'Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government,' was able with much labour to recover a written copy; and it is to his diligence alone that we owe our knowledge of the trickery.

The importance of the Treaty of Dover can scarcely be overrated. Charles had entered upon a course of subservience to France, or rather of parallelism with Louis, which placed it henceforth in the power of the French King to neutralise the opinion of free and Protestant England, and even to enlist her material support in the interests of despotism and Catholicism. This political profligacy, this dissociation of the King from his people, was responsible for the miseries to which Europe was subjected for more than a generation. Without the support of Charles, Louis would not have dared to attack the Dutch, for their fleets would have swept his commerce from the seas; while the union of the two great naval powers would have stood like a wall against all schemes of aggression. Had England at this moment possessed a king of lofty temper, proud to lead, or apt to control, the current of national feeling, the chapter of bloodshed and desolation which began at Dover and ended at Utrecht would probably never have been written.

## CHAPTER IV.

### CHARLES, LOUIS, AND PARLIAMENT.

HAD Charles been asked to justify the deception which he had practised upon his people, he would probably have answered that foreign alliances, and questions of peace and war, were prerogatives of the Crown, and no concern of theirs. That he was, as he had said, the only man in his dominions who was in the interest of France was a matter of regret, but could not be supposed in any way to affect his decision. If therefore he had reason to believe that his people would forsake their proper province and oppose his designs, should they become aware of them, secrecy and deception were, he would hold, at once legitimate and necessary. But in domestic affairs such deception had been impossible; and to illustrate this we must now briefly retrace our steps.

The dismissal of Clarendon had removed an obstacle to the fulfilment of the King's purpose of resting his power upon the goodwill and gratitude of Dissent. Buckingham and Arlington, the successors to Clarendon's place, though not to his authority,

"hating one another mortally," "still pecking one at the other," were for a time united by their common antagonism to the fallen Chancellor and their common fear that he might return. Their private inclinations moreover led them towards toleration; Buckingham posed as the patron of Protestant Dissent, Arlington sympathised with the Catholics. So long as the recess lasted they had their way. The penal statutes were ignored, the prisons were opened, the meeting houses were again thronged. The Presbyterians received ostentatious favour, and many old Commonwealth men, like Wildman, showed themselves again in public. A bill for comprehension was drafted to which it was confidently hoped that Parliament, rendered tractable by the Triple Alliance, and by its success over Clarendon, would give its consent; and the speech from the throne (February 10) contained a request that the Commons would "seriously think of some course to beget a better union and composure in the minds of my Protestant subjects in matters of religion". All mention of Catholics was carefully avoided. But Charles was at once undeceived. His intentions had leaked out before the Houses met, and the country gentlemen, already angry at the mismanagement of the last war, were in a state of excessive irritation. The King was straightway petitioned to proclaim the suppression of all unlawful assemblies, whether Papist or Protestant. He knew that any hesitation would

mean a refusal of supplies; and the short-lived hopes of the Dissenters came to an end. The Commons then threw aside the proposal that Charles should be asked to hold a conference of divines, and in May, 1668, passed a bill for continuing the Conventicle Acts. There was clearly nothing to be done with the House in its present humour; and Charles wanted freedom for his negotiations with Louis. Taking advantage of a deadlock which had arisen between Lords and Commons, he postponed any farther meeting of Parliament for nearly eighteen months—until October 19, 1669—when money was again absolutely necessary.

Had he been careful to maintain at least a moderate execution of former acts, it is possible that the Commons might have accepted some indulgence for Protestant Dissent. As it was, they came together possessed more than ever with the doctrine that an overwhelming and exclusive Anglican ascendency was the only weapon with which to fight their arch-enemy, Catholicism. Sheldon had collected *ex parte* information as to the character of the conventicles, and even before the meeting of Parliament had carried it to Charles and compelled him to issue a fresh proclamation to enforce the law. The Commons at once made it clear that they would support the Primate; and on December 11, 1669, Charles again closed the session. When Parliament reassembled—February 14, 1670—an unusual scene was witnessed. For the first time

in English history the sovereign was attended to the House of Lords with military pomp. It can hardly be doubted that the design was to accustom the people to the idea of a standing army. Charles met the Houses with confidence begotten by the dealings with Louis which have been described, and addressed them "stylo minaci et imperatorio". But he had another reason for this attitude. In the interval between the sessions he had taken the lessons of the past to heart. For once his speech did not contain a word about toleration. He had cynically determined to offer to Parliament the one condition necessary to secure an unstinted supply, a supply which he intended to use for the objects most distasteful to the members. The Commons understood that they might have their swing of persecution; and they showed their instant recognition of the fact by voting a supply of £300,000 a year for eight years. "We are all venal cowards, except some few," was the bitter comment of an honest man. Charles then left them without demur to settle down to their favourite work.

On April 11, 1670, he gave his assent to the second and more pitiless Conventicle Act. Sheldon hounded on the bishops; and so severely was the Act executed that a trustworthy witness declared soon afterwards that there was scarcely a conventicle to be heard of throughout England. We are told of violent arrests in churches "even during sermon time, nay, of

one taken out betwixt the bread and the cup in receiving the sacrament".

So successful was this policy that, in Marvel's words, "the King was never since his coming in, nay, all things considered, no King since the Conquest, so absolutely powerful at home".

Protestant Dissent being now out of the way, the Commons attacked the other wing of the forces hostile to Anglican supremacy. On March 10, 1671, they made a series of demands which implied a denial of the right of Catholics even to dwell in peace. To the cry for the banishment of priests and Jesuits, and for the enforcement of the penal laws, Charles yielded at once, with but slight reservations. For this second surrender he received a farther supply, and then, taking advantage of a fresh conflict between the Houses, he again used the weapon of prorogation. Parliament did not meet again for business until February 4, 1672. Before we deal with that session, certain domestic matters claim attention which were of more absorbing interest in Charles's eyes, and one of which at any rate was of real political importance as well.

Hitherto Lady Castlemaine's sway had been undisputed; the ladies who were introduced to Charles's casual notice by Bab May, Chiffinch, Arlington, and his other purveyors, were but creatures of a day. Suddenly however she awoke to the fact that "poor

Allinda" was "growing old," and that she had two rivals whose appointment seemed likely to be permanent. Nelly Gwyn, then just nineteen years old, was "sent for by the King" in the winter of 1669, and remained his playmate to his death. She had already been mistress successively to Charles Hart, her fellow actor, and to Charles, Lord Buckhurst, with whom she kept "merry house" at Epsom; but, while Lady Castlemaine, under the King's very eyes, ranged from peer to rope-dancer in the bestowal of her favours, Nelly Gwyn, having reached the height of ambition, was, for all evidence to the contrary, faithful to her Charles the Third, as she dubbed him, for more than fifteen years.

Captivating in looks she must have been, to attract the King, although her portraits show none of that regular beauty which in Lady Castlemaine and Frances Stewart defies criticism. But it was clearly the frank recklessness of the Latin Quarter, the fearlessness of her banter, her irrepressible gaiety, the spontaneousness of her practical jokes, her *camaraderie* and unfailing goodness of temper, which made her hold on him secure. She was a true child of the London streets, apt of wit and shrewd of tongue; and her very honesty of vice, her want of reticence, her buoyant indiscretion, her refusal to take herself seriously, or to regard herself as anything but what she was, have strangely enough secured for her a sort of positive

affection in the respectable England of to-day, as they did during her joyous, irresponsible life. Nobody ever thought of kissing Nelly's hand, as they kissed the hand of the mistress *en titre*. Her regular wages were comparatively insignificant, a bare £4,000 a year, while the Duchess of Portsmouth was receiving many times that amount. For politics she cared nothing. Politicians might indeed meet and intrigue at her lodgings; but "Nelly and her merry gang" were not politicians; and she neither made ministers nor appointed to bishoprics. She was, as we have said, Charles's playmate; and his dying words, "Don't let poor Nelly starve," aptly express the relations between them.

Very different were the birth, character, ambitions, and functions of Louise Renée de Kéroual de Penancoët, the daughter of two noble Breton houses, who, when just twenty years of age, came in the train of Henrietta of Orleans to Dover. On the eve of his sister's departure, when presenting her with some choice jewels, Charles prayed her to leave one of her own with him. She bade Louise fetch the casket, and told her brother to make his choice. Charles thereupon asked with a smile that her maid-of-honour might remain in England, for that was the only jewel which he coveted. There is no reason to suppose that Henrietta had brought the girl over for the purpose; indeed she utterly refused Charles's request. But after her death,

Louis, who was constantly informed of all details of this nature in Charles's Court, saw the opportunity thus afforded for supplying the place which had been left in his affections, and for thereby securing that influence over him, in French interests, which the Queen from ignorance, and Lady Castlemaine from vulgarity, were unable to exercise. Louise was instructed to accept the King's urgent invitation to return to England as maid-of-honour to the Queen, and was doubtless well aware of what that meant. It will be seen how far she succeeded in the political *rôle* assigned to her. But from the very first she began, with the sweet languor of her girlish face, and the refined charm of manner which was a new experience for Charles, to weave around him the meshes of the net, and to introduce into the anarchy of the harem something at least of female reticence and grace. Alone among Charles's mistresses she had a conception of *la haute politique;* she alone in that ignoble court could command the respect and co-operation of statesmen and ambassadors. She met the vulgar furies of Lady Castlemaine, and the banter of Nelly, with quiet disdain; she held her own with a certain dignity against the anger of the Commons, the hatred of the people, the attacks of politicians, and the waywardness of Charles; and for many years she was virtual Queen of England.

A curious scene followed her arrival. Furious with jealousy, Lady Castlemaine prepared for war;

Nelly was boisterous in her defiance; and the other ladies were proportionately aggressive. Louise adopted a behaviour of piquant reserve. Month after month she strengthened her hold upon Charles by a gentle but effectual resistance to his importunities. Her progress was eagerly watched from France. The ministers of Louis began to fear that she was overacting her part, and she received hints to that effect. Still she held out. At length Lady Arlington was deputed by Colbert to put the case plainly to the girl; she must lay aside her scruples without delay, or retire to a French convent. At a dinner given by Colbert to Charles it was arranged that she should accompany Lady Arlington to Euston, where the King could join them from Newmarket, and that there the last resistance should be overcome. The revels of that night, the mock marriage and the rest, are told by Evelyn. On October 9, 1671, she became Charles's acknowledged mistress. Of all strange scenes in this abandoned reign, perhaps the strangest to modern eyes is the audience which she gave on November 2 to Colbert, who came to tender her the formal congratulations of Louis XIV. Her advancement was rapid. Countess, Baroness, Duchess, in quick succession, it is said that she even aspired to share Charles's throne should the expected death of the Queen take place.

Barbara Palmer, Nelly Gwyn, and Louise de Kéroual, typify, as they contented, the three sides

of Charles's nature. The first had held him by the purely animal passions, the lustfulness of his southern blood. Nelly was a Bohemian, like himself, and would have been as good a comrade had they both been strolling actors. But when he wanted refinement, charm of conversation, and delicacy—and it is a mistake to forget this side of his nature—he retired to the apartments of Louise de Kéroual.

Upon these three women the treasure of the country was squandered in wanton profusion. The supplies voted by Parliament, the subsidies of Louis, ran like water through their hands. Pensions, patents, monopolies, Crown lands, reversions of lucrative posts, were showered upon them and their bastards. Louise had before long, besides casual gifts, an annual income of £40,000; and it is computed that, in 1681, the enormous sum of £136,000 passed through her hands.

It was clear that the empire of the older woman over Charles's affections had gone. But he had been too long her slave to relegate her to insignificance or poverty, and he dared not allow her rancorous tongue to be unbridled. In August, 1670, she was created a Duchess, and her children were ennobled. Wealth was given her as much as her hands could hold. The farmers of the customs "have signed and sealed £10,000 a year more to the Duchess of Cleveland, who has likewise near £10,000 a year out of the new farm of the county excise of Beer and Ale, £5,000 a

year out of the Post office, and, they say, the reversion of all places in the Custom House, the Green wax, and indeed, what not? All promotions, spiritual and temporal, pass under her cognisance." The privy purse was shaken into her lap and the Irish treasury was plundered for her. Charles actually gave her a grant of the Phœnix Park; and the design was abandoned only when Essex, the Lord Lieutenant, one of the few honest men who held office, protested against this outrage with petitionary vehemence, as "one of the unseemliest things I have ever known"—"a thing so indecent"—offering, however, to find concealed lands of as good a value as the Park, or to induce the Irish Parliament to give a small tax to reprieve it. The idea of a tax being raised upon a whole nation to satisfy the harlot's needs is as edifying as the sight of dignitaries of the Church seeking promotion at her hands. "We are," says Hallam, in one of his few moments of irony, "much indebted to the memory of Barbara Duchess of Cleveland, Louise Duchess of Portsmouth, and Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn. We owe a tribute of gratitude to the Mays, the Killigrews, the Chiffinches, and the Grammonts. They played a serviceable part in ridding the kingdom of its besotted loyalty. They saved our forefathers from the Star Chamber and the High-Commission Court; they laboured in their vocation against standing armies and corruption; they pressed forward the great ulti-

mate security of English freedom, the expulsion of the house of Stuart."

It is difficult to associate with these scenes of extravagance and effrontery the self-control, the serious purposes, and the austere reticence which distinguished William of Orange from childhood. In the late autumn of 1670 the Prince paid a visit to England, when the Court were apparently thinking of nothing but Newmarket, with the first suggestion of future marriage with Mary, the eldest daughter of James. Evelyn describes him as having a "manly, courageous, wise countenance, resembling his mother and the Duke of Gloucester"; "a very personable and hopeful prince," says Reresby. From him, as from every one else, Charles managed to extract sport. He "made him drink very hard one night at a supper given by the Duke of Buckingham. The Prince did not naturally love it, but being once entered, was more frolic and merry than the rest of the company; amongst other expressions of it, he broke the windows of the chamber of the maids-of-honour and had got into some of their apartments, had they not been timely rescued." "I suppose," adds Reresby, "his mistress did not less approve of him for that vigour."

By his prorogation in the spring of 1671, Charles had set himself free from the control of Parliament, in order, as Marvel put it, "that the architects of our ruin

might be so long free from their busie and odious inspection". The manner in which he used his liberty led to the first great crisis of his reign.

We have seen, from his letters to Henrietta, in what light he regarded his ministers; they were merely the exponents of his personal will, without initiative and without any collective responsibility, or any necessary harmony of opinion. It had been the custom to form within the Privy Council a small committee or 'cabal'—a term at least as old as the reign of James I.—to which were referred, not only foreign affairs, but other matters of importance and secrecy. This committee represented the Crown, neither existing nor ceasing to exist with any direct reference to Parliament and people. Each member held his place purely at the King's will; he gave his advice, but his duty then was to support whatever decision the King might adopt. "Satisfy yourself," said Arlington in 1672, "that you doe your duty of serving the King according to his direction." It was in fact the antithesis of the modern 'cabinet'. The logical sequence of this aspect of ministerial responsibility to the King alone, was that the minister should not suffer for his obedience; and in 1679 we find Danby taking up, with respect to his own impeachment, the position that "in no case ought a minister of State to be made a sacrifice of State to the will of the people". The doctrine under which Buckingham had been

attacked and Strafford had been struck down was explicitly denied.

The Cabal at the time of the Treaty of Dover consisted of Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale; though Bridgeman, Ormond, Rupert, and others were at times included. Among these five there was, besides the guilty knowledge of one or other of the treaties of Dover, but one bond of union. Buckingham hated Arlington, Arlington was jealous of Clifford, Clifford was bitterly opposed to Ashley, and Lauderdale had no English responsibility at all. But all of them, though from widely differing motives, were in favour of toleration. Of Arlington, astute and useful, with the "very pedantick carriage of a true penman," and of Buckingham, "flashy and vain," much has already been heard. Of the other three, men in a far higher plane, some notice must here be given.

Sir Thomas Clifford was perhaps the most picturesque figure of the Cabal. 'A valiant, incorrupt gentleman, ambitious, not covetous, passionate, a most constant, sincere friend,' says Evelyn. 'Boisterous,' 'overbearing,' and 'dangerous,' are Bolingbroke's epithets. An ardent Catholic in sympathies, if not by actual conversion, he was as ardent an advocate of an uncontrolled monarchy. He saw salvation for the State only in the combination of religious freedom and royal despotism. So irritated was he at the idea of Parliamentary control that he told Charles that "it was better

to pay dependence to a great and generous King than to 500 of his own insolent subjects," and, in judging the King, such an utterance as this, coming from an Englishman of ancient traditions, deserves attention. Clifford's temper was vehement, his eloquence striking, his personal courage conspicuous. The story is well known, how during the former war, when on a visit to Arlington at Euston in Suffolk, he and Ormond's son, Ossory, hearing the guns off Harwich, mounted their horses in haste, galloped to the coast, and put off in an open boat to join the fleet and serve as volunteers through one of the bloodiest days in English naval warfare. Although a poor man, and although willing to make the fullest use of the corruptness of others, his own hands were clean of bribes, and his life was remarkably pure. His horoscope foretold him fame and fortune, but an early death. He answered that he did not shrink from an early death if, before he died, he might witness the triumph of the Catholic Church.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, Lord Ashley, had been in the forefront of political life since boyhood. In the days of the Commonwealth he had striven for religious tolerance against military government, and after the Protector's death had assisted energetically to break down the despotism of the army; in spite of his present complicity in Charles's counsels he was still a keen upholder of Parliamentary rule. He was violently anti-Catholic, because, as he expressed it,

"Popery and slavery go ever, like two sisters, hand in hand"; but he had been a supporter of every attempt to secure toleration for Protestant dissent since the Restoration, and in the constitution which Locke drew up at his request for the new colony of Carolina, this was a leading feature. He had established a reputation for business power and tact; and although he never affected to censure the prevailing private and public immorality, he shunned debauchery in his own person, and his career, like Clifford's, was free from any well-established charge of personal corruption. Small and slight in stature, and of delicate health, he had a soul as ambitious and fiery as that of Clifford himself; and it was not until the end of his career that his keen political foresight gave way under the excitement of faction and the harassments of ill-health. But although he possessed an intuitive perception of those causes which had a great future before them, his conduct was liable to be determined at any moment by the resolve to ride upon the crest of the political wave; and while he was always formidable by reason of his ready and incisive eloquence, his unceasing activity, and his skill in party warfare, which in its modern form he may be said to have originated, he is far more often spoken of by other politicians with distrust than with admiration or respect.

John Maitland, Earl, and afterwards Duke, of Lauderdale, held a position so distinct, that he de-

serves a fuller notice. He can scarcely be regarded—for many years after the Restoration—as an English politician at all; and while his colleagues of the Cabal were occupied in manipulating votes of the House of Commons and in over-reaching one another, he was ruling a nation.

The foundation of his close intimacy with Charles was probably laid when he brought the terms of the Engagers to the Downs in 1649; it survived the nine years of exile after Worcester; and in April, 1660, Charles signed himself, as he did twenty years later, "Your most affectionate friend". But his fortune was not secured until he obtained the Secretaryship for Scotland, a post which gave him constant access to the King's person, and afforded opportunities which he was quick to improve. From that vantage-ground he overthrew the blundering Middleton and his 'Drunken Administration'; observed, and at the fitting moment, brushed away the ambitious schemes of the Duke of Rothes and James Sharp; and in October, 1669, went down to Scotland as High Commissioner, with far-reaching designs, which he carried out with remarkable success.

His methods were simple and efficacious. He had in past years made himself agreeable to Charles; he now made himself indispensable. So long as the King chose to busy himself with governing, he posed merely as the devoted servant of his will, to whom

his commands were, he assured him, above all human laws. When Charles tired, he relieved him of his burden. For Scotch business he was as useful as Clarendon for English, and, unlike Clarendon, had no scruples about paying court to the royal mistresses; he had a brutal humour that was to Charles's liking; in drunkenness and filthy lewdness he could participate as freely as Sedley or Rochester; his buffoonery was as entertaining as Buckingham's; he was a master of strong and caustic language; and his wit, though clumsy, was pungent. Charles loved to have scholars about him; Lauderdale was at home in Latin, Italian, French, and Hebrew. It was soon noticed "that My Lord Lauderdale is never from the King's ear nor council, and that he is a most cunning fellow".

To be ill-affected to the Kirk had meant political outlawry; and Lauderdale's career had therefore been, up to the Restoration, a carefully arranged hypocrisy. A veil of decency had been thrown over his earlier life, and he acquired a complete mastery of the Covenanting tongue. But, as the comrade of Charles, he became notorious for the grossest forms of vice. There is a French proverb, 'Jeune hermite, vieux diable'. To Robert Baillie he had been a 'pious nobleman,' a 'gracious youth'. By the time at which we have arrived he had become, according to the sorrowful remonstrance of Richard Baxter, that most terrible of all things—a dirty old man.

Crippled as he was at the outset in fortune, and with signal disadvantages of person, Lauderdale possessed in an eminent degree the qualities best adapted to the wear and tear of that strange time. He was of a rougher and more robust type than his English colleagues. He had strength of will, coolness, courage, watchfulness, readiness of resource, and perception of the right moment at which to strike his blows. He chose his agents and his tools with discernment; he knew, he said, "how to make use of a knave as well as another"; and he discarded them, when they had served his turn, as passion or policy dictated. He was willing to take any oaths—such had been the discipline of the Covenant—"a cart-load of them," if necessary. A bold and unabashed liar, he was as eloquent against what he called "damned insipid lies" as Hotspur was against women's oaths.

Such was the man who for fifteen years exercised an irresponsible dominion over Scotland. As to what happened there in the way of good or bad government, Charles does not appear to have cared at all, so long as he was not seriously troubled. He was, indeed, fond of saying that he understood Scotch affairs better than anyone about him; and Lauderdale sedulously flattered this boast. But Charles remembered Scotland only with disgust, and he interfered with his Viceroy no more than an oriental despot interferes with a Pasha of a distant province who

knows no law but his master's will and his own enrichment. In October, 1669, however, as we have said, Lauderdale was sent to Scotland, with a distinct mission, which had an important bearing upon the King's wider designs in England. There Charles found himself bound hand and foot by the Church, thwarted and controlled by Parliament, and unable to raise a troop of soldiers without arousing the keenest jealousy. Lauderdale's business was to do for him in Scotland what could not be done at home; and his success was complete. By a clever and audacious stroke he secured an alteration of the 'Articles' which made the Parliament a mere registry of the royal will. It was then easy to carry the Act of Supremacy, whereby the Church of Scotland was robbed of the least shade of independence. And finally he created, by Act of Parliament, an army of 22,000 men, who were bound to march when and whither the King pleased within his dominions. "In a word," wrote Arlington to him, "Your Grace hath played your part well; nothing but the proverb of 'La Mariée est trop belle' can be said against it."

The brilliant correspondence between Lauderdale and Robert Moray, whose intimacy with Charles has been already mentioned, and by whose appointment as Deputy Secretary, during his absence, Lauderdale preserved his hold upon his master, is deeply interesting; although the notices of the King's habits and

ways of speech are unfortunately too much bound up with their contexts to be inserted. Charles's participation in the scientific movements of the time is illustrated by the fact that many of Moray's letters describe conversations in the royal laboratory. We feel from these letters how pleasant must have been the hours there spent with the King; how shrewd, with all his vagabond habits, Charles was in business, and how active and penetrating was his mind; how clearly he saw through the intrigues and jealousies which surrounded him; how bright was his talk, how cheery his companionship; how cleverly he went through disagreeable work which had to be done; how resolute he was to do nothing disagreeable that he could avoid or postpone.

In spite of his incontestable usefulness, and of the social qualities which we have enumerated, it nevertheless astonishes us that the King should have permitted Lauderdale such prolonged intimacy. Charles liked polite manners in society; he wrote in quite a pained way to his sister on the want of good breeding in England. Now there is incontestable evidence that Lauderdale picked his ears in the presence chamber, and performed other personal duties of the dressing-room with unnecessary publicity. Thomas Bruce, afterwards second Earl of Ailesbury, who, as a gentleman of the bedchamber, had excellent opportunities for observation, declares, indeed, that the King "grew

quite weary of him, and that he owed his being kept in for some years by reason that the King would not have laws prescribed to him by the House of Commons". Bruce describes him to have been "of a most extraordinary learning and great memory; as disagreeable in his conversation as was his person; his head was towards that of a Saracen fiery face, and his tongue too big for his mouth; and his pronunciation high Scotch—no Highlander like him—uttering bald jests for wit, and repeating good ones from others, and ever spoiled them in relating them, which delighted the good King much". Then follows an amusing illustration of Charles's methods. "Besides tiring the King with his bald jests, he was continually putting his fingers into the King's snuff-box, which obliged him to order one to be made which he wore with a string on his wrist, and did not open, but the snuff came out by shaking." Bruce finally describes a scene which is truly surprising in the coarseness of its humour. Lauderdale, by way of emphasising his intimacy with Charles, was in the habit of intruding himself, uninvited, at all parties at which the King was present; and it became necessary to devise a cure. Accordingly, "a courtier desired of the King to do him the honour of dining with him, which he accepted, 'but,' said he, 'we shall be pestered with such an one'—meaning Lauderdale"; whereupon "that person (the inventor of the scheme) ordered a

double sillibub glass, and it was concerted that the King, after having drunk plentifully, should ask the master of the house for a sillibub to refresh him, and by a token the King knew which of the two to take; and commending it greatly, the Duke of Lauderdale, he having a great share of confidence (very natural to one of his country), and drinking the other half, which was prepared with—unmentionable filth—swore that no person had such a taste as his Majesty. In some little time it worked as it was natural; and the King, perceiving it, cried out, 'My Lord Lauderdale is sick' —and they carried him away, and the King was never troubled more with him on such diverting occasions."

Such were the men through whom, with Louise de Kéroual, Charles ruled his dominions.

The first work before the Cabal was to find money. In August, 1671, the King's debts were over three millions. A state of things so desperate, with an expensive war in prospect, suggested desperate remedies. All evidence points to Clifford as the author of the masterful scheme of finance, whereby, to the permanent ruin of the royal credit and widespread commercial distress, Charles laid violent hands upon a sum of £1,400,000. For carrying through the 'Stop of the Exchequer,' Clifford was rewarded with a peerage and the Lord Treasurer's staff. Ashley has the credit of the second important measure, the fresh attempt which the King now made to secure the dis-

pensing power, in the hope that, at the close of a successful war, he would be in a position to dictate terms to Parliament. On March 15, 1672, Charles published his Declaration of Indulgence, "as well for the quieting of our good subjects as for inviting strangers in this conjuncture to come and live under us, and for a better encouragement of all to a cheerful following of their trades and callings". He claimed "the supreme power in ecclesiastical matters, which is inherent in Us," and announced the suspension of "all manner of penal laws in matters ecclesiastical against whatsoever sort of Nonconformists or recusants". There was no mistake this time about the challenge to his people. It was taken up in the first instance by one of the King's own ministers, Orlando Bridgeman, Keeper of the Seals. Bridgeman had already raised difficulties regarding the Stop of the Exchequer; he now absolutely refused to put the Great Seal to the Declaration. Independence of this kind did not fit in with the King's theory of ministerial duty. Bridgeman was removed, and Ashley, as Earl of Shaftesbury, was made Lord Chancellor.

Two days after the issue of the Declaration war was declared against the Dutch.

As early as the spring of 1668 De Witt had received mysterious warnings of the danger which threatened the Republic. For a long time he could

not believe that his work would so soon perish, although Louis concealed his intentions under the thinnest of disguises. In the spring of 1672, however, it was clear that the blow was about to fall, and that the Dutch were almost defenceless. Against the superb army of 175,000 men, and the fleet of 120 ships, mounted with 5,000 guns, which Louis had collected, they had, through the weakness of their decentralised system, but 50[illegible] men in the field; their fortresses were in deca[illegible] commissariat disorganised, their magazines [illegible]st empty. If any doubts remained as to what the French preparations meant, they must have been dispelled when, in retort to the medal which had so aroused his anger, Louis caused another to be struck in which the sun was portrayed dispersing the fogs from a marsh, and bearing as its motto, in allusion to the fact that the Republic had been created through French assistance, the words "Evexi sed discutiam". The awakening to the treachery of Charles had been still more painful. Temple had done his best to sustain the alliance which his master had resolved to betray; as late as September, 1670, he was vouching for the King's sincerity, while Charles was privately repudiating his action to Louis. But his uneasiness appears as early as October, 1668: "if only we were what we have been, what we might be, and God knows why we are not at home". His suspicions gained ground

when he was ordered to magnify every trifling difference into a subject of acrimonious dispute; still more when Henrietta of Orleans went to Dover, and when, after her death, Buckingham was sent to Paris —not, De Witt bitterly surmised, merely to learn the language; and most of all when he himself was suddenly recalled to England in July, 1670. He found his reception by the King and his ministers very different from that which had awaited him when he returned with the Triple Alliance. Arlington, who had hitherto greeted him with open arms, kept him waiting an hour and a half for an audience, and then talked of indifferent matters; Charles asked him half a dozen questions about his journey and the Prince of Orange, and walked on; it was the passionate Clifford who made matters plain. When, after a heated conversation, Temple asked what he could have done more, Clifford retorted "in a great rage" that "he would tell me what a man might do more . . . which was to let the King and all the world know how basely and unworthily the States had used him; and to declare publicly how their ministers were a company of rogues and rascals, and not fit for his Majesty or any other Prince to have anything to do with". An opportunity was afforded by Temple's recall for a wanton insult to the Dutch. The captain of the yacht sent to bring back Lady Temple was ordered by Charles to sail through their fleet in the

Channel, to insist upon their lowering their flags, and, in case of refusal, to take such action as would compel them to fire upon him and thus appear the aggressors. The scheme was however frustrated by the self-restraint of the Dutch Admiral, Van Ghent.

With Charles, as with Louis, De Witt had tried every means of conciliation. Hearing that the King was deeply irritated at the pamphlets, medals, and pictures which glorified the Chatham achievement, and especially because the captured *Royal Charles* was made a common show, he had the moulds of the medals broken, the pamphlets suppressed, the royal arms removed from the vessel, and her name altered. These concessions were viewed merely as signs of weakness. In December, 1671, Sir George Downing was sent in Temple's place as 'bon acteur et propre à faire querelle'. In the most offensive terms he demanded reparation for the insults of which Charles complained, and specifically insisted upon the acknowledgment of the maritime supremacy of England over all seas, going so far as to require that whole fleets should lower their flags to a single English warship. Even to this insolence De Witt was willing to give way, provided that England would engage to assist the Republic against France. As late as March 3, 1672, he endeavoured to conjure away the danger by the offer of a large personal bribe to Charles.

Charles had endeavoured to appear as the attacked

party. When he found the attempt useless, he began hostilities by an act which Louis himself contemptuously characterised as sheer piracy. The Dutch merchant fleet from Smyrna was lying at anchor off the Isle of Wight; and Admiral Holmes was ordered to attack without warning, and to capture the convoy. But the Dutch were prepared, and the fleet escaped with the loss of only two ships. War was declared by England four days later. There is nothing antecedently improbable in Marvel's statement that the Council clock was purposely set forward on that day, lest the compliance of the Dutch before the appointed hour should prevent the declaration of war.

Of the treachery displayed in the inception of this war—a war of pure selfishness on Charles's part, a 'work of darkness' conceived and carried out in face of his people's wishes and against their interests—enough has been said. It was a great crime, and with the exception of his treatment of the Popish Terror it was the most discreditable political act of his reign. The events of the struggle—the desperate appeal to Nature whereby De Witt and the men of Holland baffled Louis in the very flush of conquest; the valour with which, under the eye of the indomitable De Ruyter, they four times drove back the attacks of fleets manned by seamen as valiant as themselves, and led by Rupert; the murder of the De Witts, who were sacrificed to the need of concentrating

power in the hands of one strong man; the tenacity of purpose with which William of Orange, in whom that power was vested, kept two mighty monarchs at arm's length, and inspired the States to refuse the dishonouring conditions of Louis, and to disregard the arrogant demands and menaces of Charles; all this we must thus briefly pass over. To the disgrace of the war had been added the humiliation of defeat; in not one battle had the English fleet been victorious, nor had a single soldier of the forces so industriously collected been landed upon the Dutch coasts.

Charles was forced to bring the barren and inglorious struggle to an end. He was once more in need which Louis could only partially satisfy. A very bitter feeling had grown up between the crews of his vessels and the French, who were charged with intentional failure to support their allies, and who "must either excuse their cowardice by their treachery, or their treachery by their cowardice". The sailors were utterly weary of the war, and the regiments at Blackheath were showing a mutinous spirit. Moreover Charles had not anticipated that a war begun against De Witt would resolve itself into one against his own nephew. Under the stress of these considerations, and of circumstances still to be related, he yielded to the conditions imposed upon him by Parliament, and in the teeth of his engagements with Louis made peace on fairly favourable terms with the Dutch.

Even this could not be done in the light of day. Temple's services were again called in; he was sent to Holland in haste, and a peace was "huddled up without the participation of the mediators"—without the knowledge even of Charles's own plenipotentiaries at the conference of Cologne.

The Treaty of London (February 19, 1674) closed England's European history, so far as active war was concerned. But it gave ample opportunities for a further exhibition of the political profligacy with which we have become familiar. The agents of the King of England remained at Cologne to work for France; the English troops who were serving in Louis's armies were not withdrawn; Charles allowed Louis to recruit in Ireland and Scotland, while at the same time he refused William the like privilege; he continually furnished him with ammunition and guns; gave him the benefit, not only of his own observations and experiments in shipbuilding, but also of those of the persons about him most skilful in that art; and betrayed to him the information he received from Temple. In an interview with Ruvigny, and through Lockhart, who was still ambassador at Paris, Charles deprecated his cousin's wrath, as he had done at the time of the Triple Alliance. He went even farther; on February 14 he himself wrote to Louis asking him for pity rather than blame. The reply was full of fine irony: "Je ne puis que je ne com-

patisse à la peine que vous souffrez, et à la nécessité où vous vous trouvez de faire sans moi une paix qui nous devait être commune. Je vous en plains au lieu de m'en plaindre."

One belated victory was achieved after peace had been declared. In January, 1675, a redoubtable antagonist, Tromp, came to England, and among other places visited Oxford. And Bishop Prideaux tells us how "we got a greater victory over Van Tromp here than all your sea captains in London, he confessing that he was more drunk here than anywhere else since he came to England". Dr. Speed, and "five or six more as able men as himself," were no doubt good drinkers, but we question whether they could have forced Tromp's old rival Monk to so ignominious a confession. De Cominges thus ends his description of a supper given by the Earl of Oxford at which that veteran toper was present: "Having been warmed by their morning and after-dinner doings, each resolved to see his companion aground. The General struck a master stroke; he presented to each a goblet of the deepest. Some swallowed the contents and some did not; but all peaceably remained where they were till the following morning, without speaking to each other, though in the same room. Only the General went to Parliament as usual, with his mind and thoughts nothing impaired."

We must now travel back over two years to follov the fortunes of the Cabal and of Charles at home The subsidies of Louis and the Stop of the Exchequ had enabled him to dispense with Parliament unti February, 1673. When he at length faced th Houses, he was "puzzled how to save his own honou to the world, and gratify those who can only give hir a supply against his enemies". Assuming a tone c confidence, he put lightly aside the question of th standing army of 18,000 men, and gave his usual a surances to the Church. Then, trusting to waive a attack upon the Declaration of Indulgence by a stron expression of his personal will, he ended his referenc to it with the words: "And I will deal plainly wit you, I am resolved to stick to my Declaration".

The mind of the Commons had been made u before they met. They attacked neither the Stop c the Exchequer, nor the war, nor individual membe of the Cabal: but without hesitation they took up th challenge thus thrown down. The question at issu was a simple one. Granting that the King had pow to pardon crime in individual cases, had he power t license crime by dispensing with law? The Declar tion broke through forty Acts of Parliament, repea able by Parliament alone. The first debate close with a vote that "Penal statutes in matters eccles astical cannot be suspended but by Act of Parliament" The Commons next resolved that no one refusing th

oaths, or the sacrament according to the Anglican rites, should be capable of holding office under the Crown. And this, although, as Marvel wrote, "it appears at first sight that men ought to enjoy the same propriety and protection in their consciences which they have in their lives, liberties, and estates". Charles appealed to the Lords for advice. On March 7, they joined the Commons in desiring him to give full effect to their vote. Pressed to yield by Arlington and Shaftesbury; by Louis, who saw that without Parliamentary supplies the King would be driven to peace; and by the women, whose sources of wealth were endangered by obstinacy; urged on the other hand by Buckingham and Lauderdale to stand firm, Charles wavered from day to day. On a Wednesday he had resolved to yield; on the Thursday he was equally determined to dissolve and make peace; on the Friday he had finally given way to the arguments of Colbert; and on March 8 he cancelled the Declaration to which only a month previously he had declared his fixed resolve to adhere.

The Commons pressed hard upon the King's withdrawal and turned it into utter defeat. Three weeks later he gave his assent to the Test Act, which made it impossible for a Catholic to hold any office under the Crown. And then a supply of nearly £1,250,000 was granted without a protest.

For at last the victory had been won, and the

conquerors were not inclined to haggle about money. From this moment Charles abandoned all attempt to secure Parliamentary favour for the proscribed creed. James resigned his post of Lord High Admiral. The second part of Clifford's horoscope was fulfilled. He laid down the Treasurership, went into strict retirement, and shortly died—it was reported by his own hand—of the disappointment of his hopes.

From this moment also Charles appears to have ceased to take the least interest in domestic politics, except when they assumed a personal aspect. He continued to be his own foreign minister; that is, he continued to depend upon Louis XIV. for supplies of money, which were given upon conditions to which he had no objection. But he left all domestic matters to the sole and unquestioned control of Clifford's successor, Thomas Osborne, created Earl of Danby. Danby had been introduced into public life by Clifford, and had been one of the younger members of the anti-Clarendon gang. He had since attached himself closely to Buckingham. He was a man of clear views, independent character, and marked ability, and through his incontestable usefulness as a financial minister he secured abiding influence over the King.

The Commons might triumph, the people might "cry out for peace, and that with some earnestness," Lord Treasurers might commit suicide, soldiers might mutiny, fleets might be defeated; but the world

went well with Charles. He spent a good deal of time in "divising many pretty projects to enlarge the little park at Filberd's and make it more fitt for deere". He was delighted equally with a present of jackdaws and with the gift by Louis of the Duchy of Aubigny to Louise de Kéroual. He had been able to find agreeable lodgings for poor Nelly, who had complained that she had no house of her own. And, when Parliament was not sitting, he was able to ignore the Test Act as he pleased. "The truth is, this yeare the Government begins to thrive marvellous well, for it eats and drinks and sleeps as heartily as I have known it, nor doth it vex and disquiet itself with that foolish, idle, impertinent thing called business." Unavoidable vexations only served to emphasise the generally comfortable aspect of affairs. The Duchess of Cleveland was found to be with child by Mulgrave. Louise de Kéroual had requested Charles, for sufficient reasons, to discontinue his visits for a time, and Danby had refused to pass a gift of £10,000 to her. Charles had heard that when Parliament met, "one of the bears intended to be brought to the stake at the great baiting" was "his beautiful paramour, his Grace of Lauderdale". Worst of all, "Signor Scaramuchio and his band have begged his Majesty's leave to returne, their affaires requiring their presence att home". This last anxiety—which after all proved groundless—was forgotten in the great preparations at the Duke's

house for an opera; "they will have dancers out of France, and St. André comes over with them, who is to have a pension of the King".

One matter of State was hurriedly concluded during the recess, in order that it might be beyond recall when Parliament next met. Ever since the death of Anne Hyde in 1670, James had been looking for a second wife. His choice at length lay between Maria, sister of the Duke of Modena, and daughter of Mazarin's niece, Laura Martinozzi, and her aunt Leonora, fifteen years older. So doubtful was it which would be chosen that in the instructions to Peterborough, who went as James's proxy, the name was actually left blank, to be filled up by him as circumstances might decide; while each courier from England brought letters which contradicted those last received. The desire of both princesses to become nuns caused delay; and it was not until September 14, 1673, that the urgency of Peterborough, the influence of Louis, the paternal direction of the Pope, and the prospect of aiding in the conversion of England, overcame the scruples of Maria, who had been finally selected. The proxy marriage took place on September 30, but the arrival of the Princess was delayed by illness until November 21. Maria, then only fifteen, had been educated in the strictest seclusion; "so innocently bred that till then she had never heard of such a place as England, nor of such a person as the Duke of York".

The descriptions of her person are as various as the describers. Conway struck the mean between Peterborough's enthusiastic admiration of her charms and Mademoiselle de Montpensier's shrewish description of her as "une grande créature mélancolique, ni belle ni laide, fort maigre, assez jaune," when he wrote: "She hath very good eyes, very good features, and a very good complexion; but she wants the air that should set off all this; and having been bred in a monastery, knows not how to set one foot before another with any gracefulness". She was however by no means uncultured; she was a good Latin scholar, and had studied French as well; and within a year and a half of her marriage she spoke English with ease. She was simple, pure, charitable, and kind. "Her only failing," says that refreshing person Charlotte Elizabeth, in later years, "was her extreme piety."

To Parliament the marriage was intensely unpopular, for Maria's devotion to Catholicism was well known; the King had already been twice addressed to prevent the consummation of the proxy marriage. But all classes shared the jealousy. "Should she arrive to-night (November 5) she would most certainly be martyred, for the common people here, and even those of quallyty in the country, believe she is the Pope's eldest daughter!" No congratulations were offered by the courtiers to the Duke; libellous songs were

published about the innocent girl, though "it was hoped her sweete carriage would have abated her enemies"; her mother was openly insulted by "the ladies of the court"; the Lord Mayor refrained from paying a civic visit of compliment, "nor would the City be brought to make bonfires". The people, we read, "still on all occasions expresse their aversion to this match". She had other lessons to learn. Before she had been two months married, her husband had already "made his visits to Mrs. Churchill". We hear however that she improved rapidly in looks and bearing after a few months, and there is no doubt that before very long she had acquired a complete ascendency over James's affections, partly no doubt through the fervour of her religious sympathy. His later devotion may be measured by the fact that when he was at the Spring meeting at Newmarket in 1680 he rode to London and back on successive days merely to spend the evening in her company.

The marriage of James—a marriage known to have been arranged in deference to the personal wishes of Louis—not only opened up the prospect of a long Catholic succession, but expressed in a concrete form the alliance of Charles with France and Catholicism. It was however but one of many causes which accounted for the fighting mood in which Parliament met on October 20, 1673. The open evasion of the Test Act during the recess, and the

'flaunting of Papists' in Whitehall; the 'dark hovering' of the army at Blackheath, commanded by a foreigner and largely officered by Catholics; the fever pitch to which the national jealousy against the French had been aroused by the belief, which was sedulously encouraged by Rupert, 'angry and rageing,' and by every captain and sailor who came back from the war, that the backwardness of the French squadrons had been due to the desire of Louis to see the two great naval powers destroy one another's strength; the demand of Louis that Catholic churches should be established in the conquered Dutch towns: all these things led to a rising tide of passion against which the 'ratting' of a few leading members of the old opposition availed but little. When it appeared farther that £400,000 had been given away since the last session, of which the Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth had had the greater share, it is not surprising to read that the most influential members of the Country party rose in succession to urge a refusal of supplies until grievances were redressed. "Here is money asked of us to carry on a war we were never advised about: and what we have given is turned to raising of families, and not to paying the King's debts." The member who declared that the army had not been raised for the war, but the war made for raising an army, was nearer to the truth than he probably knew. In the end, "Sir William Coventry came with

his subtile allay to make the vote pass in these words: not to graunt any supply till the 18 moneths tax were expired, unless the obstinacy of the Hollanders should make it necessary; and this at last we were glad to swallow". Passing then to 'evil counsellors,' they had just uttered Lauderdale's name when they were prorogued until January 7, 1674. Even at that date it was understood that "if the King of France furnishes our King with a million of our money besides our salary, then Parliament will not meet".

The Commons were not without scandals of their own, which vividly illustrated the laxity of public morals. The Speaker, Edward Seymour, was violently attacked. "Sir Thomas Littleton began the assault . . .; Will Harbord seconded it, and accused him of gaming and playing great summes of the publicke money, as appeared by the markes of the bags. And, to make up the matter, at night a meane whore brought a bastard to his doore and charged it upon him, which drew 500 people about his house to learn the matter."

Charles was forced by his necessities to let the Houses assemble on January 7, the appointed day. And this time he did not hesitate to meet them with a gross and deliberate lie. To remove their suspicions, he said, he would lay his treaties with France in their completeness before a small committee of both Houses; and he added, "I assure you there is no

other treaty with France, either before or since, which shall not be made known". The treaty which he showed was however the *second* treaty of Dover, the *Traité simulé*, which had been executed afresh in February, 1672, in order that Parliament might be the better deceived. The real treaty of June 1, 1670, the *Traité de Madame*, with the damning article which provided for the announcement of the King's conversion and the subsidy of Louis for that purpose, remained in darkness until unearthed by Dalrymple more than a century later. We are almost disappointed with Charles when we find him betraying embarrassment, though the presence of Arlington, who knew of the real treaty, is some explanation. "I beseech your Excellency"—wrote Conway to Essex—"to consider the last part of the King's speech. It was the consultation of many days and nights that produced it. He fumbled in delivering it, and made it worse than in the print: yet there you may observe 'tis incoherent, and all this is for feare of the Duke of Yorke."

The fraud availed little. The Houses went steadily on with the work which had been interrupted by the prorogation; and they were now under guidance which rendered them doubly formidable. Shaftesbury had during the recess been dismissed; and, as Colbert remarked, "a discarded minister who is very ill-conditioned and clever, left perfectly free to act and speak, seems to me much to be feared in this

country". Since the cancelling of the Declaration, Shaftesbury's sympathies had never been with the Court. He had already been in close communication with William of Orange. He now did credit to Colbert's remark by organising a regular opposition in the Lords, the members of which—Halifax, Hollis, and Buckingham being the most influential—met frequently at Hollis's house to arrange the plan of attack. The downfall of Danby and the prevention of the evils of a Catholic succession were their immediate objects.

In the Commons, 'evil counsellors' once more formed the theme. Lauderdale, Buckingham, and Arlington were severally attacked, but on very different grounds. Lauderdale, "a man so unprincipled and so arbitrary," was practically master of an army of 22,000 men; and he had been heard to say in Council—"Your Majesty's edicts ought to be obeyed; for your Majesty's edicts are equal with the laws, and ought to be observed in the first place". Aware of the impending blow he had gone to Scotland with a pardon which covered all his offences; and there he received letters from both Charles and James assuring him of safety and of their personal affection.

The reply of Charles to the address which was carried against Lauderdale is not on record; it probably was the same as to that against Buckingham: "That he would take it into his consideration".

The attack upon Buckingham was virtually upon other than political matters, although they figured in the accusation. He had succeeded—incredible as it may appear—in outraging the public moral sense. "The House of Lords were entertained with a petition against the Duke of Buckingham and my Lady Shrewsbury, setting forth the killing of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, their open and scandalous way of living together, and the public enterment of their bastard child in Westminster as Earl of Coventry;" and in the Commons even more heinous crimes were laid to his charge. Upon the political matters Buckingham defended himself with characteristic impudence; he threw all the blame upon Arlington, whom he still longed to ruin, and, with obvious reference to Charles and James, asserted that "Hunting was a good diversion, but if a man would hunt with a brace of lobsters, he would have but ill sport". In anticipation of this attack he had "soe personally courted all the members in towne, the debauchees by drinking with them, the sober by grave and serious discourses, the pious by receiving the sacrament at Westminster," that he believed himself safe. He was twice at church on Christmas Day and received the sacrament; a fact from which knowing people like Titus were sure that Parliament would meet as arranged, since he would never have taken the trouble to do this except to conciliate opinion. To the Lords he later "made a very

submissive recantation, acknowledging the miserable and lewd life he had led; and although it was a very heavy burden to lye under the displeasure of the House and the sense of his transgressions, yett he hath reason to give God thanks for it, since it had opened his eyes and discovered to him the foulness of his past life, which he was resolved for the future to amend". He had previously "become a greate converte, and to give a public testimonye of it he went with his own lady to St. Martin's to church in the afternoon on Sunday last". He had not indeed left all to the chances of the Lords relenting on the merits of the case, or to their appreciation of his penitence. "In the meantime his Grace and my Lord Shaftesbury are reconciled, and both labour hard to get him fairly quitt of my Lady Shrewsbury's businesse." Shaftesbury was never very scrupulous as to the recruits he obtained to help in political schemes.

Having disposed of Buckingham and Lauderdale, the Commons next turned upon Arlington, as the great 'conduit pipe' of all the previous misdoings of the government. His defence however was so able, his friends so numerous and earnest, and the credit which he had gained from the knowledge that he was supporting Monmouth against James so great, that he secured a majority.

It was at this point that Charles announced that terms had been offered him by the Dutch which he

could accept, and expressed his confident expectation of a generous supply. He trusted that, "having cast this bone before Parliament," he should now find them compliant. He found, instead, that "those who thought the French allyance a grievance doe now think a peace, nay, a seperat peace, to be the greater grievance". Not a farthing would the Commons give, since "feare of the Duke makes them every day fetter the Crowne"; and it was evident that distrust had gone so far that it was hopeless to expect any change of temper for the present. To obtain immediate relief from annoyance Charles again used the constitutional weapon of prerogative with telling effect. "I never saw such consternation as was among the members of both Houses; every man amazed and reproaching one another that they had sat so long upon eggs and could hatch nothing." A fear of the King's personal vengeance was added to the disappointment of the Country party. It caused "many of the guilty commons . . . who had bespoken a large dinner for that day at the Swan Tavern in King Street, to leave their provisions to Mr. Dod and his wife, and to haste away (some by coach, some by water) into the City, suspecting themselves insecure in the suburbs".

Louis remained Charles's only source of funds. That monarch had been forced to relinquish his enterprise against the Republic without having wrung from her a single concession; but he was now facing the

formidable coalition arrayed against him with splendid success.

To gratify him Charles coldly declined the offer of a second visit from William. He went still farther. In spite of the anger caused by the last prorogation, he determined on a fourth. To eliminate as far as possible all sources of embarrassment, he had forced Arlington—who knew too much—to sell his Secretaryship to Sir Joseph Williamson; while Buckingham had been thrown over on the ground of the late vote of the Commons, although soon restored to favour by "Nelly, Middlesex, Rochester, and the merry gang". Concealing his intentions even from Danby to the last moment, Charles announced to his silent and astounded Council that Parliament would not meet for business until April, 1675. For this he received from Louis 500,000 crowns.

Meanwhile it occurred to him that he might retain the friendship of both Louis and William by inducing the Prince to accept the French monarch's terms, and by reviving at the same time the scheme of marrying him to Mary, the eldest daughter of James. But peace was found impossible upon William's conditions; and as for the marriage, it was this time William's turn for declining the offer. Another child was about to be born to James, and, if this were a boy, the eventual advantages to William of such a marriage would be slight; while he was urged by his friends in England

to avoid an association with the Duke which must weaken his connection with them. It was probably this rejection at William's hands which accounted for the extreme ill-humour displayed by Charles at the time. His bewilderment is forcibly shown in his being closeted for hours at a time in the morning with Arlington, and in the afternoon of the same day with James, Danby, and Lauderdale, by whom Arlington, as Monmouth's adherent, was bitterly hated.

In this dubious state of affairs the approaching meeting of Parliament excited the attention of all Europe, for upon its success or failure to force Charles to an anti-French policy would probably depend the issue of that year's campaign. For a while it was doubtful whether it would meet at all, for Louis had promised Charles another subsidy for dissolution or a year's delay, and "King says, He had rather be a poore King than no King". But here Danby had his way. He was sincerely opposed to the influence of France. He had shaped a bold policy of his own, which might checkmate Shaftesbury and Arlington—a return, namely, to the ideas of Clarendon, a cordial union of Royalism and Anglicanism against all forms of Nonconformity and limitation of the constitutional prerogative. He had induced Charles to make a complete change of front by publishing a fresh body of edicts framed in conference with the bishops at

Lambeth, enforcing the penal laws; and by profuse bribery he had bought up the votes of so many members of the Commons that he was sanguine of a large supply. Clifford, the first systematic briber, had proceeded on the principle of corrupting the influential men; Danby found that the same money would purchase a larger number of votes, if spent on the more obscure members; and at least two hundred of these had good reasons for supporting the Government. "You were not against me to-day," said Charles to one of these. "No, Sir, I was against my conscience to day," was the reply.

Charles yielded to Danby's insistence. The only promise he would give Louis was to dissolve Parliament should it prove too aggressive. Louis in turn fell back upon bribery of the Commons; and it was now that Parliament justly earned the name of 'Pensionary'. English, French, Spanish, and Dutch money jingled in the same pockets. Ruvigny had £10,000 for direct bribery, with a large sum for a lavish table. "C'est un sale trafic," was his disgusted comment. The Spanish ambassador came with full hands. Van Beuninghen took a house in Westminster, and exercised splendid hospitality in William's interests; and the Danish resident had a grant from the Republic for the same object. The Shaftesbury opposition was equally ready. Their leader, following the modern practice, had sounded the immediate note of attack in

a letter to Lord Carlisle: Danby was to be overthrown, and a dissolution forced upon the King.

Danby had meanwhile been trying to put the finances into a decent condition. "When these were searcht into, it appeared that every year since the King came in he had exceeded his constant revenue by a million of money, except one year that it was but halfe so much." Danby insisted that the Fleet should be paid off, and that all salaries and pensions should meanwhile be stopped. The clamour that arose among the pensioners might have driven even a bolder man to pause. The scare of a fresh Stop of the Exchequer caused a rush upon the bankers, and destroyed all credit in the city. "Anglesey swore he knew not how to go to markett; Keeper grumbled as much as any;" and Arlington, who had not then lost the Secretaryship, "took it ill his private intelligence money should not be reckoned upon as an indispensable thing". But Danby had taken care to be safe in one quarter where opposition would have been really serious. The Duchess of Portsmouth had bought a pearl necklace for £8,000 from a merchant, and a pair of diamond pendants for 3,000 guineas from Lady Northumberland; but neither merchant nor peeress would part with their jewels until the price were paid. Between the minister in need of support and the mistress in need of money it was

easy to form the alliance which was suggested by Charles; and thus is explained the sudden coalition between them which so puzzled people at the time. The only condition made by Danby was that the money should be raised in Ireland; and Charles readily agreed to this farther spoliation of the poorer and more helpless country.

Danby's economic measures were soon successful; by September 15, 1674, he had brought the public expense to £10,000 a week below the revenue, "so that probably Parliament will not sitt". He was of course careful to feather his own nest, "laying about him and providing for his family; so that if ever he come to be out with the King his enemies will maul him".

One episode of the understanding between Danby and Louise de Kéroual deserves record, as illustrating the graver anxieties of the King. Louise was anxious to obtain the Dukedom of Richmond for her son, while at the same time the Duchess of Cleveland hoped for that of Grafton for hers. The question of precedence depended of course upon the date of creation; and the very foundations of Charles's peace were shaken in the contest. He weakly proposed to make the creations at the same moment. Louise however was not inclined to compromise. She forced Danby to receive her agent at midnight, as he was in the act of stepping into his carriage for Bath, and her son's

patent was sealed before he set out. The Billingsgate fury of the elder woman may be imagined when she appeared at Danby's office as early as possible next morning, and found herself thus cleverly jockeyed. But even Louise had her troubles. In the spring of 1674 France was deprived of her good offices by an illness of a nature not exactly indicated by the chroniclers; and, pursued by the frank laughter of Nelly Gwyn, she was obliged to visit Tunbridge Wells for a cure. Even there she was not secure from annoyance; for when she haughtily complained that the Marchioness of Worcester, although of inferior rank, had occupied the house which she had wanted, that great dame reminded her that titles gained by prostitution were not yet regarded in England as valid. All that Charles could do to soothe the injured pride of his mistress, he did; he gave her large presents of money and jewelry, sent an escort of guards to bring her in pomp to Windsor, and placed her in the hands of his own physician.

While the situation, political and domestic, had been thus troubled, the Court seethed with personal jealousies and intrigues. "As in sick bodies, so in sick governments, change is desired; King sticks very close to Arlington, who hath a faire game to play; . . . I feare Treasurer will not be able to play his part with any successe." Arlington "had a cruel dispute with Anglesey yesterday, and told him that he was a knave,

which was too true". "Ranelagh and Bridgeman are laying a plot to divide Arlington and Essex;" "Ranelagh is very well with the King, and governs Treasurer absolutely, and I think it is Essex his interest to keep up the dispute and animosity between Ranelagh and Ormond". By May, 1674, "Treasurer is esteemed the great support of the Crowne, Arlington makes his interest amongst the discontented members of the House of Commons, and Duke and Lodderdale are his mortal enemies; Keeper is now as ill with Arlington as any of the rest". An English title was conferred upon Lauderdale in June, in order that he might be qualified for the privilege of being tried as a peer, if the need should arise. Williamson—who was a mere cypher in the Government—the "poor fool," Savile calls him—is "struck in with Treasurer and Lodderdale, or makes them believe so, and that he will abandon Arlington, towards whom the Duke is implacable". He is "a creature of Lodderdale's, as he was before of Clifford". Essex, who was not afraid to say that he did not desire the friendship of the Duchess of Portsmouth or "any of that sort," was safe in his Viceroyalty of Ireland when there was a prospect of Parliament, but at the mercy of men like Orrery and Ranelagh at other times, although the King was severe upon their "dirty tricks". In July "the Duke governs absolutely, and I think my Lord Treasurer and D. of Lodderdale derive all their favour

from his countenance, and will signify no longer than they are subservient to his design".

In September "Duke, Treasurer, Lodderdale govern all"; Williamson, though now Secretary, was kept waiting more than two hours before being admitted to Danby's presence. "Keeper acts fearfully and warily; Lodderdale braggs like a madman." At the end of the month "there is a great feud between York and Monmouth; the whole Court backs Monmouth, and Arlington hath wisely made him head the party, which will give him credit now and in Parliament". In December, "it is wonderful to see how bold Treasurer is in making enemies, depending wholly on his creditt with King, which all people wonder at, he having seen so many effects of King his inconstancy". "If France sinke, Arlington will be too hard for them all. Duke, Treasurer, and Lodderdale are all very busy to persuade King to dissolve this parliament and call another; but King is fearfull." By January 23, 1675, "Duke has given over rayling at Arlington, which makes men think that King will not abandon him to Duke".

In November we have a frank criticism of Charles himself. "Everybody clamers against him extreamly for his difficulty of accesse; and indeed his Buckingham Hours are insufferable and destroy his health." Like master, like man: "On Sunday night last, King being at supper at Treasurer's, Harry Savile, being very drunk, fell so foully on Lord Mulgrave, that

King commanded Savile to be gone out of his presence".

But Danby "hath greater credit with the King than any man ever had," although "in open defiance to the whole Kingdom". Through the influence of Louise de Kéroual, and as one condition of the compact between them, his eldest son, Lord Latimer, was admitted to the bedchamber; "and it's wonderful to see his good fortune in the marriage of his children, and setting his family in order"; while "his lady drives a secret trade of taking bribes for good offices, and not without my lord's knowledge". And over it all was waiting the Nemesis of vice. Four years later Latimer and his wife were both dead from the results of debauchery; while Lord Dunblane, the second son, a mere boy, "was sent to France to be cured of the same disease, in-so-much that their mother passionately wished herself Lady Osborne again, and in the same condition wherein she was in Yorkshire seven years ago".

It was, then, with a frank return to the policy of Clarendon that Charles and Danby met Parliament on April 13, 1675; and the Lambeth edicts were quoted in the King's speech as an earnest of his intention to regard the Church in its double aspect as a Protestant Church opposed to Popery and an established Church opposed to Dissent. But Danby altogether outdid

Clarendon in the bid which was made for Cavalier support. "Among other chimeras, they discoursed of none having any beneficial offices but Cavaliers, or sons of Cavaliers. But, for more pageantry, the old King's statue on horseback, of brass, was brought out to be set up at Charing Cross, but does not yet see the light. The old King's body was to be taken up, to make a perfect resurrection of loyalty, and to be reinterred with great magnificence; but that sleeps."

Before they grappled with business, both Houses, and no one more heartily than Charles himself, gave themselves the luxury of a good laugh over another King's speech which was found scattered about the House of Commons, and which is one of the most precious pieces of contemporary literature. It was ascribed, and with probability, to Andrew Marvel, who was member for Kingston-upon-Hull, the most complete master of prolonged banter that the language owns. It ran thus:—

April ye 13, 1675.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I told you at our last meeting that the winter was the fittest time for business, and in truth I thought it so till my Lord Treasurer assured me that ye Spring is ye fittest time for salads and subsidies. I hope therefore this April will not prove so unnatural as not to afford plenty of both; some of you may perhaps think it dangerous to make me too rich, but do not fear it, I promise you faithfully (whatever you give) I will take care to want; and yet in that you may rely on me, I will never break it although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority. My Lords and Gentlemen, I can bear my own

straights with patience, but My Lord Treasurer doth protest that the revenue as it now stands is too little for us both; one of us must pinch for it, if you do not help us out. I must speak freely to you, I am under incumbrances; for besides my whores in service, my reformado ones lie hard upon me. I have a pretty good estate, I must confess, but, Odd's fish, I have a charge on't. Here is my Lord Treasurer can tell you that all the moneys designed for the Summer's Guards must of necessity be applied for the next year's cradles and swaddling clothes; what then shall we do for ships? I only hint that to you, that's your business, not mine. I know by experience I can live without them; I lived twenty years abroad without ships and was never in better health in my life, but how well you can live without them you had best try. I leave it to yourselves to judge, and therefore only mention it; I do not intend to insist upon that.

There is another thing which I must press more earnestly, which is this; it seems a good part of my revenue will fail in two or three years except you will please to continue it, now I have this to say for it, why did you give me so much except you resolved to give on as fast as I call for it? The nation hates you already for giving so much, I will hate you now if you do not give me more. So that your interest obliges you to stick to me or you will not have a friend left in England. On the other hand, if you continue the revenue as desired, I shall be able to perform those great things for your religion and liberty which I have long had in my thoughts but cannot effect it without this establishment, wherefore look to it, if you do not make me rich enough to undo you it shall be at your doors; for my part I can with a clear conscience say I have done my best and shall leave the rest to my successors. But if I may gain your good opinion, the best way is to acquaint you what I have done to deserve it out of my royal care for your religion and property. For the first my late proclamation is the true picture of my mind. He that cannot (as in a glass) see my zeal for the Church of England doth not deserve any other satisfaction, for I declare him wilful, abominable, and not good. You may perhaps cry, how comes this sudden change? to that I reply in a word, I am a changeling; that I think a full answer, but to convince men yet further that I mean as I say, there are these arguments—1st. I tell you so and you know I never break my word. 2nd. My Lord Treasurer

says so and he never told lies in his life. 3rd. My Lord Lauderdale will undertake for me, and I should be loth by any act of mine to forfeit the credit he has with you. If you desire more instances of my zeal, I have them for you; for example, I have converted all my natural sons from popery, (and I may say without vanity) it was more my work and much more peculiar to me than the getting of them. It would do your hearts good to hear how prettily little George can read already the Psalter; they are all fine children, God bless 'em, and so like me in their understandings. But (as I was saying) I have, to please you, given a pension to your favourite my Ld. Lauderdale; not so much that I thought he wanted it, as I knew you would take it kindly. I have made Carwell a Duchess and married her sister to my Lord Pembroke. I have made Crewe Bishop of Durham. I have at my brother's request sent my Lord Inchiquin to settle the protestant religion at Tangier; and at the first word of my Lady Portsmouth I preferred Prideaux to be Bishop of Chichester. I do not know what factious men would have; but this I am sure of, that none of my predecessors did ever anything like this to gain the goodwill of their subjects. So much for religion.

I must now acquaint you that by my Lord Treasurer's advice I have made a considerable retrenchment on my expenses in candles and charcoal, and do not intend to stick there, but, with your help, to look into the like embezelments of my dripping pans and Kitching Stuff, of which (by ye way) on my conscience neither my Lord Treasurer nor my Lord Lauderdale are guilty; but if you should find them dabbling in that business I tell you plainly I leave them to you, for I would not have the world think I am a man to be cheated.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I would have you believe of me as you always found me; and I do solemnly profess that, whatever you give me, it shall be managed with the same thrift, trust, conduct, and prudence and sincerity, that I have ever practised since my happy restoration.

The session which had been so anxiously anticipated, and so humorously ushered in, disappointed the expectations of both sides. Danby failed completely

in establishing his Cavalier-episcopal system; the opposition failed—though barely—to drive Charles from his positions. Wholesale bribery had practically made the Court and Country parties even; votes were lost or carried by a single voice, and passions were so heated that on one occasion swords were drawn, and but for the promptitude of the Speaker blood would have been shed on the floor of the House. But the objects of the Country party were clearly defined: the recall of the English troops in the French service, the defence of Flanders against Louis, the disbanding the army in England, the suppression of Catholicism, and the refusal to allow men holding office under the Crown to sit in Parliament. The Commons were on guard against France, Popery, and Absolutism, and declined to consider any legislation. Their proceedings were watched with eager anxiety by the foreign ambassadors, who personally waited upon members as they came in and out of the House. So pressed was Charles by his own people, by Spain, and by the Republic, to defend the Low Countries and force Louis to peace, that he declared to Ruvigny that he was like a besieged fortress. In June he once more took the natural way of escape by proroguing Parliament until October.

By that time Louis needed more than ever to secure the neutrality of England. Turenne had been killed and Condé had given up his command; the French armies had suffered disaster after disaster, and their

allies, the Swedes, had been crushingly defeated by the Dutch. The state of France itself was deplorable. The treasury was exhausted; the peasantry were seething with discontent; armed revolt had broken out in Britanny and in Bordeaux. Ruvigny redoubled his efforts to secure a French party. But a French party in the House of Commons he found it impossible to secure; it was clear indeed that the next session would be vehemently anti-French, especially as Danby made no secret of his views. Louis was now well served by the fact that there were two oppositions, the opposition in the Commons—the 'Country party'—and the clique of which Shaftesbury was the leader. The Country party had causes first in view; Shaftesbury had persons. The one wanted, as has been said, to frustrate the designs of France and the Catholics, and to be rid of the fear of military force; the other, while hoping to secure toleration for Protestant Dissent, sought in the first place to overthrow Danby. Louis therefore applied to Shaftesbury and his friends. Their terms were simple. With political immorality which outdid that of Charles himself, they threw over the aspirations of the Country party without hesitation. If Louis would help them to destroy Danby, they would withdraw their opposition to his plans. Shaftesbury was closeted with James; and a coalition was established of Nonconformists, Catholics, and Louis, a retort to Danby's scheme of Cavalier Anglicanism. James

received £20,000 from France for distribution at the end of the session, on the condition that the English troops were not recalled nor any vote passed hostile to France. Louis had tricked both Charles and the Commons by this intrigue, which was carried out in the profoundest secrecy. In the same secrecy he pressed upon Charles, through the potent influence of Louise de Kéroual, the necessity of being free from the control of Parliament; and in September, 1675, by the promise of £100,000 a year, drew from him an engagement to decline William's proposed visit to England, and to dissolve Parliament if it were still violent against France, or if it refused to provide him with money. Thus he was safe on both sides.

Parliament met on October 13, 1675. It gave no supply except to build ships; while Shaftesbury, hopeless of overthrowing Danby so long as the present House of Commons continued, pressed both there and in the Lords for the dissolution which Louis was urging directly on Charles. A Parliament, he said, elected so many years before, no longer represented the people, especially when a large proportion of the members had offices or pensions. He forgot that a still larger number hoped for them. As Danby said long afterwards, they came about him "like so many jackdaws for cheese at the end of every session". There was indeed—we quote Marvel once more—"an handful of salt, a sparkle of soul, that hath hitherto preserved this

gross body from putrefaction, some gentlemen that are constant, invariable, indeed Englishmen"—like Marvel himself. But the handful was growing less, the sparkle dimmer. Shaftesbury was foiled in his principal design; but he succeeded in rendering business impossible by raising the former dispute between the two Houses, and Charles was forced to close the session. None the less he bitterly disappointed Shaftesbury and his friends. It was certain that a new House would consist of men still more opposed to the prerogative. Instead, therefore, of dissolving, he prorogued, "contrarie to the desire of most and the expectation of every man," to February, 1677, an interval of fifteen months. He then with cool audacity demanded his subsidy from Louis, which had been promised for a dissolution only. To Louis, however, English neutrality was the essential point; and that neutrality was safe for those fifteen months if he could keep Charles dependent on him. After a good deal of haggling, and with a clear intimation that he regarded the whole thing as a swindle, he gave way. He was rewarded when, in spite of all that Danby could do, Charles farther agreed, at the very moment when his representatives were supposed to be acting at Nimwegen as impartial mediators in the negotiations for peace, that neither monarch should listen to any proposition from abroad contrary to the other's welfare, or make a treaty with the Dutch or any other State except by mutual consent. Danby utterly refused to sign

the treaty, declaring that his head would not be safe. Even Lauderdale kept aloof. Charles was obliged to write out and sign the document with his own hands. "This he did yesterday morning (February 26, 1676); after which he lighted a wax candle himself, and affixed his seal to his signature, at the same time saying it was only a seal with his cypher, for that a little while since he had lost his seal with his arms, which were engraved on a diamond of King James's grandfather, and which, when the deceased King was on the scaffold, he gave to the Bishop of London to be delivered into his hands."

The interval of political repose thus secured by Charles was occupied by a serious crisis within the domestic circle. For a long while the empire of Louise de Kéroual had been unquestioned. But she was now threatened by no unworthy rival. In January, 1676, Hortense Mancini, Duchess Mazarin, with whom we have met thrice before, was received by Charles and his Court with all the curiosity and admiration due to one whose attractions had excited and whose adventures had scandalised every Court in Europe. Of precocious beauty at fourteen, she had preserved that beauty unimpaired to thirty; and twenty years later she was able to say, "I have never been more beautiful". The Windsor miniature shows the proud Italian beauty, the superb development of

figure, the lustrous eye, "neither blue, nor grey, nor quite black," the rich blood mantling under a skin which needed no rouge, the silken waves of jet-black hair. In default of becoming a Queen she was married to the son of the Marshal de la Meilleraye. This extraordinary man, created Duke Mazarin, allowed his natural abilities to be ruined by a religious mania which turned him into a drivelling monk. He relinquished all his offices and governments, as too worldly in their nature; he mutilated valuable statues and pictures, because they represented the worship of the creature rather than of the Creator. It is difficult to believe that he forbade the farm maidens to milk the cows lest gross thoughts should invade their minds, and that he wished to have the front teeth extracted from his daughters' mouths, that they might not become vain of their own beauty. Such insanity had its natural result. With another girl wife—of like nature and treatment—Hortense broke the bounds of the convent in which her husband had placed her, dressed herself as a man, and fled—not unaccompanied—to Italy. On her return to France her husband again caused her to be confined in a religious house, but Louis XIV. himself insisted on her being set at liberty. For the next three years she lived with the so-called Abbé Réal, one of the most depraved men of the age; and in January, 1676, still in male attire, she reached London, under pretence of visiting Mary of

Modena. The men raved about her beauty; the women were consumed with jealous anxiety. The Duchess of Cleveland gave up the contest at once, and retired to France. Louise de Kéroual stayed at her post, though ill from a miscarriage, neglected for the time by Charles, and conscious of the popular hatred. In April she was again ill, "her sickness increased by discontent at somebody's visiting the Duchess Mazarin at Lady Harvey's house". Nelly, the irrepressible, went into deep mourning, in mocking sorrow for the Frenchwoman's approaching fall. The whole Court rallied to the new adventuress. Arlington and Monmouth hoped to use her against James and Louise; Mary of Modena accorded her the closest intimacy; Charles, though not yet an acknowledged lover, visited her constantly, and himself supplied the increase of her husband's allowance which Louis had refused. Louise now despaired of recovering her lost dominion. On August 6, Courtin described, for his master's amusement, a visit he had just paid her. "Elle m'ouvrit son cœur en présence de deux filles qui sont à elle. Ces deux filles étaient collées contre la muraille, les yeux baissés. La Maîtresse versait un torrent de larmes. Les soupirs et les sanglots coupaient ses paroles. Enfin jamais spectacle ne m'a paru plus triste ni plus touchant." "La scène de la *signora adolorada*," answered Louvois, "a assez diverti sa Majesté."

But, while giving him material for cynical amusement, the matter became politically serious for Louis. The fall of Louise would imply to foreign Courts the weakening of French influence with Charles, and this might have a baneful effect upon his prospects at the Congress of Nimwegen. His representatives there were accordingly instructed that both her health and her credit with Charles were unimpaired; although Charles was at that very time visiting Hortense in the apartments of the Countess of Sussex, his own daughter by the Duchess of Cleveland, and although Courtin himself was emphatic as to the newcomer's supremacy. "If you had only seen her dancing the '*furlane*' to her guitar you would at once have espoused her interests." Charles, he added, saw Louise frequently, but only in public; he spent his leisure far more often with Nelly —a fact which that young lady laughingly quoted to Courtin in support of her demand for a present from Louis. But on the eve of the meeting of Parliament, Courtin's address saved the situation. He secured a formal reconciliation between the two sultanas, while Nelly looked on with unrestrained merriment. Charles, who greatly disliked quarrels among his women, encouraged them to actual amity; Louise gave a dinner to her rival, and appeared with her in the same carriage; and peace reigned in the camp of the concubines.

But, as always, these domestic complications meant

vast expense; and, largely through them, the financial position was again desperate.

Louis was not in a condition to give more than he had bargained for. So strained was French finance that he was himself forced to borrow at ten per cent. interest. But he regularly paid his quarterly 'salary' to Charles. On February 14, 1677, Courtin wrote: "I received the October quarter. It came very *à propos*—for the King of England wanted money to give to those accustomed to make a noise in order to be better bought." On April 1, he wrote again: "To my knowledge he had distributed all this money to gain the votes he stood in need of; he has so well served the King that he deserves to be assisted in his necessities". And at the end of each quarter, Louis received from Charles the following holograph form of voucher: "J'ay reçu du Roi très chrestien, par les mains de M. Courtin, la somme de cent mille escus, monnoie de France, pour le second quartier qui est escheu le dernier jour de Juin. . . . Fait à Whitehall. . . . Charles R." But these supplies were not enough for Charles's needs. So low had the credit of the Crown sunk, that it was found impossible to raise a loan in London; and it was an obvious necessity that Parliament should meet. Danby promised Charles that if he would but break with France he would have supplies far beyond anything that Louis could offer. But although Louis could not prevent Parliament from

assembling on February 25, 1677, he could afford £80,000 for bribery, and he strengthened his alliance with the Shaftesbury coalition. Courtin was ordered to give Charles no rest; every day—he tells us—he was at Whitehall, and he never left the Court until eleven at night. Berkshire was bribed to create a party in the Lords: Coleman, James's secretary, was bribed; Lauderdale—though he refused bribes, as Arlington had refused them—was secured, as Arlington had been, through his rapacious wife. All due economy was used in this 'sale trafic'. Very often, Courtin reported, a few dozens of champagne, which were less costly than a money bribe, would command a useful vote.

A blunder of the Shaftesbury party gave Danby a marked advantage at the outset, by which he was enabled, not merely to carry an unconditional vote of £600,000, but also to rid himself of his most powerful foes for a season. "A prorogation without precedent was warranted by an imprisonment without example," that, namely, of Shaftesbury, Buckingham, and Salisbury, for which an excuse had been given by their assertion that Parliament was *ipso facto* dissolved by a prorogation of more than a year. Discussion of grievances also was postponed until some broken windows could be mended; for the early March winds were too much for the most ardent member of the Country party. But when damages had been

repaired, the Commons showed how deeply moved they were by the tidings of the successes of Louis against William and his allies. Both Houses addressed the King to recall the troops serving in the French army. Twice they urged him to declare war against France, with offers of unlimited support. Louis heard from Courtin that the English would give everything for a war with France, "even to their shirts".

As William's position grew ever more desperate, the Commons became more aggressive. Charles had already, as we have seen, made an important concession of principle by showing them the *Traité simulé*, even though he lied in doing it. They now told him that they would give no money for alliances which were not first laid before them for discussion. This was a new departure of a very serious kind. Foreign alliances, and the decision of peace and war, were the choicest flowers of the royal prerogative. The demand implied a violation of the constitution, as it had been understood for centuries, much more marked than that contained in the King's claim to the dispensing power, which had been so bitterly resented. For Charles to have given way would have been to confess himself utterly worsted in the running fight. The speech of angry contempt in which, on May 28, he rejected the demand, and which appears to have thoroughly cowed the House for the moment, is an amplification of his curt answer to Van Beuninghen, the ambassador of the

States, who had spoken of the sympathy shown by Parliament with the Confederates. Tossing his handkerchief into the air, Charles exclaimed, "I care just that for Parliament". In the plainest language he now told the Commons to mind their own business:—

> Could I have been silent I would rather have chosen to do so, than to call to mind things so unfit for you to meddle with as are contained in some parts of your last addresses. . . . You do not content yourselves with desiring me to enter into such leagues as may be for the safety of my Kingdom, but you tell me what sort of leagues they must be, and with whom. Should I suffer this fundamental power of making peace and war to be so far invaded (though but once) as to have the manner and circumstances of leagues prescribed to me by Parliament, it's plain that no Prince or State would any longer believe that the sovereignty of England rests in the Crown; nor could I think myself to signifie any more to foreign princes than the empty sound of a King. Wherefore you may rest assured, that no condition shall make me depart from, or lessen so essential a part of the monarchy.

He emphasised this rating, and the little account he took of his listeners, by directing them to adjourn—not to adjourn themselves. Members rose to protest, but the Speaker, without any question put, pronounced the House adjourned, and left the chair. Charles added a parting cut of the whip by ordering his speech to be published in next day's news-book, while the transactions or addresses of the House were not allowed to be printed or even dispersed in a written form. "Thus," says the earnest Marvel in the bitterness of his heart, "were they well rewarded for their itch of perpetual sitting and of acting, the Parliament being grown to

that height of contempt, as to be gazetted among runaway servants, lost dogs, strayed horses, and highway robbers." From May to July, from July to December, from December to April, 1678, "this barn of Commons" was adjourned with a similar contempt of privilege, though Charles did in fact, for reasons now to be related, summon them to meet in January. "In this manner they were kickt from adjournment to adjournment, as from one stair down to another, and when they were at the bottom kickt up again, having no mind yet *to go out of doors*."

Charles had spoken and acted boldly. But to any one who has become familiar with his methods it has of course been clear that both words and action meant that he had somehow acquired, or that he expected to acquire, the funds which Parliament refused to give. How far he was within his rights by thus meeting an attack upon his prerogative is a question of political casuistry which will be answered less by reason than by feeling. Clifford would have answered it in one way; Andrew Marvel would have answered it in another. As a matter of fact he had only to take another step along the familiar road. So long as Louis was at war, he had, in the existing temper of Parliament, a saleable article, the meeting or the not meeting of Parliament. Negotiations had been in progress ever since February. Haggling worthy of a couple of Jew peddlars went on throughout the spring and summer of

1677, in which Charles kept the whip hand of Louis by adjourning and not proroguing. Danby, to whom the job was thoroughly distasteful, and who drank openly at a public dinner to war with France, proved himself all the more a firm and audacious bargain-driver. Louis pleaded poverty, but in vain; and on August 5 he was obliged to offer 2,000,000 livres for Charles's promise that he would not allow Parliament to meet until the end of April, 1678; and that, in order to discourage William's allies, they should be informed of his intention. The King was thus able to carry on the ordinary expenses of government, which included the satisfying of the women, while Louis gained the prospect of nine months more of freedom from English interference.

The necessary touches of comedy were not wanting. Courtin, who had carried out the negotiation, but who was considered scarcely equal to the part yet to be played, was replaced by that strange figure Paul Barillon d'Amoncourt; but his feelings were carefully considered. He was allowed to ask for his recall on the ground that his health was suffering from the London fogs; and Charles considerately advised him in future always to wear Welsh flannel next his skin.

Barillon's first business was to deal with a little instance of sharp practice worthy of a stockbroker in a very small way. Charles declared that by

2,000,000 livres he meant £200,000, which, at the existing rate of exchange, was higher in value. When Barillon remonstrated—"He immediately interrupted me, and said, 'In the name of God, do not speak of this affair; I am so confused about it, that I cannot bear its being spoken of; go to the Treasurer, and do as you and he shall understand the matter'". Barillon replied that Danby's attitude was a foregone conclusion. Finally, says Barillon, "The King conducted me to the door of the chamber, which he opened himself, and again repeated, 'I am so ashamed that I cannot speak any more to you: Go see the Treasurer, for he has made known to me such large wants that I cannot believe the King my brother will leave me in this embarrassment'". The result was, of course, that Charles and Danby had their way.

Courtin did not overstate the case when he asserted that in all this matter Charles and James stood absolutely alone against the wishes of the whole kingdom. And yet within three months we are startled to find the King taking a fresh step in which he had the sympathies of the nation at his back, and which, practically, if not verbally, cut right athwart his engagements to Louis. Well might that monarch remark: "L'Angleterre est un État qui ne demeure pas longtemps dans la même assiette". In September, 1677, William of Orange arrived on a visit to Charles at Newmarket, where as usual nothing was ostensibly

talked of but dogs and horses, although both his errand and the answer to be made to him were so perfectly understood that he wrote to the States General announcing the step he was about to take. It was not until he returned with the Court to Westminster, towards the end of October, that he formally asked for the hand of James's eldest daughter Mary, to whose peaceful and domestic disposition Temple had given a strong testimonial. Haste and secrecy were alike necessary if the matter were to be managed without impediment. Danby alone was consulted; and he, with both Charles and James, avoided all reference to it until the last moment. It was of especial importance that Barillon should be kept in ignorance. Wooing there was none; and Barillon was not informed by Charles that the marriage was decided upon until bonfires were blazing in the streets of London in satisfaction at the betrothal, "the greatest expressions of joy which I believe were ever in England, except at the King's restoration"; and on November 5, no time being thus given to Louis for remonstrance, the marriage took place in the strictest privacy. Charles himself performed the last rites; and the short homily which he delivered upon the duties and privileges of married life, as, after drawing the curtain about the bed, he turned to leave the room, may be read in the diary of Edward Lake, the grave young tutor of Mary and her sister Anne.

There can be little doubt that this marriage was the direct work of Danby; and it is one of the many proofs, as it is the strongest, of the remarkable ascendency which that very able minister had acquired over Charles. The advantages of the match were indeed obvious to the King. It would remove from his people, he said to Barillon, their incurable jealousy of his designs in favour of the Catholics, "the rock against which I must guard myself"; while William would now regard the interests of the Crown as his own, and would support them against Shaftesbury and his friends. And it is probable that there was yet another, though unexpressed, reason. We believe that Charles, even now, would far rather have obtained his money from Parliament than from Louis, if only he could have arrived at some acceptable arrangement; that he had by no means given up this hope, and that he was a good deal ashamed, or at least uneasy, at the bargain with Louis. Danby no doubt had his personal object, to strengthen himself against the eager and implacable enemies whom he knew to be straining every nerve for his downfall. But his advice was in entire accord with the principles he had hitherto expressed; and he was assisted by William's clear perception that the close connection with the English royal house must strengthen him against both foreign and domestic trouble, besides giving him a hold upon England's foreign policy in

the future. James was induced to waive his opposition by the belief that the marriage would enable men to look past himself to the Protestant husband of their future Queen, and would thus weaken the objections to his succession; but probably still more by the clear and unreserved expression of Charles's mind. "Odd's-fish," exclaimed the King, with that petulant contempt with which he more than once spoke of his brother, when he heard of possible difficulties on his part, "he *must* consent."

Louis took the news of this virtual breach of faith in the grand manner, and sent his ceremonial compliments with all punctiliousness; but really, although he had dreaded it for years, he felt it "as he would have done the loss of an army"; he never forgave Danby, and speedily, as we shall see, he showed his resentment towards both him and his master in a very practical form.

Nobody seems to have thought much of the feelings of the little princess of fifteen, upon whom were focussed the plans of kings and statesmen, and who was thus suddenly called from childhood into the glare and stress of an alien world. On October 21 she heard of her fate from her father; and while it was "gret joy to all the sety and everybody," "Lady Mary wept all that afternoon and the following day". She had spent a singularly happy childhood with her sister, her governess, and her tutor; the grief of her

father and of her youthful step-mother, to both of whom she was deeply attached, intensified her own; and she wept and would not cease weeping. After the marriage she refused to go to Whitehall; she clung as it were to the protection of her home against the power of the cold and imperious man to whom she had been so unequally mated. Decked out in the jewels he had given her, a ring worth £10,000, a necklace valued at £8,000, and with all her mother's jewels, the child appeared at the play, alone; for her husband was busy. "Within a week the Court began to whisper the Prince's sullenness or clownishness, that he took no notice of the Princess, nor came to see her at St. James's."

But, if he neglected Mary, he did not neglect what to him were at the time more important matters. His business was to bring Charles to his terms. He was not the boy whom his uncle had made drunk for sport eight years ago. He was, as Charles said, "the son of a father and mother whose obstinacy went to extremity, and he like them". Resolute in action, steadfast in distress, calm and clear in political vision, he in turn gauged the weakness of Charles. "Was ever anything," he exclaimed to Temple, with a gesture of surprise and contempt, "so hot, and so cold, as this court of yours? Will the King, that is so often at sea, never learn a word that I shall never forget since my last passage, when, in a great storm,

the captain was all night crying out to the man at the helm, 'Steady, steady, steady!'"

The new influence was at once felt. The wavering resolutions of Charles were shaped by the will of the younger man; and on November 23 conditions of peace were secretly proposed to Louis which would have robbed him, in the very flush of triumph, of that north-eastern frontier which had so long been the object of French statesmen. His answer was a haughty refusal, and the discontinuance of the payments provided for in the last treaty. Charles in turn regarded that treaty as no longer in force, and summoned Parliament for January instead of the end of April. Repenting his haste, Louis once more offered an increased grant to Charles and a large present to Danby, and went half-way to meet the proposed conditions of peace.

Both bribes and offers were refused through Danby's steady conduct; and on January 10, 1678, a treaty was signed at the Hague, embodying William's terms, and, as in the Triple Alliance, binding England and the Republic to compel the assent of both France and Spain. Ostend was handed over to Charles provisionally as a place of arms on the Continent. The King put 12,000 men in readiness, ordered the equipment of thirty ships, and at last recalled his troops from the French service. On February 7, confident of the concurrence of Parliament, he opened the session

with a speech which meant war with France, and he demanded supplies for ninety ships and 40,000 men. But the Shaftesbury opposition utterly distrusted the honesty of Charles's purpose. The marriage, as being Danby's work, was regarded by them with suspicion; and they affected to believe that this warlike language was once more assumed only to induce Parliament to give the King an army, which he would straightway use to secure despotic power. To overthrow Danby and to secure liberty of conscience for Protestant Dissent at home, were, as before, their main objects, and for these they were again ready to render Louis free of all interference from Charles. In fact, since Danby joined William, they joined Louis. Unable to oppose openly the war policy which had the ready assent of the bulk of the Country party, they determined to insist upon conditions of peace so onerous that Louis would be justified in continuing the struggle against the coalition, and at the same time to render Charles powerless to join that coalition. In the first part of their plan they succeeded. But farther than this they could not make head against Danby's pensioners and the moderate men. By a large majority the men and the ships were voted to support the alliance with the Dutch, and on February 18 a resolution was agreed upon to raise £1,000,000 'to enable his Majesty to enter into an actual war with the French King'. But Louis was less than ever disposed to yield, for he

had struck another unexpected blow. He had determined to extort peace, as De Witt had extorted it by the Chatham exploit. During March, by rapid and skilful movements, he made himself master of Ypres and of the great city of Ghent. The effect upon public feeling in England was such that Charles, to keep his people within bounds, was obliged to send troops to Ostend. But once more, now that William was no longer by his side, his habit of looking to France rendered straightforwardness impossible. He privately assured Barillon that he had no desire for war, and that he would do all in his power to avoid it. He was indeed in a pitiable state of perplexity. Afraid of the popular outcry, but unwilling to commit himself to final measures, he went on with his vain attempts to find a compromise satisfactory both to Louis and to William. His difficulties were increased by the current of popular feeling in the United Provinces. There also the union of William with the English royal family was looked upon with keen suspicion, which was increased by the discovery of a secret article in the treaty of January, binding Charles and the States-General to assist each other against their rebellious subjects—a discovery which prevented its ratification.

Upon the people of the Republic, therefore, the capture of Ghent and Ypres had the effect which Louis had intended. Now that their own independence was beyond question, and that he declared himself willing

to satisfy one of their essential demands by abandoning to Spain a strong barrier for her Low Countries, the Dutch merchants thought only of their other great interest, commerce, which through England's freedom from war was every day passing into her hands; and they clamoured for peace.

Against them were Temple and William, who were supported by the whole body of the Dutch nobility, and who were so successful that all that the peace party could do was to secure from Louis the offer of a truce of three months, with a removal of commercial restrictions. Charles saw in this a welcome excuse for withdrawing from his forced connection with the Republic. He laid the matter before Parliament (April 29) in a tone of anger that such a step should have been taken without his consent, and requested its advice. After several days of eager debate, a resolution of the most uncompromising adherence to a war policy was carried by a narrow majority. To this vote, so different from what he desired, Charles made no reply. But he warned the Commons that unless a supply were speedily given him he should be forced to lay up his ships and disband his troops—the very step to which the Shaftesbury party, in fulfilment of their pledges to Louis, were now bent upon driving him.

The message raised a tempest in the House. And the belief expressed by Colonel Birch that the whole

matter was "a work of darkness," was fully justified. Charles had been again in secret negotiation with Louis, and, after the customary haggling, had agreed that he would do his best to secure peace on terms favourable to Louis within two months; that, if unsuccessful, he would remain neutral and would recall and disband his troops, except 3,000 to be left in Ostend, and that he would prorogue Parliament for four months. For these services he was to receive a subsidy of £240,000 a year for three years. This compact was drawn up and signed by Charles alone, for Danby once more refused to imperil his safety by adding his name.

The suspicions of the Commons again tended to reduce Charles to the powerlessness which Louis desired. On the very day of the compact, May 27, they demanded either immediate war with France, or immediate disbanding; and they provided money for the latter purpose. They gave him also an additional supply for other uses, tacking the bill to raise funds for disbanding on to that for the supply, so that they must both fall or pass together. Charles, having passed the bill, prorogued the Parliament, July 15. He found however an excuse more than sufficient in his eyes for ignoring the engagement to disband; for the whole aspect of affairs abroad, and with it his intentions, had again undergone a complete change.

Up to the end of June peace between France, the Dutch, and Spain, had seemed assured; for William himself regarded it as useless to struggle any longer against the cry of the whole commercial class. Only at the last moment an attempt on the part of Louis to evade his terms threatened an immediate renewal of the war on the part of every nation engaged. In a moment the Provinces were in a blaze, and William regained his ascendency. Charles underwent the same revulsion of feeling. He refused to ratify his secret treaty with Louis, or to disband his troops in the Spanish Low Countries, declaring that his people would chase him from his kingdom if France were suffered to extend her conquests. He sent off Temple once more (July 6) in haste to make a strict alliance with the Republic; and on July 26 a treaty was framed which bound the Dutch to continue the struggle, and England to declare war, if Louis did not withdraw his pretensions by August 11.

Only one hour before the moment at which negotiations would have ceased—at eleven on the night of August 10, 1678—France and the Republic signed the treaty which removed the most important member from the coalition, and which gave the signal for the general Peace of Nimwegen, bringing temporary repose at last to Europe from the contest brought upon it by the Treaty of Dover.

One country alone, or rather one person, had come

out of the struggle with marked discredit. The position of Charles was contemptible. Peace had been made without his concurrence, and at last against his wishes. He had lived by chicanery, and his chicanery had ended in complete discomfiture. Louis now, neither needing nor fearing him, met his appeal for part at least of the money he claimed with a contemptuous refusal. In December, 1678, the Lords joined the Commons in again insisting on immediate disbanding, a demand which he could no longer find an excuse for evading; and from that moment, baffled in diplomacy and crippled for war, he had no effective voice in Continental affairs.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE POPISH TERROR AND THE TRIUMPH OF THE COURT.

THE ENGLISH NATION ARE A SOBER PEOPLE. Such had been the judgment of Charles I. after seven years of conflict with them, and when he foresaw his fate at their hands. He would have been obliged to take back his words had he seen this same people after nearly thirty years of peace.

The national outbreak of hysteria which will probably ever retain the name of the 'Popish Plot,' but which should more properly be called the Popish 'Terror,' is a chapter in our history of which we can still be ashamed. And assuredly it is one which all apologists for Charles II. would willingly forget.

In the course of our narrative we have met with many incidents since the betrayal of Montrose, which, deplorable as they have seemed, have not actually placed Charles outside the pale of personal honour. That he should choose to trick rather than to lead his people; that he should lightly accept the savage acts of oppression by which the Church signalised her triumph, merely to obtain money which he might

pour into the women's laps; that ships should rot, and sailors mutiny, and the country suffer one disgrace after another for the same shameful cause; that Clarendon should fall before the hate of the prostitute and the mimicry of the buffoon; that Ireland should be forced to give of her poverty to furnish the brothels of Whitehall; that Scotland should be handed over, first to the rapacity of drunken soldiers of fortune and beggared nobles, and the spite of a knavish priest, and then to the ambition of a brutal favourite and the greed of his wicked wife: all these things and many like them have been palliated with varying degrees of failure. But we question whether there is any one who would care to put his name to an attempt to excuse or to palliate the course of personal dishonour and shame which Charles now followed out.

For the outbreak of the 'Terror'—for its possibility in a 'sober nation'—Charles and the Anglican Church must share the blame. The resolve of the Church to rebuild herself upon the destruction of the rival temples is intelligible enough. The desire of Charles to prevent the Church from becoming his master, to redeem his promises to the Catholics, and with this object to maintain Protestant Dissent in a state of tolerable comfort, surely does not call for blame. It was when the supremacy of the Church was assured, and when at the same time the belief had become fixed that Charles was a friend of 'the

last and impudentest attempt upon the credulity of mankind,' that the rancour of the one and the flippancy of the other began to prepare the way for the scenes of madness at which we are arrived. Charles had two courses before him: he might have surrendered to the Church, openly and frankly, with whatever reluctance, however strongly expressed, and thus have created a confidence which in time would have begotten indulgence at her hands to the Dissenters. He might have refused her terms and taken the consequences. The first would have been painful to his self-esteem; the second would have been perilous, but kingly, and—we believe—successful. He chose instead a course which united and, by union, doubled the evils of both; but, by dint of extreme baseness, he secured that the calamity should fall solely upon those whom he betrayed. He was like an unskilful driver who first jerks the reins of a spirited horse to check him, and again lets him take his own pace, until, rendered nervous by this alternate caprice, the beast is ready to shy and plunge and stretch into a mad gallop at the sight of a figure by the road-side or a waving bush. By surrender to Parliament during the session, and evasion of his surrender during recess; by acceding to savage laws against the Catholics, while he welcomed them at Whitehall and gave them commissions in his regiments; by his alternate alliances, first with the Pro-

testant Republic against the aggressions of Catholic France, and then with France against the Republic; by his Popish mistresses, his Popish Queen, his Popish heir—himself nominally Protestant King of a Protestant country; and most of all by the atmosphere of secrecy and intrigue in which he concealed both the inception and the performance of his designs, Charles had wrought this 'sober nation' into a state of nervous irritation in which they were ready to lose all self-control, and all sense of proportion and fact, at the sudden occurrence of any fresh cause for alarm, however trivial or manifestly absurd. That cause came in the autumn of 1678, when Titus Oates, the wickedest man in English history—with the one exception of Jeffreys—gave, first to Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey in September, next to the Privy Council, and lastly to Parliament, in October, his earliest bundle of lies.

The worst and the most natural effect of the Conventicle Acts and the other persecuting measures of the reign had been the growth and the recognition of the infamous trade of 'informer'; and of this pestilent brood, though he had many forerunners, and was to have many imitators and comrades, Oates was the worst. But with the story of his vileness and of the progress of the Terror we cannot deal here. Our concern is to see in what manner it was used by those who saw political advantage to be secured from it; and, chiefly, with the conduct of Charles himself.

The only tangible piece of evidence was a bundle of letters in the possession of Coleman, the Duke of York's secretary. They contained the expression of the desire of the more ardent Catholics to do a little of what Charles actually had done, to obtain French help to govern without Parliament and secure toleration; and they stated that James wished to owe the crown to the help of France, Spain, and the Pope, and then to show favour to the Catholics. For this Coleman died, the first victim to the Terror; and there are few more piteous expressions than his, when, urged to make disclosures to save himself, he said that "he knew there was enough already known to take away his life, and he did not know enough to save it".

Apart from this, the case is not overstated by James. "Such in fine was the prepossession of all ranks of people in favour of the Plot, that the highest improbabilities, the absurdest contradictions, the most apparent falsities, the asseverations of dying men, the infamy and manifest perjury of the witnesses, made not the least impression in behalf of the accused, either upon Parliament, Judge, or Jury." And sight should never be lost of this fact, that among all who died, from Lord Strafford and Archbishop Plunket down to the lowliest priest or secretary, not one, even in the presence of immediate death, or under any inducement, admitted his guilt. The instances from the State

Trials of the truth of James's words are too numerous and too familiar for quotation. But the following is less likely to be known, and might, we feel, have come straight from the hand that wrote *Peveril of the Peak*. When Thomas Bruce landed from France at Hastings, "The Mayor, with a grave countenance, told me there was sad news. 'Lord, is the King dead?' He made slight of that in comparison to what he told me, that the Lord Castlemaine and Sir G. Wakeman were acquitted. I replied, 'No doubt they were not guilty'. 'O, my Lord,' replied he, 'if they had not been guilty they never would have had their trial.'"

There is nothing to show that any leading politician was concerned in the actual inception of Oates's villainy. But no sooner was the game on foot, and the scent hot, than all looked to see how they might utilise the frenzy of the chase for their own ends. Danby thought he found in it a false trail which might serve to lead his adversaries off their pursuit of himself; and having induced the King—who would gladly have kept things quiet—not to put off his usual autumn Newmarket meeting, he took care that the hounds should be in full cry before his return. But he had miscalculated both the ability and the unscrupulousness of his enemies: "The Earl of Danby thought that he could serve himself of this plot of Oates, and accordingly endeavoured at it; but it is plain that he had no command of the engine; and instead of his sharing the popularity

of nursing it, he found himself so intrigued that it was like a wolf by the ears; he could neither hold it nor let it go; and for certain it bit him at last; just as when a barbarous mastiff attacks a man, he cries, poor cur, and is pulled down at last. So the Earl's favour did but give strength to the creature to worry him. Herein he failed—(1) in joining to aid a design of which he did not know the bottom; (2) in thinking that a Lord Treasurer that had enriched himself and his family could ever be popular."

That Shaftesbury had an interest in fathering the Plot is obvious. No more convenient weapon could have been put into his hands for the destruction of Danby and for getting rid of James and the Catholic succession. The cry of exclusion followed naturally upon that of the 'Plot,' and Shaftesbury soon went far ahead of Danby in his parental care. His exclamation "Let the Treasurer cry never so loud against Popery, and think to put himself at the head of the Plot, . . . I will cry a note louder," rests, we believe, on the authority of James alone; and we may give what credit we will to the statement that he was heard to say, "The more nonsensical the better; if we cannot bring them to swallow worse nonsense than that, we shall never do any good with them". But the authority cannot be rejected which tells us that Shaftesbury made it his business to procure the evidence of informers and to hound them on, by what-

ever means of threats or bribery; and Bishop Prideaux had good reason to say two years later: "I mightily suspect that old knave hath been guilty of many subornations in the management of the Popish Plot". Charles himself complained with great scorn of the imputation of suborning witnesses. "He did not wonder that the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was so guilty of those practices, should fasten them on others; and he used upon that a Scotch proverb very pleasantly"—a proverb quite in the royal manner, for which Burnet's text may be consulted.

It is deplorable enough that unscrupulous men like Shaftesbury and Danby should have hoped to find their account in what they knew without question to be murder. It is even sadder that men incapable of dishonour, like Russell, believing "that Popery is, and was, breaking in upon us like a flood," should have lent a helping hand to the wickedness; and that, without apparently themselves investigating the truth or the untruth of the allegations, statesmen like Halifax should have allowed the possible dangers of the future to warp their minds so far from the paths of ordinary rectitude as to declare that "the Plot must be handled as if it were true," and that "the notoriety of the fact, as our lawyers have it, is evidence enough of the Plot".

Had the rule of Charles been such as to foster honour in statesmen, such infamy could not have been. He was responsible for the possibility of the conduct

of Danby and Shaftesbury, as he was responsible for the possibility of the Terror. It is true that he disliked the agitation, and would gladly, as we have said, have kept it quiet. He was extremely angry when on his return from Newmarket he found what Danby had done. And when he opened Parliament on October 21, and was forced to say something, he merely remarked: "I have been informed of a design against my person by the Jesuits, of which I shall forbear any opinions lest I may seem to say too much or too little, but will leave the matter to the law". But from that point his action can excite nothing but disgust. It is in the first place absolutely certain that he never for one moment gave credit to the evidence of Oates and his associates. Thomas Bruce, who was in his intimate confidence, says: "The good King, that had a penetrating judgment, never believed one word of all their Plot, but dissembled it, and some thinks too much". On October 23 he told Reresby "he did think it some artifice, and did not believe one word of the Plot". And yet, three days later, he gave way without a word of remonstrance to the 'desires' of the Commons, which made life a burden to all Catholics. He did not even endeavour, after the fashion of the Commons, to convince himself, or stifle his own conscience, by asseverations such as that of November 1, when they voted that "There hath been, and still is, a damnable and hellish Plot, contrived and carried out by popish

recusants, for the assassination and murdering of the King, and for subverting and rooting out and destroying the Protestant religion". On the contrary, on November 12, when Reresby was with him at the Duchess of Portsmouth's, "he was very free in his discourses concerning the witnesses of the Popish Plot, making it clearly appear that several things which they gave in evidence were not only improbable but impossible"; and on the 21st he again said that "Bedloe was a rogue and had given false evidence". Nor did time alter his opinion. On April 20, 1681, "His discourse was generally of the impossibility of such a thing as the Popish Plot, and the contradictions of which it was framed". Like Bruce himself, he "regarded Oates's testimony no more than the barking of a dog," and he declared without reserve that he believed that the packet of letters produced by him and Tonge had been forged. But he did not confine his opinions to his private friends. He exposed the arch-impostor unmercifully before the Council. Oates had described how Don Juan had, in his presence, subscribed £10,000 to further the assassination plot. Charles asked him what manner of man Don Juan was. "A tall, lean, black man," replied Oates; whereas Charles, who, as we have seen, had been personally concerned with him in Flanders before the Restoration, knew that he was short, fat, and red-haired, and said so. An interview, Oates said, had taken place "in the Jesuit College just

by the Louvre". "Man," said Charles, "the Jesuits have not a college within a mile of the Louvre." And he laughed still more appreciatively when Lord Bellasis was named to him as destined by the conspirators to be the future commander of the Popish army, since that nobleman was crippled with gout.

Charles, then, knew Oates and his fellows to be liars, and did not conceal his knowledge; and yet he permitted him to be lodged in splendour at Whitehall, and gave him a large weekly pension from the privy purse. He knew them to be liars, and yet out of their mouths he allowed men of whose innocence he was assured to go to mutilation and death without speaking the word which would have saved them.

We may well feel baffled before the psychological problem presented at this time by the King. He appears to have had a strange faculty of self-deception. At the moment when he was committing deeds of immeasurable baseness, not a single word escaped him to show that he feared he might be charged with acting any but a worthy part. It would be inconceivable, if it were not certain, that at this very time he confided to one of his courtiers that "he knew he had led a bad life, of which he spoke with some sense; but he was breaking himself of all his faults, and he would never do a base or wicked thing; he looked on falsehood and cruelty as the greatest crimes in the sight of God". He waived all responsibility for what

he recognised to be judicial murder, a sacrifice to the wild beast cry for blood, with a plausibility which would have been impudent if it had been fully conscious. "In all these affairs," he said, "the laws should have their course; and whatever his private opinion was, he should govern himself according to them;" the very laws which he had been endeavouring to evade, administered by a bench which he had corrupted, and from which he knew that justice was not to be had. "I cannot pardon him, because I dare not," was the frequent and unabashed excuse. "Because it is inconvenient," is what Charles meant. There is something very Spanish, curiously like the relations between Philip II. and his grandees, in all this. We have already quoted Bruce on "the good King". How completely Charles had debauched the opinion of his courtiers is shown when Reresby, in like manner, follows up his account of Charles's resolve to leave all to the laws with—"Indeed it was a great happiness to his people to live under so just and gracious a prince". And when an innocent man, who was awaiting the hangman's cord and knife, appealed to the King, Reresby again remarks: "He could not be so ignorant as not to know that at that time it was not in the King's power to pardon him, while the tide went so high".

Only when it affected his wife did Charles show the slightest chivalry in his treatment of the Plot. On

October 29 James wrote to the Prince of Orange: "Yesterday Madame de Mazarin was accused by the same man, and when he will make an end of accusing people, the Lord knows". But Oates then struck at the highest game. On November 24 he denounced the Queen before Secretary Coventry as privy to the design of poisoning the King; on the 28th he repeated the accusation before the King himself in Council, and at the bar of the House of Commons. An address to Charles was carried in the Commons to remove Catherine from his presence and counsels. The Lords refused to agree to it; and against this refusal Shaftesbury and two others, to their disgrace, signed a protest. As late as December 26, 1680, Oates was repeating the audacious charge. That he should be a guest at the table of Gunning, Bishop of Ely, was enough to show at once how far the Church could fall, and what infamous power the wretch had acquired; that he should dare in such society to mouth the lie is still more extraordinary. Fortunately there was also present an honest gentleman, Sir John Reresby; and from him Oates received the check which Gunning was afraid to give. "Nobody daring to contradict him, for fear of being made a party to the Plot, I at last did undertake to do it, and in such a manner that he left the room in some heat."

The accusation of the Queen was probably a device of Shaftesbury to further the design of securing a

divorce. In public the poor woman bore herself bravely enough: "The Queen was brisk, and looks well;" "The Queen shows herself in the Park and is very merry;" such was the account, when there was a cry for sending her to the Tower: "but yesterday, when she was in private, she ceased not weeping, bewailing her condition".

Charles had manhood enough to refuse to be a party to the persecution of his wife. The relations between them had greatly improved with years; a few months previously we hear that "the Queen has become a mistress, the passion her spouse has for her is so great". "They think"—said Charles—"I have a mind to a new wife; but for all that I will not see an innocent woman abused." And Ossory, her chamberlain, whom we have quoted as to her distress, and who was incapable of falsehood, confirms this: "The King carries himself most worthily, showing a detestation of what some thought might be acceptable to him". To Bruce Charles said, in words which it is hard to reconcile with the 'passion' mentioned above, that "she was a weak woman, and had some disagreeable humours; but was not capable of a wicked thing; and considering his own faultiness to her in some things, he thought it a horrid thing to abandon her".

The poor woman actually trusted to him for protection. When Charles was at Newmarket at the

Spring meeting in 1680, "The Queen came hither, pretending she can be nowhere safe but where the King is present to protect her". This, then, is the sum of what can be claimed for Charles, that he would not desert his wife at the bidding of Titus Oates.

While the Country party in the Commons—like yelling hounds—were running blindly on the hot scent of the Plot, and in every hamlet of England men and women were living in vague and senseless terror of outrage, they knew not what, at the hands of the 'bloody Papists,' who numbered at the utmost one in two hundred, the cool huntsmen who hallooed on the pack—Shaftesbury and his friends in the Lords and their correspondents in the Commons—were leading them straight to their quarry. They persuaded Barillon that the two objects—the destruction of Danby, for which he was as anxious as themselves, and the putting aside of James—went necessarily together; and he joined eagerly in the scheme. On Saturday, November 2, 1678, Shaftesbury began the attack. Supported by Halifax, Essex, and Barlow, Bishop of London, he demanded that the King should be requested to dismiss James from the Council. On the following Monday an address to the same effect was moved by Russell in the Commons. "The Duke"—said one member—"has houses in the country and loves fox-hunting. . . . I would have

him retire to some of them, to be out of the influence of these damned Jesuits." But it was reserved for Sacheverell to throw out in the form of a question the pregnant suggestion upon which the conflict turned. He asked "Whether the King and the Parliament may not dispose of the succession?"

And here Charles recovers our respect. He took his line with unwonted clearness of perception, and held it with a constancy of decision foreign to his nature. He told Danby privately that "he would be content to pare the nails of a Popish successor; but that he would not suffer his brother to be taken away from him, nor the right line of the succession interrupted". Translated into official language, this resolve was given to the House of Commons on November 9; and in a little skirmish outside the lines of the main conflict the King showed himself at his best. Finding that Sir Joseph Williamson, the Secretary, had countersigned commissions to Papists, the Commons ordered him to be sent to the Tower. The next day Charles informed them with perfect temper that "Though they have committed his servant without acquainting him, yet he intends to deal more freely with them, and acquaint them with his intentions, to release his Secretary". Turning from this tone of banter to sterner language, he declared, in almost precisely the same words as those used by his father on the like occasion, that with their proposal that part

of the militia should be kept in arms for six weeks—a proposal which would have established a force of 60,000 men over whom he would not have full control—"he would not comply, though but for half an hour". On December 16 he administered a final rebuff. By arrangement between Barillon and the Shaftesbury opposition, and with the eager concurrence of the Country party, the Commons had once more insisted upon the disbanding of the army, and had given a supply for the purpose; a supply which, to mark their distrust of Danby and the King, they had ordered to be lodged, not in the Royal Exchequer, but in the Exchequer of London. A committee was appointed to wait upon Charles with this decision. They had to tell the House on their return that he had sent out word from the House of Lords that he was very busy, and could not see them.

The intrigue by the sudden development of which, as by a bolt from the blue, Danby was now struck down in the plenitude of his power, had two points of special interest. Its success was effected by the first violation of the law of secrecy which constituted the political honour of statesmen, and it was signalised by one of the most dramatic incidents in the history of the House of Commons. Ralph Montagu, who had been our ambassador at Paris, held the originals of letters from Danby, which had been written by the

King's command, and without the knowledge of the Secretaries of State; and he knew that their disclosure would in the present state of feeling place the ruin of the Treasurer beyond doubt. Montagu had his private grievance against Danby, and he was needy. In concert with Shaftesbury and his party, he approached Louis XIV. with an offer to produce these letters to the House of Commons for a sufficient consideration in money. Danby was warned by Reresby, Montagu's cousin, of the impending blow, and resolved to strike first. He obtained a warrant to seize Montagu's papers, and Charles himself informed the Commons of the fact. A heated debate at once arose, to which Montagu listened without interruption until directly appealed to. He then very effectively struck his blow. "I believe," he said to the expectant House, "that the seizing my cabinet and papers was to get into their hands some letters of great consequence, that I have to produce, of the designs of a great Minister of State. That I have to produce." Danby had to deal with craft which more than matched his own. The letters of great consequence had been put safely away in another cabinet entrusted to Montagu's friends. Upon the clamorous demand of the House the cabinet was brought in. It was locked, and the key was in Danby's office. A smith was hurriedly sent for and the lock was forced. Montagu took out some papers and handed them to the Speaker. Amid intense excite-

ment Seymour read to the House two letters, the second of which was dated March 25, 1678, five days after a large supply had been voted to carry on the war. They bade Montagu demand from Louis 6,000,000 livres yearly in case the French conditions of peace were accepted through Charles's efforts. He was not to "mention one syllable of the money to the Secretary". They were both subscribed 'Danby'; and there was added to each—"This letter is writ by my order. C. R."

For Montagu's violation of the only understanding upon which ministerial government could be carried on there was no excuse, and Charles was deeply offended. None the less the scheme was completely successful. A passionate debate ended in a resolution to impeach the Treasurer. On December 21 the articles were voted; and on the 23rd Danby made his defence before the Lords in a speech of striking ability. With regard to the main charge his plea was "that the letter was written by the King's command, upon the subject of peace and war, wherein his Majesty is at all times sole judge, and ought to be obeyed, not only by all ministers of state, but by all subjects". The Secretaries, he said, had in such a case nothing to do with the matter. As to being himself in the French interest, he declared in the King's presence, and declared truly, that he had always done his utmost to persuade him to refrain from any political connection with France.

Nothing could have more clearly defined the relations of ministers to the Crown.

The heated debate which followed in the Lords upon this defence contained the comic element which we have learned to look for in the gravest crises. The Earl of Carnarvon, who had never before spoken in the House, came in drunk—through the kind offices of Buckingham—and under an engagement to speak upon any subject that offered itself. "My Lords"—he said—

> I understand but little of Latin, but a good deal of English and not a little of the English history, from which I have learnt the mischiefs of such kinds of prosecutions as these, and the ill fate of the prosecutors. I could bring many instances, and those very antient: but, my lords, I shall go no further back than the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, at which time the Earl of Essex was run down by Sir Walter Rawleigh. My lord Bacon he run down Sir Walter Rawleigh, and your lordships know what became of my lord Bacon. The Duke of Buckingham he ran down my lord Bacon, and your lordships know what happened to the Duke of Buckingham. Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, ran down the Duke of Buckingham, and you all know what became of him. Sir Harry Vane, he ran down the Earl of Strafford, and your lordships know what became of Sir Harry Vane. Chancellor Hyde, he ran down Sir Harry Vane, and your lordships know what became of the Chancellor. Sir Thomas Osborne, now Earl of Danby, ran down Chancellor Hyde; but what will become of the Earl of Danby, your lordships best can tell. But let me see that man that dare run the Earl of Danby down, and we shall soon see what will become of him.

"The man is inspired"—exclaimed Buckingham—"and claret has done the business." In the end, the Lords, whether moved by this *argumentum ad hominem*

or by graver reasons, refused to accede to the Commons' demand for a committal until they had heard the grounds upon which it was based. The Commons girded themselves to battle with the greatest zest. But once more Charles fell back upon the constitution. He did not intend to give up Danby yet. On December 26 he received the supply for disbanding; on the 30th he prorogued; and on January 24, 1679—declaring that he would not be a mere Doge of Venice—he dissolved the Parliament which had now sat for eighteen years, and which for a long period had ceased to represent the constituencies in any direct way.

The dissolution was a council of desperation. The new elections were fought amid intense excitement, under Shaftesbury's guidance; there was a great circulation of exclusionist literature, and the cost of a seat mounted to a figure hitherto unknown. The result reflected the panic of the country. Charles did not appear to concern himself in the contest, and his friends were consequently "at a stand whether they should pretend or no"; and thus it happened that while in the last House the Court had been able to reckon upon 150 steady votes, with an occasional majority, it could now depend upon no more than twenty or thirty. A large number of the new members were Presbyterians, and it was felt that once more the programme of Clarendon and of Danby was wiped out. One most important aspect of the change was that

from this time the distinction between the Shaftesbury opposition and the Country party disappeared. The term 'Whig' henceforth includes them both. A trifling but suggestive instance of the temper of the country was the omission of "most gracious" before the Queen's name when prayers were read at Oxford.

Before the assembling of the Houses, Charles took one or two measures which he hoped would dull the edge of the attack. An attempt was made *pro formâ* to reconvert James, whose zeal for his creed burned more fiercely than ever under the influence of his confessor and of Mary of Modena, and who told the bishops employed "that he would neither be of their religion nor pretend to be of it". On the eve of the opening of the session he was induced to leave the country: but not before he had received the written order from Charles which he demanded, and the King's declaration, rendered necessary by the growing pretensions of Monmouth, that he had never been married to any one but the Queen. Charles had for some while, as we learn from a manuscript Diary of Sir Edward Dering, had such a declaration ready. He had shown it to Heneage Finch, the Lord Chancellor, on January 12, and Finch asked Dering, who was dining with him on that day, to remember the fact, in case it might at any time be necessary to produce evidence of its existence.

Considering the relations between the brothers,

which varied on Charles's part from boon companionship to contemptuous dislike, the steadfastness of the King to the interests of James is strikingly significant of his purpose. "He hates him perfectly," said Shaftesbury, "and he knows it. Yet he hath the ascendant over him, and by little acts and importunity doth much with him, and seems to govern all." Barillon reported to Louis that Charles, "when he talks freely in wine, shows much bitterness, and even aversion from his brother".

To make the ground still safer, the King began the promised disbandment of the troops, and allowed it to be understood that Danby would remain in office only until next quarter. That even now he either failed to understand the situation, or felt confident of his own strength, was shown by his promotion of the Treasurer to a marquisate. "His friends," wrote a careful observer, referring to Danby, "doe much blame him for drawing by an empty title a greater envy on him."

On March 6, 1679, Charles met his second Parliament with a frank and able speech. He mentioned the various measures by which he had sought to remove any stumbling blocks; and declared that he would defend the Protestant religion and the laws with his life. On their side he trusted to see a disposition to deal with the great concerns of the nation, and not to indulge their private animosities. He himself expected to be defended from calumny and danger. Meanwhile

supplies in no stinted form were absolutely necessary if the Protestant policy at home and abroad was to be maintained. He had, he added, with a careless ignoring of the anger aroused by the step, made Danby a Marquis.

The conflict began with the first formalities of the session. The Commons re-elected Seymour to the chair; Charles rejected him, as a personal foe to Danby. When they remonstrated, he replied, "Gentlemen, all this is but loss of time, and therefore I command you to go back to your House and do as I have commanded you". Matters were equally unpropitious in the Lords. The Lord Chancellor had spoken of the King supporting by his favour the 'creatures of his power,' and Shaftesbury dissected the phrase in Charles's presence. Shaftesbury then moved for an address on Danby's marquisate. Halifax ironically refused to believe in the fact; Shaftesbury, he said, must be the victim of a 'flamm' report; it was impossible that the King could ever be prevailed upon to do an act so ungrateful to his people; but, if it were so, it was not to be borne. This he said looking straight at the King, who, as was his frequent habit, was in the House, standing by the fireplace: for he was wont to say that a debate in the Lords was as amusing as a play. Charles for once was moved beyond his customary placidity. "My God," he exclaimed, "how I am ill-treated, and I must bear it and keep silence."

A few days later he summoned the Commons, and addressed them in words which left no room for doubt. For once he took all responsibility upon himself. The incriminating letters had been written, he said, by his particular order. So far from Danby concealing the Plot, the Treasurer had known no more of it than he himself had chosen to tell him. He had given him a free pardon, and he would, if it were necessary, give it him again ten times over. Nevertheless he intended to relieve him of his office and to forbid him the Court.

The manner in which the pardon was passed was Charles's own. Finch, the Lord Chancellor, related to the House how the King had arranged it so as to free him of all blame: "His Majesty declared he was resolved to pass it with all privacy; and suddenly after commanded the Lord Chancellor to bring the seal from Whitehall; and, being there, he laid it upon the table; thereupon his Majesty commanded the seal to be taken out of the bag, which his Lordship was obliged to submit unto, it not being in his power to hinder it; and the King wrote his name upon the top of the parchment, and then directed to have it sealed; whereupon the person that usually carried the purse affixed the seal to it". Finch himself did not consider that he had custody of the seal while this was done; nor was the pardon entered in any office.

Neither the uncompromising character of Charles's

speech, nor the recital of this State farce, served to turn the Commons from their course. On March 24 they demanded justice upon Danby from the Lords; for they scouted the idea that a pardon could bar an impeachment. Charles was present in the House when the demand arrived. He wrote a hasty note to Danby, warning him to leave his lodgings at once, and sent it by his natural son the Earl of Plymouth, Danby's son-in-law. When the messengers arrived to arrest him, Danby was safe in Whitehall itself. The Lords thereupon passed a bill of banishment against him if he did not appear, but avoided naming the day; the Commons threw it out as too moderate, and sent up a bill of attainder to the Lords, which they passed on April 14, to be effective should he not surrender himself by the 21st. On the 17th Danby gave himself up, and was straightway committed to the Tower, where he remained for five years. "The King seemed not concerned at his parting thus with his brother and his Treasurer, nor what use the Parliament would make of it." Five years later, when Danby was released, Charles received him as though his appearance was an event calling for no special notice. As a matter of fact Danby had remained perfectly accessible to his friends throughout his imprisonment, and there are many indications that Charles was in frequent communication with him as to his own course.

The perfect coolness of the King during the six

frenzied weeks which followed, weeks of what we may call Parliamentary expletives in the shape of votes of excessive violence, extorts our admiration. Once more he bided his time; only interposing now and again in the turmoil of passion. On April 30 he offered 'expedients' of a very drastic character, which would have secured the Protestant religion under a Popish successor, if that Popish successor had been willing to abide by them; but these were at once rejected as "a little gilding to cover a poisonous pill". A fresh address for the removal of Lauderdale was met by the reply that "he would consider of it and return an answer". This attitude served only to increase the hysterical violence of the Commons. On May 9 they declared that any commoner who maintained the validity of Danby's pardon was a betrayer of the liberties of his country; on the 10th, they committed his brother-in-law, Charles Bertie, for unsatisfactory answers as to the expenditure of Secret Service money; on the 11th—a Sunday—they resolved to bring in an exclusion bill; and they passed a vote which offered an alarming prospect, that if the King should come by any violent death—at any one's hands —"they will revenge it to the utmost upon the Papists". The bill for exclusion was read the first time on the 15th, and a second time on the 21st. Charles let it go on without further intervention; and there is no doubt that Shaftesbury expected him to

give way completely to the pressure. He was soon undeceived. On May 23 Reresby was surprised to find the King "so cheerful amongst so many troubles; but it was not his nature to think much or to perplex himself". He had thought more than Reresby imagined. On the 26th he joined the circle of courtiers in the Queen's room. "I have just," he said, "freed myself from the burden which weighed upon me. How they have deceived themselves if they imagined that want of money would force me to extremities. I shall find means to pay the fleet and manage economically; it will be difficult and uncomfortable for me, but I will submit to anything rather than endure the gentlemen of the Commons any longer." On that day he prorogued, and in July he dissolved, a Parliament which had not passed a single act except the Habeas Corpus Act.

Even here the farcical element will obtrude itself. That Act—an Act of incalculable importance—passed its third reading in the Lords because the tellers, in joke, counted one very fat lord as ten.

The disappearance of Danby, and the consequent dislocation of the executive, had led to an experiment of which Temple claimed the credit, though there were others who declared themselves its authors. This was the formation of a new Privy Council of such a character that either it would work with Parliament, or

by its great strength would enable the King to dispense with Parliament. It therefore included the chief leaders of the opposition; and landed wealth—since authority followed land—was a principal qualification. So carefully was this attended to, that the new Council held property in land equal to three quarters of that of the whole House of Commons; Halifax, Sunderland, and Essex possessed together more than the King. There was no longer to be a sole minister, like Danby; no important step was to be taken by the King without the concurrence of the Council; and, in especial—with obvious reference to Barillon—foreign ambassadors were to obtain the consent of the Council before seeking audience with the King.

The new constitution was viewed with very various feelings. While bonfires of joy were lighted in the streets, while the stock of the East India Company rose rapidly, and the Dutch displayed increased confidence, Barillon did not conceal his annoyance. The Commons received the announcement with considerable coolness and suspicion, regarding it as some new 'juggle' of the King; and such of them as had not been included in the Council declared that "Court and Country livery could never be worn together". Charles took the whole matter, and the engagements it implied, with the lightest possible heart. He accepted the list presented to him almost without reservation. His one expressed objection was, as usual, purely personal; it

was only after great solicitation from Temple and others that he consented to the admission of Halifax, for he did not forget the insult in the Lords. But, once there, Halifax soon gained ground with the King, who had the same keen sense of humour as himself. To emphasise his complacency, Charles himself suggested that Shaftesbury should be President. And, as usual, his real views were expressed in private. "God's fish!" he said to Bruce, "they have put a set of men about me, but they shall know nothing, and this keep to yourself." And he noticed the omission of Bruce's father with the remark: "He was to be left out because I do love him". All this did not promise a long life to the new experiment.

From the formation of this Council to the end of the reign the stage is occupied by a number of actors, each of marked individuality, who change places with kaleidoscopic effect. There is Shaftesbury, whose sweeping victory at the polls illustrated anew the commanding influence he had secured in the country, and especially in London, as leader of the Whigs; but who was so blinded by his hatred of Danby and James, by his love of party warfare, by his ambitions and by his immediate popularity, as to imagine that the English people might be brought to suffer a bastard to mount the ancient throne. There was Monmouth himself, with the same personal attractions as Buckingham, but with more than Buckingham's folly, posing as

the champion of Protestantism against his uncle James, whom he confronted with insolence and insult; treated with a doting affection by his putative father; and preparing the way for a direct assertion of heirship by removing the bar-sinister from the arms of his coach and by accepting the title of 'Royal Highness'. There was Halifax, "this great Lord—for indeed, considering all, he was the greatest in parts I ever knew"—sagacious, temperate, philosophic, and cynical, with rare powers of eloquence seldom exercised, who, as soon as he realised Shaftesbury's aim, took his line at once against Monmouth and exclusion; and Essex, honest, able in government and finance, an earnest Protestant, too earnest to cultivate that bantering humour which so smoothed all paths with the King. Of the two last, "no one"—it was said—"can blame them for any one action in their whole lives, except about the Plot". To them must be added the high-souled Russell, informed with an invincible belief in the Papist design; Sunderland, son of a famous mother, a true child of the time, brilliant, unscrupulous, dissolute, an inveterate gambler in politics as at the playing tables; Lawrence Hyde, Clarendon's younger son, subtle and astute; Temple, cultured and doctrinaire; Godolphin, pliant and useful, "never in the way, and never out of it"; Louise de Kéroual, and Barillon.

As each fresh question came up for solution, or each emergency had to be met, or each personal

quarrel to be fought out, all these persons joined or parted—unguided by the King—like birds wheeling in the air.

Thus, Sunderland, Essex, Halifax, and Temple acted together to induce the King to dismiss Lauderdale; but when Shaftesbury was brought in, Temple ceased to attend, and at the same time quarrelled with Halifax on the genuineness of the Plot. Halifax and Shaftesbury, united over the Plot, were hopelessly at issue on the question of Monmouth and exclusion. Bickerings arose between Essex and Shaftesbury over the raising of a troop of guards under Monmouth's command. Halifax, Sunderland, Essex, and Temple advised dissolution, and were opposed by Shaftesbury, Russell, and the rest of the Council. Presently Halifax, Sunderland, and Essex held sway, while Shaftesbury and Temple remained away from their deliberations. Then Sunderland and James joined forces against Shaftesbury, who was dismissed, and who refused to come back, when appealed to by Sunderland himself, on any terms except the divorce of Charles and the exclusion of James. Halifax fell ill; Essex resigned his First Commissionership of the Treasury; Russell and several more of the Country party asked Charles's leave to resign. Then followed the reign of the 'Chits'—Sunderland, Lawrence Hyde, and Godolphin; but before long Sunderland and Louise de Kéroual were seeking an alliance wite

Shaftesbury against James and Hyde. Louise and Barillon supported Monmouth and his friends, and plotted for exclusion, while Charles maintained his brother's cause. Even Nelly Gwyn was brought into the turmoil, in strange association with the grave Essex.

And the explanation is that, except upon personal points, and upon the sanctity of the succession, Charles did not care in the least how matters went among his servants. As for the future, his kingly philosophy led him no farther than it led Louis XV.: "If I can be well so long as I live, I care little what happens afterwards". His ministers and councillors might intrigue and quarrel as they pleased, but he would do what he wanted, provided it was also the easiest thing to do. Halifax and Reresby, and Danby in the Tower, complained of "the unsteadiness of the King's temper, that he hearkened to other counsels at a back door, which made him wavering and slow to resolve"; while in other eyes this back-door influence had its merits, since "it prevented him from being very long in ill hands". The Duchess of Portsmouth "would often make the King break his engagements to others," and his ministers could not be safe under such uncertainties. He would now and then, with that self-deception which was becoming habitual, go out of his way to assure individuals of his constancy. "Do not trouble yourself"—he said to one—"I will stick by

you and my old friends; for, if I do not, I shall have nobody to stick by me." And Francis North related to his brother how "While he was sitting upon the woolsack (as the King thought) pensive, His Majesty came and clapped himself down close by him, and 'My Lord,' said he, 'be of good comfort; I will never forsake my friends as my Father did'; and rose up and went away without saying a word more".

One matter he speedily made clear. The new Council might take itself as seriously as it would. But its members must give up the idea that his conduct was to be shaped either by their wishes, or by his own promises. When Russell denounced Lauderdale after the news of the Bothwell Brig rising, "Sit down, my Lord"—he said—"this is no place for addresses". It was in opposition to almost the whole Council that he dissolved the Parliament on July 10. He had previously prorogued it without asking their advice. Shaftesbury broke out into passionate exclamations of anger, declaring that those who suggested the dissolution deserved to lose their heads and he was supported by Russell. "Gentlemen," said Charles coolly, "it is enough." This temper was reflected in his daily habits. "Little was done all day," writes one of his suite at this very time, "but going a fishing. At night the Duchess of Portsmouth came; in the morning I was with the King at Mrs. Nell's."

Charles's management of the Popish fury was

specially characteristic. He knew that it must spend its strength before long, and go out "like the snuff of a candle"; that, as Burnet noted, "every execution, like a new bleeding, abated the fever that the nation was in". Men of all classes and professions had been done to death, and in not a single case had a confession been forthcoming to whet the appetite for slaughter. Sober men were growing frankly ashamed. "I much fear," wrote Prideaux at the end of July, 1679, "that this business at last will appear very foul, and render us odious and contemptible through all Europe." Charles waited quietly. He knew that the judges, especially Scroggs, the Lord Chief Justice were at his beck and call, and that acquittals would replace convictions whenever he chose to give the word. The moment had come, he thought, when Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, was accused by Oates. Scroggs had the hint, and for the first time the indignant informer found his evidence subjected to judicial criticism. Wakeman was acquitted, and his acquittal was the beginning of the end of the madness. A remark of Lord Howard to Scroggs put the case in the fewest possible words: "If Oates and Bedloe be not to be beleeved in all they say, and if the Queen be not a trayter, our business is at an end". Among the dupes of the 'Terror' this action did indeed for the moment rouse the frenzy to a fiercer flame, which was brought to white heat by

the exposure of the Meal Tub Plot; but Charles allowed a heavy batch of priests to be hanged, and the mob settled down again. With Shaftesbury and his friends the indignation against Scroggs was extreme, especially when he was formally visited by the Portuguese ambassador, who thanked him for saving the Queen's servant; but Charles made him full amends for the baiting he endured. He summoned him to Windsor, and was "very extraordinarily favourable" to him. "They have used me worse"—said Charles—"and I am resolved we will stand and fall together."

The King's treatment of the Lauderdale question illustrates his methods well. Lauderdale's misgovernment of Scotland had produced the revolt of the western Covenanters—which was looked upon at least with sympathy by the English Presbyterians; and the evidence of this was shortly so complete as to make Henry Savile declare: "Surely these accidents will at last cure my Master of his infinite passion for his beautiful paramour of Lauderdale". But when Lauderdale was formally attacked before the Council by the Hamilton party from Scotland, Charles merely remarked that while "many damned things" had been objected against Lauderdale, nothing had been advanced detrimental to his own service.

In August, 1679, an event happened which showed that however coolly Charles might take matters, the

prospect was menacing enough in the eyes of sober onlookers. He was suddenly attacked with an illness which for a few days appeared likely to be fatal. The very cause seems to bring him within touch. "Last Wednesday his Majesty played at tennis, and after that he had been in bed and rubbed, he walked a long time by the water side." A chill and fever ensued. In a moment the possibilities of the future came forcibly before men's minds. The dread of the designs of Shaftesbury and Monmouth is seen in the almost hysterical exclamations which appear in the private letters of the time. Temple felt that anything which should happen to the King was "the end of the world". Algernon Sidney declared that there was "no extremity of disorder to be imagined that the Nation might not probably have fallen into". "Good God," wrote Henry Savile to his brother Halifax, "what a change would such an accident make! The very thought of it frights me out of my wits. God bless you, and deliver us all from such a damnable curse." That all this was not without good ground is shown by Sir Robert Peyton's confession to the Privy Council, that, if the King had died at Windsor, the Monmouth party were prepared for a *coup d'État;* they had arranged to seize the Tower, Dover Castle, and Portsmouth, and to arrest any who should offer to proclaim James.

Under the stress of such anxieties Halifax and

Essex, with Charles's assent, secretly summoned James from Brussels. He reached Windsor on September 2, and was received by the King with the greatest delight and with the most admirably feigned astonishment. But scarcely had he arrived when Charles rallied so far that it was thought well to quiet popular feeling by sending the Duke out of the country again without delay. This time however he was allowed to go to Scotland instead of to Brussels, and even this modified exile was sweetened by the dismissal of Monmouth also. At the same time Monmouth was removed from the Captain-Generalship conferred upon him when he went in Lauderdale's place to suppress the Whigs at Bothwell Brig. James asked for a comprehensive pardon; but Charles remembered the uproar raised in the case of Danby, and refused it.

In spite of all forebodings, and of the loyalty of his subjects, which was so great that it required the united physical efforts of the Privy Council and the gentlemen of the bedchamber to keep back the crowds who pressed into the room, Charles was soon on his feet again. By September 2 he had "exchanged water gruels and potions for mutton and partridges, on which he feeds frequently and heartily"; and on the 28th he scouted the opinion of his physician, and declared himself able to go to the "sweet ayre" of Newmarket. He resumed indeed all his old

habits, for in a month or two he added a fresh mistress to his suite. But he does not seem to have recovered his full health or spirits. In December one of the Verney family wrote: "The girls tells mee the King looks so very ill as it greeved them to see him, and came twice in, but spoke to none but my lord Fevarsome who came in with him, they never saw man have more discontent and disorder in the looks than the King had".

The new elections had not altered the complexion of the Parliament. It should have met in October; but Charles felt himself strong enough to adjourn it until January, 1680, and meanwhile to remove Shaftesbury from the presidentship of the Council. Farther, when Monmouth, the darling of the mob, returned from Holland without leave, Charles refused to see him, dismissed him from his captaincy of the guard and all his remaining posts, and insisted on his leaving London at once. Monmouth, who in addition to other differences had a sordid quarrel with his uncle "over a woman," now openly espoused exclusion; and the situation was more full of dangerous possibilities than ever. To the ordinary onlooker it was "a crazy time everywhere".

The immediate question was whether Charles would permit the Houses to meet in January. The Whig peers made a mistake in tactics when, headed by Rupert and Shaftesbury, they presented a petition

to this effect. The King replied that he would take it into consideration, and that he wished every one was as careful for the peace of the nation as himself. A day or two later he prorogued to November, and issued a proclamation denouncing petitions as illegal. He was thereupon bombarded with petitions from all over the country, which had been prepared in accordance with instructions from Shaftesbury's London office. Charles showed himself perfectly equal to the occasion. His answers were much more effective than his proclamation. "I look on myself"—he said to the petitioners from London and Westminster—"as the head of the government, and mean to do what I think best for myself and my people." "You would not take it well I should meddle with your affairs, and I desire you will not meddle with mine," was all that the Wiltshire deputation had to carry away; while to the Berkshire gentlemen he said, with that peculiar *bonhomie* which was his most powerful defence, "We will argue the matter over a cup of ale when we meet at Windsor, though I wonder my neighbours should meddle with my business". It was quite clear that it was of no use to try to bully Charles. It was equally clear that the petitioners were not the country. From every side came a flood of counter-addresses declaring confidence in the King's wisdom, and abhorrence of the petitioners. The nation was divided between 'Petitioners' and 'Abhorrers'.

The calculations of the Whig leaders were completely upset by the decision shown by Charles, who now felt it safe to call back James to his side. Russell and three other principal Whigs on the Council hereupon asked the King's leave to retire. "With all my heart" was the cool reply. He had become reconciled to Monmouth; but in April he deprived him of all false hopes by publishing the declaration already mentioned, in which he denied in the most solemn manner that he had ever been married to Lucy Walters or to any woman but the Queen.

A month later Charles was again ill, with symptoms which looked like apoplexy. He had shown himself "sullen and intractable," and "lived very privately at this time; there was little resort to him, and he passed his days in fishing or walking in the Park; which indeed he loved more than to be in a crowd or in business". But "he will keep well if he can be kept from fishing when a dog would not be abroad".

Thomas Bruce draws a striking picture of the change which for the time had come over the Court, of its comparative melancholy and solitude. He was, he says, put in mind of some manuscript verses that were going about then:—

> Thus have I seen a King at chess,
> His rooks and knights withdrawn,
> His Queen and Bishops in distress,
> Shifting about, growing less and less,
> With here and there a pawn.

The Whig attack had not yet spent itself. On June 26, 1680, Shaftesbury and fourteen other leaders of the party 'presented' James as a recusant at Westminster Hall. The Court of King's Bench, however, managed to secure the discharge of the jury before the case came on, and the move was a failure. Neither of the brothers seemed troubled. "His Highness smiles, dances, makes love, and hunts." Charles, who by this time had recovered his spirits, supported James, out of his genuine resolve to maintain the succession—or, as ill-natured people said, "because it is good to have a successor they like worse than himself". Undoubtedly James was useful as a first line of defence. "The King and Duke seem both in good humour, and, if they will be firm, I believe they are safe." Charles felt he ran no risk in refusing the Whig sheriffs elected by the City, in spite of the fact that "the Lord Mayor played the Devil," although in what manner we are unfortunately not told in detail. But he sought, as before, to disarm opposition before the approaching meeting of Parliament by inducing James and his wife to go to Scotland again, on the express assurance that he would give up neither the Duke's rights nor the control of the sword. He did this with one of his usual jests. Upon proposing it in Council he found that there were seven who supported and eleven who objected to the journey. "Since he has so many friends for him," said Charles, "I see he must go."

At length the King met Parliament on October 21, 1680. "He was in ill-humour, having ill things put into his head;" possibly this was because Louise de Kéroual had openly allied herself to Monmouth and Shaftesbury and declared for exclusion. Personal pique and the chance of farther enrichment had led her to this decision; she had been slighted by James's wife, and had been offered a heavy bribe by the Whig leaders.

Charles followed his former course. He bade the House pursue the Plot, at the very time that he was pressing its absurdity upon Reresby; and with abominable cynicism he threw to them, as it were, the Catholic lords imprisoned in the Tower. But none the less he once more made it clear that he would permit no tampering with the succession. As the Commons had come together under Shaftesbury's impulse, and with the ground well prepared by Barillon, for exclusion, and nothing short of exclusion, the result was what might be imagined. A detailed account could alone give an adequate idea of the violence of the proceedings. The Commons took their tale of blood; and after a fortnight of uncompromising votes, of rejection of "those very idle things called expedients"—as being "like mountebanks' tricks in physic"—of expulsion of members who dared to stand in the way, of declarations in favour of petitioning, of hysterical declamation, the Exclusion Bill passed the Com-

mons on November 11. On the 15th, "with a mighty shout," the bill was taken to the Lords by Russell, followed by most of the Commons. It was significant that he was accompanied by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. Charles stayed in the House for the debate. He heard Shaftesbury's passionate attacks; he heard Monmouth urge exclusion, for the King's sake—"a Judas's kiss," he bitterly said; and he listened while Halifax triumphed.

Then the violence broke out with heat made fiercer by disappointment. Once more the torrent of expletives burst forth. Addresses, attacks on ministers, impeachments, expulsions, resolutions against the Papists, against James, against the judges, against placemen and pensioners, against prorogations, against those who lent money to the Crown; associations, votes that the penal laws should not be executed against the Protestants — the very dispensing power which Charles had claimed in vain; these were flung out by the Commons day by day. They refused to discuss questions of foreign affairs, as 'Court tricks'. They "started many hares, but catcht but few". Their violence was equalled by—was a measure indeed of —their impotence. Charles was quite careless of the fact that "everybody was unsatisfied with him". He may, as Dorothy Sidney said, have acted as if he were mad. But he was completely master of the situation. When the Commons addressed him against

Halifax, whom they now hated more than they had hated Danby, Charles told them in a reply which smothered them with blandness that "he doth not find the grounds in the Address of this House to be sufficient to induce him to remove the Earl of Halifax". He had resolved, as he said to Reresby, never to part with any officer at the request of either House. "My father," he declared, "lost his head by that compliance; but as for me, I will die another way." He was in excellent humour throughout. On December 24 he "spent some time upon the subject of showing the cheat of such as pretended to be more holy and devout than others, and said they were generally the greatest knaves. . . . He was that night two hours putting off his clothes, and it was half past one before he went to bed. He seemed extremely free from trouble or care, though one would have thought he was under a great deal; for everybody guessed that he must either dismiss the Parliament in a few days or give himself up to what they desired." All doubts were soon removed. It was apparently by Danby's advice that he prorogued Parliament on January 10, 1681, very suddenly; and, when the Lord Mayor and Aldermen petitioned that he would allow it not only to meet at the appointed day, but to continue sitting until it had secured religion and the safety of the King, he put an end to all doubts by a dissolution.

The honours of war were with Charles. Upon one matter only had the angry Commons had their way. The Earl of Stafford, despite his seventy years, was brought to trial before his peers. It would seem that he was deliberately chosen from among the five Catholic lords in the Tower because he was old and infirm, least capable of defending himself, and disliked even in his own family. And he had made his fate certain by bringing charges against Shaftesbury. The trial was a mockery of justice. The King listened throughout, while Louise de Kéroual, "who may go where she will, now she is a favourite of the House of Commons," sat in the Hall, and confirmed her newly acquired popularity by distributing smiles and sweetmeats to the members of the opposition who crowded round her. Stafford disappointed his persecutors by his courage and by the ability of his defence, while "his perfect innocency appeared in all his actions and expressions"; but his own relatives voted against him; Lauderdale, as his last public act of shame declared him guilty; Nottingham, who presided, strained the law to the utmost; and "seemingly under the grossest error in common justice that ever was known"—such are the words of Francis North—the poor old man was sentenced to die. Even so the ferocity of his persecutors was unappeased. A savage protest was raised in the Commons, joined in, one regrets to say, by Russell, when Charles sanctioned

the omission of the more revolting of the hideous rites which by law accompanied an execution for treason. Charles might well show this cheap leniency. "The King, that heard all the trial, seemed extremely concerned at his hard but undeserved fate." He "was very uneasy"—says another of his trusted courtiers—"when it came to sign the death warrant, and did it with the last reluctancy, and it was with the highest difficulty that it was obtained: but the timorous part of the King's council over-ruled the rest". Faithful to his cynical policy of 'leaving all to the laws,' he refused once more to exercise the right of pardon. At the same time, after his fashion, he tried to throw responsibility on others. When Anglesey, one of the Lords who had declared Stafford guilty, expressed surprise before his face that he should have signed the warrant, "And why, my Lord"—said Charles—"did you give your vote against him?"

Charles had for the time utterly routed the exclusionists, and had preserved the purity of the doctrine of hereditary right. So strong did he seem that it was said that "if the King would be advised, it is in his power to make all his opponents tremble". But the aspect of affairs had been very threatening. Sober men had even anticipated civil war. Halifax had said to Reresby, "If it come to a war, you and I must go together"; and Halifax generally measured his words. We know that James had spoken of the probability

of war to Barillon, and that the garrisons had been put in readiness. The Duke intended to fight the English Parliament from Scotland and Ireland, as of old ; he had claimed the help of France, and Louis had promised it when he should feel himself safe in Scotland.

Charles could now show his feelings—though "this lasted not long, for it was not in his nature to do harsh things long". He dismissed leading exclusionists from the Council ; among them was Sunderland, the Secretary, who was in close alliance with Louise de Kéroual, Essex, and Temple. He indeed punished Sunderland with especial severity by not allowing him to receive from his successor any part of the sum which, according to custom, he had paid to Williamson for his office.

Charles then announced that the next Parliament would be held at Oxford. The sagacity of this step, by which the session was removed from London, where Shaftesbury and the Whigs were supreme, was shown by their outspoken anger. Essex, Shaftesbury, and fourteen other peers sought an interview in which they urged their objections. Charles coldly replied that he regarded their petition "only as the opinion of so many men". Indirectly the step helped the King in London itself. Tradesmen have other things to think of than exclusion ; and "the loss of custom in London turns many shopkeepers into courtiers".

There was no doubt that the coming session would be a stormy and a critical one. Shaftesbury had again issued special instructions for the constituencies. Exclusion, limitation of the royal power to prorogue or dissolve at will, the disbanding of the King's guards and all other standing forces, and the refusal of supplies without these safeguards; these were to be the tests for candidates. Under this impulse a House was returned even more prepared to go to extreme lengths than the last. What Bruce says of Bedfordshire held good for the whole country: "The Russell faction was like a spring tide at full moon". The City was enthusiastic in support of Shaftesbury and Monmouth, and Whitehall was beset by crowds of vapouring exclusionists. It looked indeed like the beginning of civil war when members came to Oxford armed, with large retinues of horsemen, and with blue bows and ribbons inscribed with 'No Popery! No Slavery!' in their hats. The King heard that there was an intention to kidnap him in Oxford, carry him to London, and make terms with him there. He was not the man to lose his head in the danger; but he was careful to post Lord Oxford's regiment in detachments along the Windsor Road to secure his retreat if it should prove necessary.

Charles entered upon his last contest with Parliament with a clearer determination and a lighter heart

than usual; for he had taken measures of the old familiar kind which would enable him to slip from under their hand whenever he chose. Ever since the fall of Danby he had been in poverty which must almost have recalled to him the days of exile—for "the officers of the Crown and household were clamorous for their salaries and wages; there were no stores in the magazines, either for sea or land forces; the garrisons were out of repair, the platforms decayed, the cannon unmounted". Parliament gave no supplies, and there was "scarce bread for the King's family". In the autumn of 1679 he had nearly come to an agreement with Louis, whereby, for a pension for three years, he was to promise an intermission of Parliament for that period. This particular intrigue, however, came to nothing at the time, through mutual distrust and through the peculiarities of the situation in both countries. Charles thereupon threw himself heartily into the cause of the allies against Louis, and in June, 1680, concluded a treaty with Spain for resistance to France. Louis in his turn decided to support the Monmouth-Shaftesbury faction by profuse bribery, in which he included not only the Parliamentary opposition, but City merchants and the chief Presbyterian preachers. But it was once more made clear that nothing could permanently oppose the course of the national hatred against France; and Louis recognised during the great session of 1680 that it was more

advisable to support Charles against the Parliament than Parliament against Charles. In November Barillon had opened the subject again with the King. Charles hung back until just before the dissolution; he then expressed himself willing to listen to proposals. By the time of the Oxford meeting all had been arranged. Hyde had investigated the finances, and had reported that even with the strictest economy some help was necessary to make the King independent of Parliament. Louis was therefore asked, and consented, to conclude the compact which had fallen through in 1679; he agreed to pay Charles a subsidy for the next three years which would enable him to live quietly, while Charles promised to disengage himself gradually from the Spanish alliance and to take care that Parliament should not drive him to measures hostile to France. This agreement was unwritten. It was known to Hyde alone; not even James, or Louise de Kéroual—though she had now recovered favour—was allowed to share the secret. And it is a lively illustration of the difficulty of secrecy to read that on one occasion Charles found it necessary to discuss matters with Barillon, not in his own, but in the Queen's bedroom, *dans la ruelle du lit*—the narrow space between the bed and the wall, where at least there would be the width of the bed between them and listeners. As there were no documents there was of course nothing binding; and it was understood that,

if Charles could come to terms with his Parliament, the agreement would lapse.

On March 21, 1681, began a notable week in the history of Parliament. The Lords were in the Geometry School, the Commons in Convocation House. The King took up his residence at Christ Church. He opened the session with by far the best speech he had ever delivered, somewhat minatory, but clear, dignified, reasonable, and unmistakable. It had been carefully considered, and it was printed and published in London before it was in the hands of members at Oxford. He had parted, he said, with the last Parliament because "I, who will never use arbitrary government myself, am resolved not to suffer it in others". By his calling them together so soon, they could see that no irregularities in Parliament should make him "out of love with them". He again recommended them to go on with the Plot, and with the trial of the Lords in the Tower. Then came the passage for which the Houses were waiting. Was Charles at last going to surrender? "What I have formerly, and so often declared, touching the succession, I cannot depart from." The succession must be inviolate; but "if means can be found that in the case of a Popish succession the administration of the government may remain in Protestant hands, I shall be ready to hearken to any such expedient". It was understood that Charles was willing that after his

death the Duke should be King only in name, the kingdom being governed by a Protector or the Privy Council; the Prince of Orange, through his wife, would be the Protector.

The temper of the Commons was shown in their first action; declaring themselves "not inclinable to changes," they elected as Speaker William Williams, who had held the same position in the last House; "a lawyer of competent learning, but of a fiery and vicious temper, and subservient to that party, and pliant to them as a spaniel dog". They probably thought and hoped that the King would raise preliminary difficulties on an appointment so aggressive; but he shrewdly took it as a matter of course, and advised them to get on with business.

On the 24th, before formal discussion was begun, Shaftesbury made a singularly ill-advised attempt to shake Charles's resolution. In a conversation in the House of Lords he pressed the King to declare Monmouth his successor. Charles replied that nothing should make him do a thing so contrary to law. Shaftesbury rejoined that if he would leave it to himself and his friends, they would see to it that the law was on his side. Charles closed the conversation thus: "My Lord, let there be no self-delusion. I will never yield, and will not let myself be intimidated. . . . I have law and reason on my side. Good men will be with me. There is the Church (pointing to the

bishops) which will remain united with me. Believe me, my Lord, we shall not be divided." On Saturday, March 26, the discussion took place upon Charles's expedient. It was purely academic; for the Commons, as before, meant the exclusion of James and nothing less; while it can scarcely be doubted that the expedient had been put forward by the King in order that its certain rejection might place him in a stronger position. "God be praised," wrote one of the Court, who dreaded expedients more than the bill, "God had blinded them in so great a measure that they would have all or nothing." The scheme received scant courtesy; Birch, who had a taste for imagery, declared that it was absurd to hope that you could keep water cold in a hot pot; while Harbord improved upon this by saying that expedients deserved the same treatment as cucumber—"dress it, and then throw it away". A resolution was carried to exclude James. But there is little doubt that even more drastic designs had been formed among the Whig leaders, designs which justified the statement that "the question was not now whether the Duke should succeed or not, but whether it should be monarchy or a commonwealth". Charles learned that it was intended to revive a proposal of the previous Parliament, which would accomplish a complete transference of both the military and civil powers to persons whom the Whigs could trust, and would establish Parliament in con-

tinuous session. The preservation of his own prerogative and the preservation of the succession now formed one cause.

The crisis was undoubtedly serious. The manner in which Charles met it was not exactly Cromwellian, but it served. As so often was the case, genial trickery formed the basis of his method. On Sunday he busied himself in taking measures to meet the complaint of the Commons that their quarters were too narrow; and that evening he expressed his satisfaction at having been able to arrange for their better comfort. A great show was made of putting the theatre in readiness for their occupation on the following Tuesday. But in the afternoon he had held a Cabinet Council at Merton, in the Lord Chancellor's lodgings, "where there was not one false or babbling member". During the night his coaches were quietly sent a stage out of Oxford to await his coming, with a guard of horse. Early on Monday morning he went to the Lords, apparently now in the Hall of Christ Church; a closed sedan-chair which followed contained his official robes. Hastily putting them on, and preventing a hint of his intention from reaching the Commons, by holding one of the peers, who evidently had his suspicions, in conversation to the last moment, he placed himself on the throne, and without giving the Lords time for their customary robing ordered the Lower House to be summoned. He was evidently

enjoying himself thoroughly while he sat waiting their arrival. Noticing Thomas Bruce come in by the door next the canopy, he gave him a smile of peculiar graciousness; and Bruce, who describes the scene which follows, records that he never saw him look so cheerful.

Presently the Commons arrived. The door was extremely narrow, and there were three steps from it down into the body of the Hall. This prolonged the entry for many minutes. At length all were in; and there they stood crowded together in the greatest discomfort, while the Speaker forced his way to the bar with Russell and Cavendish, representatives of the two greatest Whig families, on his right and left respectively. The noise resulting from the uneasiness of the throng was such that it was not until the Serjeant-at-Arms had thrice commanded silence in the King's name that Charles could put the finishing touch to this carefully prepared comedy. He knew that they had come in the belief that under the pressure of his necessities he was about to announce his surrender. "Gentlemen," he said, "that all the world may see to what a point we are come, that we are not likely to have a good end, when the divisions at the beginning are such; therefore, my Lord Chancellor, do as I have commanded you." Finch hereupon declared the Parliament dissolved; and Charles at once left the throne. As the baffled crowd crushed up the

three steps and out at the narrow door, Bruce was witness of "their dreadful faces and loud sighs". He then joined the King in the disrobing chamber; and Charles, with a face radiant with satisfaction, his peculiarly bright black eyes gleaming with amusement, touched him on the shoulder, with the remark that it was better to have one King than five hundred. To avoid suspicion, which might have caused inconvenient attentions, the King dined, or rather breakfasted, in public, and with music, as usual; but he speedily rose from the table, left the room, and went privately down some backstairs—the matter would not be complete without these backstairs—to where Sir Edward Seymour's coach was standing ready. He at once drove off, unattended by any royal guards or footmen, to the stage where his own coach was waiting, and reached Windsor that night.

At last, then, Charles was free. He had won his final victory over Parliament, and he had saved the succession intact. But if he were free on one side, he was fettered as he never had yet been on the other. He was helpless for foreign action, for he could not live without the French grants. So completely was he bound to Louis, that William, who came over in July to secure the renewed support of England, was forbidden by Charles to attend the Lord Mayor's banquet, lest the opportunity should be taken for a

popular demonstration against France. Charles indeed went through the form of remonstrating with his cousin upon his aggressions in Europe, and upon the persecution which was now beginning to fall upon the Huguenots; but the first protest was but a form, while the second came with little force from the man who had allowed scores of Catholics to be done to death under the most shameless travesties of justice, and had thus become in no small degree the author of the very cruelties which he affected to deplore. That this is no exaggeration is shown by the order to Barillon to send to Louis a statement as to the treatment of Catholics in England, "that being the model designed for what treatment the English Protestants shall find here". Louis gave way to Charles—from the policy of making his path easier—just as much as he felt disposed to give way, and no more.

The most rigid economy barely sufficed to carry on the government. The old story went on of unpaid public servants, of fortifications and ships in decay, of pensions in arrear. No money could be found to pay the interest on a new loan. Even Louise de Kéroual received no more than £20,000 this year; while the state of destitution to which poor Nelly Gwyn was reduced can be dimly imagined. There was another illustrious pensioner whose sufferings began at once. Now that Parliament had disappeared, Charles could give practical form to his opinion of the witnesses to

the Plot. Not only was Titus Oates degrade
'Dr. Oates' to 'Mr. Titus,' but his blood-m
straightway from £10 a week to £2, and af
tember ceased altogether.

The effect of Charles's *coup de théâtre* upon
relations was more immediate and more drastic
he could have hoped. It was with the Whigs
it has been well said—"as if a gust of wind
suddenly scattered the leaves from a tree". The b
of constitutional action was cut from the feet of
exclusionists; and the reaction which had long be
gaining force could now make itself felt. The te
sion had been severe and prolonged. Moderate men
had been alienated by the excessive violence of the
Whigs; the Popish Terror was practically extinct, and
people stood ashamed at their own folly; the well-to-
do classes dreaded another civil war, and another
commonwealth, with government by Major-Generals;
while the opposition to the idea of the Monmouth
succession had grown day by day.

Charles took the tide on the flood. His clever
Declaration on April 8, in which he recounted the evil
doings of the Parliament for many years, and his own
manifold virtues, was however scarcely needed; and
the anonymous reply, "A just and modest vindication
of the Proceedings of the Two Last Parliaments," fell
absolutely flat. An "indecent courting and magnify-
ing" of James began. Addresses couched in the most

pr ; language, in which for once Cambridge out-
d ! Oxford, poured in during the summer from
co end of the country. Cambridge assured the
pe· iat he reigned "by a fundamental hereditary
H of succession, which no religion, no law, no fault,
th ilter or diminish"; while the following effusion
h a the town of Wycombe may be quoted as a type
u ne country addresses. The addressers speak of the
ate defeated Politicians, disappointed of their dark
signments by Your Majestie's profound wisdom and
vine prevision," and protest that—

Wee have alwayes detested and rejected them, together with their now exploded scanty and forsaken abettors. Wee have ever inserted our loyall selves amongst the resolute, grave and deliberate persons. And wee doe most highly applaud the stout fidelios, the strenuous, brisk, and valiant youth of this your much undeluded nation. We therefore, Your Majestie's most dutyful and most devoted subjects, entirely professe: That wee will, to the utmost stresse of our sinews, to the latest gaspe of our lives, and the last solitary mite in our coffers, adhere to your Majestie. Many have outstripped us on the wing, but none shall exceed us in theire wishes; we envye much theire more earley apply, but none shall ever appeare more faithfull. God preserve Your Majestie from all rebellious Machinations. Amen. . . .

Hyde put the matter with coarse incisiveness; the petitioners, he said, spit in the King's face, the addressers in the King's mouth.

Probably Charles never enjoyed a Newmarket visit more than he did in that September. The Secretary, Lord Conway, who had succeeded Sunderland, was in attendance; but unless he was much maligned, he was

drunk during much of the time, and the King was not therefore troubled with business. Nelly Gwyn was there, brimming over with effrontery. Alderman White of Oxford, a person of eminent respectability, was much scandalised, while walking with Charles in the fields, at meeting that indiscreet lady, "and Nelly cald to the King, 'Charles, I hope I shall have your company at night, shall I not?'"

We have already dealt with Charles's life at Newmarket in earlier days. It is evident from Reresby's account that his enjoyment did not diminish with years. "The King was so much pleased with the country, and so great a lover of the diversions which that place did afford, that he let himself down from Majesty to the very degree of a country gentleman. He mixed himself amongst the crowd, allowed every man to speak to him that pleased; went a hawking in the mornings, to cock matches or foot-races in the afternoons (if there were no horse-races), and to plays in the evenings, acted in a barn, and by very ordinary Bartlemew fair comedians." Of his last Spring meeting, in 1684, we hear again: "The diversions the King followed at Newmarket were these: Walking in the morning till ten o'clock; then he went to the cockpit till dinner time; about three he went to the horse-races; at six to the cockpit for an hour; then to the play, though the comedians were very indifferent; so to supper; next to the Duchess of Portsmouth's till

bed-time; and then to his own apartments to bed". At all events Charles knew how to take a holiday. Nor was he careless of other people's comfort. We remember how he advised Courtin to wear Welsh flannel next his skin. On this occasion he sealed Reresby's loyalty by a word of princely solicitude. "The weather was very unseasonable and dirty, so that walking the town with his Majesty he observed I had but thin shoes, and advised me to get a stronger pair, to prevent getting cold, which I here mention as an example of that prince's great goodness and care of those persons that came near him, however inconsiderable."

After the fire which, as will be seen, saved him from the Rye House Plot, but which left him without lodgings, Charles in a measure deserted Newmarket for Winchester. He had taken a liking to the place, and had usually honoured Morley's house with his patronage. The burden of entertaining royalty proved severe, and it was remarked that the family would be glad if the King could distribute his favours: did he intend, they asked, to make the Bishop's house his inn? Charles took the hint. But Morley died in 1684, and Mews was translated from Bath and Wells, apparently on the understanding that the King should be assured of a good lodging. Promotions to bishoprics were indeed made on various grounds. One in especial deserves mention. Charles had pur-

posed to raise a palace at Winchester, designed by Wren on a magnificent scale, for which it was supposed that the £90,000 found in his strong box after his death had been destined; and with James and the Court, including of course Louise de Kéroual and Nelly, he often came down to inspect progress. At such times the houses of the Dean and Prebendaries were used for their accommodation. On one occasion Charles met with a refusal of a sort to which he was not accustomed, at any rate from one of his own chaplains. The harbinger had selected Ken's prebendary house as suitable for Nelly Gwyn. But Ken thought otherwise. "A woman of ill repute," he replied, "ought not to be endured in the house of a clergyman, least of all in that of the King's chaplain." Nelly was duly provided for at the Deanery, and the purity of Ken's house was left intact. A year later, when the see of Bath and Wells was vacant by the translation of Mews, Charles had his successor ready. "God's fish!" he exclaimed, when a crowd of claimants presented themselves, "who shall have Bath and Wells but the little black fellow who would not give poor Nelly a night's lodging?"

In spite of the reaction Charles saw reason to be careful. The City was intensely Whig, and, until means could be found for converting it, no liberties could be taken. At the Lord Mayor's banquet on October 7, "Every little fellow undertook to censure

the King and his proceedings at that time". When Shaftesbury was prosecuted, the blow fell in the air, for the Middlesex jury threw out the bill. "It is a hard case," remarked Charles, "that I am the last man to have law and justice in the whole nation."

Charles took the proper precautions. He gave up one more illustrious and innocent victim to the dying spirit of the 'Terror,' Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh; and we fear that even Essex took part in the initial stages of this infamous affair. If it were so, and if, as is stated on good authority, he afterwards besought Charles to pardon Plunket, declaring from his own knowledge that the charges were false, he was well repaid when the King replied: "Then, my lord, be his blood on your own conscience. You might have saved him if you would. I cannot pardon him, because I dare not." He was no less careful to avoid a revival of the animosity against his brother. James had been continually pressing for permission to come back from Scotland. He was now told that he might do so only if he would conform to the Church, or at least attend her services; conditions which he unhesitatingly refused to accept.

Charles was not without those who dealt faithfully with him. It was now that Burnet presented him with his "very plain letter," in which "I set before him his past ill-life and the effects it had on the nation, with the judgments of God that lay on him; and that was but a small part of the punishment that he might look

for". The letter was a very long one, and the King read it through twice before he threw it into the fire. He was probably more affected by Monmouth's insulting behaviour in offering bail for Shaftesbury than by Burnet's letter; for, if he could be hurt, it was by Monmouth. At a launch at Deptford immediately afterwards he was observed to be "very serious and more concerned than the greatest business did usually make him".

If Charles were to reap the full fruits of his triumph over the Whigs in Parliament it was, as has been said, obvious that their stronghold, the City of London, must no longer remain an *imperium in imperio* from which his enemies could safely defy him. And this was the more important because the contest which had hitherto been carried on with Parliament was now to be continued in the Law Courts; the management of the laws was the King's offensive arm. But to ensure Tory verdicts it was necessary to obtain Tory juries; and a London jury then was as little to be depended on to find for the Crown against a Whig, as a Tipperary jury in later days for the Crown against a moonlighter. The first point therefore was to secure the election of Tory sheriffs, since the sheriffs pricked the juries. At midsummer, 1682, this was accomplished by trickery worthy of parish vestry-men who wish to annoy their vicar; and at the end of October James could con-

gratulate himself upon "the choice of a good and loyal Mayor, as well as two sheriffs of the same stamp". The effect was instantaneous. From being the leader of a great political party, Shaftesbury fell in a moment to the condition of a hunted man. He knew that there was no chance of another *ignoramus* from a Grand Jury, or even of a fair trial. Broken in health, angry, disappointed, and overwrought; his attempts at reconciliation with the Court scornfully rejected, and his credit lost with the less elastic section of the Whigs by those very attempts; his schemes for insurrection and attack upon Whitehall discountenanced by Russell, Essex, and Monmouth; he gave up the game, went into hiding in London, and then, under circumstances which almost suggest connivance on the part of the government, escaped in disguise to Holland, where he died on January 21, 1683.

Shaftesbury must have felt that his life had been a failure. In pursuing objects in themselves fair matters of controversy, if not actually laudable, he had shown grave errors of judgment and had committed great crimes. That he should have striven for toleration of Protestant Dissent goes far by itself to redeem his memory; that he should have used his whole political influence, his astuteness in party warfare, his industry and his eloquence, to ruin Danby and to exclude James, at least carries no condemnation with it. But by the secret understanding with Louis XIV. for which

he was responsible he betrayed at once his actual principles and the aspirations of those who trusted him; while from the infamy of his 'management' of the Popish Terror there is no escape. None the less, had he lived but a few years longer, he would have seen the triumph of whatever was worthy to triumph in his political principles. He would have seen the exclusion of James, the toleration of Dissent, and England —King and people together—lending her potent hand to the downfall of France.

A scheme of far wider and more permanent character than the election of Tory sheriffs was now carried through. The apparently reasonable doctrine that a charter may be forfeited by abuse became an engine whereby in a short time the Crown made itself absolute in every important city in the Kingdom. Court lawyers on their promotion and judges who held office at the will of the Crown would indeed have deserved disgrace if they had proved unequal to the demands upon their ingenuity. The Common Council had, it was declared, imposed an illegal tax at the time of rebuilding the City, and in 1680 had sent in a petition against prorogation, containing expressions disrespectful to the King. This was sufficient. In June, 1683, a judgment of the King's Bench declared the forfeiture of the charter; and it was restored by Charles only on conditions which made the City absolutely

subservient to the Crown. At last he felt, in the words of Jeffreys, that "the King of England is likewise King of London". That which could be done in the capital could be more easily done in the country. In most cases voluntary surrenders were made; when this was not the case the problem was easily soluble. The election of a Town Clerk at Oxford without the King's express approbation was held to be an offence grave enough to demand the penalty of forfeiture. On November 29 Charles asked Reresby whether he knew of any tangible ground against York. Reresby could produce none; but it was at length discovered that "the Lord Mayor had refused a mountebank, that had the King's own recommendation, to erect his stage there"—and that was made to serve. Nothing can illustrate more forcibly the longing of the country for rest on any terms, or the fictitiousness of much of the agitation of the past years, than this quiet acquiescence in the loss of civil liberties.

The new powers were put into action without delay. All magistrates of the Shaftesbury faction were turned out, and the penal laws against Dissent were once more vigorously executed. The prisons were filled; even men like Richard Baxter were arrested and confined under the Five Mile Act of 1665.

The crime of some, the honest impudence of others, and the basest treachery, afforded to the Court the opportunity for striking a final blow against the

discredited cause in the persons of its noblest advocates. While Russell and Essex, Hampden and Algernon Sidney, Monmouth, Grey, and Howard of Escrick, were discussing the establishment of an association to demand a free Parliament, and in other ways to bring constitutional pressure to bear upon the Government, certain old Fifth-Monarchy men, soldiers and lawyers, with whom Shaftesbury had been closely connected, had formed an entirely independent scheme of a very different kind. They had resolved to kidnap Charles —or to assassinate him—on his return from Newmarket in June, 1683; and he was saved only by the accident of the fire to which allusion has been made, which destroyed his palace there and thus caused him to go back to London a few days earlier than was expected. The trade of informer was not dead, and these latter conspirators were betrayed and arrested. But it was not believed possible that the scheme had been prepared without the connivance, if without the initiative, of more important people; and the investigations which followed led to the arrest of Essex, Russell, Hampden, and Sidney. Grey escaped; Monmouth was allowed to hide; Howard, dragged from the chimney in which he had concealed himself, betrayed all that he knew, and more than he knew, of the consultations and objects of his friends. In the examination of the prisoners before the Council Charles was always present, and, according to North,

very lenient. But the verdict was certain, for the jury had been carefully packed by the Tory sheriffs; and the King permitted Russell to die—as Russell had permitted Stafford to die—on the testimony of a single witness. Rendered implacable by his refusal to compromise on matters of principle, by his reported declaration that his trial was but a continuance of the Popish Plot, by his assertion that a nation might defend its liberties when attacked under semblance of law, and that killing by forms of law was the worst kind of murder, Charles refused all applications for Russell's pardon—from the great house of Bedford, from his own courtiers, even from Louise de Kéroual, who had been offered a large sum for successful intervention. Speaking to Legge, afterwards Earl of Dartmouth, he said in reply to the reasons urged for leniency, "All that is true, but it is as true that if I do not take his life, he will soon have mine". On July 21, 1683, Russell went calmly to his death.

His last days had been embittered to him by the tragic fate of one of his fellow prisoners. Essex had not awaited trial and execution, but had died by his own hand in the Tower. That Charles had contrived his murder was of course suggested; but it is not necessary to discuss a theory so absurd; wickedness of that kind—even if it could have been serviceable—was utterly foreign to Charles's nature. Essex had always been of a sombre disposition; he believed

in the lawfulness of suicide; and the melancholy of his wife's disposition added to his own. And there were considerations which appear to have acted with decisive force upon a temperament thus disposed: remorse for having introduced the traitor Howard among his friends; the knowledge that, if he were condemned, his children would lose estate and rank; and perhaps not least the fact that he was lodged in the room which had been that of his father, Lord Capel, before his execution.

There was other evidence of the perfect triumph of the reaction. The day of Russell's execution saw the publication of 'The Judgment and Decree of the University of Oxford, passed in their Convocation, against certain pernicious books and damnable doctrines, destructive to the sacred persons of princes, their state and government, and of all human society'. Oxford was resolved that on this occasion at least Cambridge should not be first in the field. That civil authority is originally derived from the people; that there is any compact between the prince and his subjects, which, if broken by one party, may be broken by the other; that misgovernment by the prince forfeits his right to govern; these doctrines were utterly condemned. The teaching of the Church of England was submission to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, submission "clear, absolute, and without exception of any state or order of men". That these

brave words were swallowed by their utterers five years later does not affect their meaning or effect at the moment. They were but a prelude to the last legal wickedness of the reign.

For one more illustrious victim was to fall. It was natural that Charles should feel peculiar annoyance at finding that Algernon Sidney had been acting with Russell and his friends, since the permission given him to return to England had been a conditional act of grace. But Sidney's execution, like that of Russell or Stafford, was a judicial murder. His treatise on Government was found in manuscript in his room, and it was decided by Jeffreys, now Lord Chief Justice, that this manuscript might rank as the second witness required. It was pointed out that it could not be criminal for a man to write down his thoughts. The prosecution answered—and we seem to have returned to the days of Thomas Cromwell—that even to think such things was high treason. Once more Charles "let the laws take their course," and Sidney died "with the same surliness wherewith he lived"; or, in Burnet's words, "with an unconcernedness that became one who had set up Marcus Brutus for his pattern".

By the executions of Russell and Sidney the story of the running fight between Parliament and Prerogative was closed with dramatic emphasis. The victory of the Crown was notified in language which

could not be mistaken, and it was not called in question for the rest of the reign. Had James possessed a little of his brother's shrewdness and imagination, his power to gauge the strength of the forces arrayed against him, and the pliability which results from the absence of any effective religious faith; had he been able to interpret the lessons of the past, to regard his creed as on sufferance, and to avoid all appearance of aggression; had he in fact even shown ordinary common-sense; it is, we hold, certain that he would have retained his throne unchallenged for his lifetime. The Shaftesbury section of the Whig party had gone, and men of the schools of Danby and Halifax would probably have been willing to accept and to maintain the succession which they had supported when the exclusionist agitation was at its height, and to look past James to his Protestant children. But that the intense Protestantism with which the nation was informed, represented by the most anti-papal of all forces, the Anglican Church, would have cast away the verbiage of the Oxford manifesto, and refused to bear any longer with the anomaly of a Popish king—that, we believe, is as little to be doubted.

For the remaining criminal there was of course different treatment. Monmouth was at least as open to prosecution as Russell or Sidney, though he had opposed any resort to force. He was allowed to remain in hiding while Russell's trial was proceeding

and when he offered to come forward and take his chance by his side, Russell sent word that it would not help him to have his friends die also. Throughout the summer Monmouth lurked in England. Then Halifax, in view of the political outlook, took up his cause; and Charles, whose affection for Monmouth was becoming senile, readily pardoned him and restored him to full favour. But to prevent undue encouragement being thus given to the Whig remnant, a statement was demanded from him before the Privy Council which should leave no doubt of the genuineness of the conspiracy. This he gave on condition that it should not be used against his friends; and he then received a comprehensive pardon. Halifax farther prevailed upon him to write a letter to Charles including the statement he had already made. Scarcely was this done, when, stung by the reproaches of his friends, he demanded the paper back. Charles, in vehement anger, more vehement than Bruce had ever seen, returned it, telling Halifax to bid him go to Hell. Monmouth left the country, and henceforth remained as the guest of the Prince of Orange. But Charles's passion, as was ever the case, soon cooled down. During Monmouth's residence abroad he continually sent him money and affectionate messages; and there is no doubt that in November, 1684, Monmouth was in London, under the advice of Halifax, and that he had a secret interview with the King. In January,

1685, all was being arranged by Charles for his permanent return, and for the dismissal of James once more to Scotland. On February 3, Monmouth wrote from abroad: "A letter from L (Halifax) that my business was almost as well as done, but must be so sudden as not to leave room for 39's (James's) party to counter-plot". "How," he might have exclaimed, like Bolingbroke in later years, "how does Fortune banter us!" Even before those words were written Charles was on his death-bed.

There can be little doubt that had the King yielded to the advice of Halifax and Ormond to summon Parliament while the Rye House Plot was fresh in men's minds, he would have secured a House of Commons devoted for the time to the principles of the Oxford and Cambridge manifestoes. Sunderland, however, and James declared that the time was not yet ripe; and, as Charles grew less disposed for business, James was every day becoming the actual reigning monarch. In the spring of 1684 Danby joined Halifax in urging a Parliament, which was now due under the Triennial Act. But Halifax added—and this is the last illustration of the prevailing doctrine of ministerial responsibility—that, if the King would not yield to this advice, he would himself find reasons for his breaking his promise.

Ever since the Oxford dissolution Charles had looked on with apparent indifference while Louis,

without let or hindrance from England, was realising his ambitious projects. In June he captured Luxemburg, the key to Germany and Holland, and Charles even went the length of congratulating him; while to all remonstrances he replied that his own affairs were in too ill a posture to allow him to intervene. The return for this complaisance was scarcely what he expected. Louis had been "long weary of being forced to court the King of England"; and now, triumphant, he not only declined to give Charles any farther grants, but allowed the secret treaty to become known.

There is no doubt that the policy of non-intervention and of non-Parliamentary rule which Charles had adopted, partly from his engagements with Louis and partly from the indolence which grew more pronounced as the days went on, was for the internal advantage of the country. Freed from all political strife, England was daily growing richer; trade was never so flourishing. Upon the statue erected to the King in the Royal Exchange there is an inscription extolling him as the British Emperor, father of his country, conqueror in good and evil fortune, arbitrator of Europe, lord and protector of the sea: all of which, though in no particular true, testifies to the contentment of the merchant class. And Ranke relates how the Elector of Brandenburg commended him as having, in a time of danger for all Christendom, raised his

kingdom to the highest pitch of prosperity and established tranquillity at home.

From the Rye House Plot to the end of the reign Charles practically abdicated all kingly functions. Halifax, Sunderland, Hyde—now Earl of Rochester—Godolphin, Danby, North, and Jenkins—with James and Louise de Kéroual—somehow carried on the Government. With their incessant strivings, their alliances, rivalries, enmities, and reconciliations, we have as little to do as Charles had himself. There is, however, in them one link with the past which for his sake we recall with satisfaction. From the early days of exile the gallant Ormond, through good and evil repute, had remained untouched in honour and secure of Charles's esteem. There is no unworthy word, no foul or selfish action, to stain his fair record. He had cared no more for temporary slights, for the momentary triumphs of despicable men like Buckingham, than for a breath of foul air. The affectionate respect which his character and his services had imposed upon Charles when he first joined him more than thirty years before, remained unimpaired in the closing days of the reign.

During these last two years of Charles's decadence, amid all the jostlings of rival politicians for place and power, and throughout the phases of his feelings for Monmouth, which varied from passionate anger to doting fondness, one influence reigned supreme. The

empire of Louise de Kéroual over his affections had been undisturbed since Colbert had brought about the famous reconciliation with the Duchess Mazarin. It was at any rate so firm that she was now able to impose upon the worn-out *roué* all the tortures of a belated jealousy. In 1683 Philip of Vendôme, second son of the Duke of Vendôme and of Laura, the sister of Duchess Mazarin, visited the Court. Louise showed an interest in this new guest so marked as to make Charles sulky and suspicious. But he had no power of revolt in him; he dared not remonstrate with her. He sent Sunderland instead to Philip to forbid his visits: for a few days he was obeyed, but for a few only. Charles then deputed Barillon to request his guest to take himself back to Paris; Philip demanded an interview, at which the King merely repeated his wish. A few days later, finding that he was still flouted, Charles sent the Lieutenant of his guards to inform Philip that if he were not gone in two days he would be placed on board the packet, if necessary, by force. After some farther delay Philip thought well to comply, leaving Louise a prey to the apprehension that by showing her letters he might cause her serious annoyance. Louis XIV. came to her aid: he told Philip in unmistakable terms that any disclosures to the disadvantage of Louise would bring down his resentment; and the King's resentment in the days of the Bastille and of *lettres de cachet* was not

to be treated lightly. It was not however until June, 1684, that Philip obeyed the positive order of his master to return at once to Versailles, and that his possible indiscretions ceased to be an object of dread to Louise.

Louise de Kéroual could have wished for nothing more effective to bind still faster the chains which held Charles. "The King was observed to be more than ordinarily pensive, and his fondness to Lady Portsmouth increased much, and broke out in very indecent instances. . . . The King caressed and kissed her in the view of all people; which he had never done on any occasion, or to any person formerly."

Meantime she performed all the functions of Queen of England. In strict alliance with James and Rochester, she alone dealt with the secrets of State. She negotiated the marriage of George of Denmark with James's second daughter Anne, and received superb presents from the King of Denmark in recognition. The Moorish ambassadors had their audience in the apartments whose splendours so astonished Evelyn. It was she who led Charles to concur without murmuring in the capture of Luxemburg by Louis; she calmed the last stirrings of his pride when French fleets entered the Channel without due notice to England; and, as the colleague of Barillon, she managed all French interests. Neither Charles II. nor Louis himself ever questioned her

wishes. In January, 1684, the King at her instance asked that Louis would make the Aubigny estates a Duchy with reversion to her son. Barillon addressed his master in indignation against such a pretension, but Louis merely replied that the thing would be done as soon as possible. In November, 1684, she was ill; her condition was the only thing spoken of, and Charles passed his days in the sick-room. Louis displayed a lively anxiety that her illness should but increase her credit; and to secure her son in case of her death, caused letters of naturalisation to be made out in order that he might be able to inherit the estates.

Such was the real Queen of England. And what of the nominal Queen? Merely this incident. "This day, the Queen being at dinner, the Duchess of Portsmouth, as a lady of the bedchamber, came to wait on her, which was not usual, and put the Queen into that disorder that tears came into her eyes, whilst the other laughed and turned it into jest." The pity of it, that even now, after more than twenty years of neglect, relieved by short intervals of comparative affection, this poor woman should retain a sense of insult; that, ignorant, insignificant as she might be, she could yet be driven to tears, the tears of the wronged wife in the presence of the triumphant concubine. It was not until death came into the pageant that she had at length her rightful place.

We propose to say but little upon the death of Charles. The dramatic incidents of a scene as teristic of his peculiarities as any act of his life ave given full scope to the genius of the great ma. of descriptive writing in our language; and the sketch which he has drawn, so firm and vivid of outline, so wonderfully true to character, is not to be retouched or tampered with lightly. But the eye-witnesses whose accounts are quoted by Lord Macaulay do not include one whose invaluable memoirs have but recently seen the light, and from whose rugged narrative, every word of which bears the stamp of truth, we are able to picture with fidelity otherwise unattainable the first hours of the final scene.

Thomas Bruce, from whose recollections we have already freely quoted, entered upon his last week of waiting on Monday, January 26. During that week Charles was for the first time in his life prevented from taking active walking exercise by a small sore on one heel. On the Sunday night, February 1, he nevertheless displayed his usual robust appetite, and ate "a goose egg if not two, a thing very hard of digestion". After his supper he went according to his custom to the rooms of Louise de Kéroual, to amuse himself with her guests, and Bruce took special notice of his good humour that night. It was Bruce's function to light him to his bedroom. When the King had passed him into the room, he handed the

c[illegible]o the page of the backstairs. As he did so, [illegible]dle was suddenly extinguished, "although a very [illegible]ge wax candle, and without any wind". The days' omens were not over, and Bruce and the page exchanged glances of dismay and shakings of the head. Charles, who had not noticed the incident, undressed and went to bed in the best of tempers. Then followed another incident which recurred vividly to Bruce's mind a few days later. The conversation turned upon Charles's chief interest of the last two years, the progress of the palace which he was building at Winchester. He must, he said, show "the place I so delight in" to Bruce the very next time that he went down; and—he added—"I shall be so happy this week as to have my house covered with lead". "And God knows"—Bruce adds—"the Saturday following he was put into his coffin."

The omens were to be soon fulfilled. Nothing can add to the effect of Bruce's own description of what followed, and we therefore give it as it stands:—

> The King always lying in his own bedchamber, we had a bed placed each night to be near him, and when the page of the back stairs lighted us from the room where we undressed, on his retiring we shut up the door on the inside with a brass knob, and so went to bed. Several circumstances made the lodging very uneasy—the great grate being filled with Scotch coal that burnt all night, a dozen dogs that came to our bed, and several pendulums that struck at the half, quarter, and all not going alike, it was a continual chiming. The King being constantly used to it, it was habitual. I sleeping but indifferently, perceived that the King turned himself sometimes,

not usual for him; he always called in the morning of himself; I heard his voice, but discovered not any imperfection. We had the liberty to go to his bedside in the morning before anybody came in, and might entertain him with discourse at pleasure, and ask of him anything. Unfortunately a certain modesty possessed me, and besides we had his ear whenever we pleased. So I rose and turned back the brass knob, and the under ones came in to make the fire, and I retired to dress myself in our room. Passing by in the next room to the bedchamber, I found there the physicians and chirurgeons that attended to visit his heel. Mr. Robert Howard, a Groom of the bedchamber, came to me and asked me how the King had slept, and if quietly. I told him that he had turned sometimes. "Lord!" said he, "that is an ill mark, and contrary to his custom;" and then told me that at rising he could not, or would not, say one word, that he was as pale as ashes, and gone to his private closet. On which I came away presently and sent in Mr. Chiffins, the first page of the back stairs and keeper of his Closet, for to beg of him to come to his chamber, for a more bitter morning I never felt, and he only in his nightgown. Mr. Chiffins telling me he minded not what he said, I sent him in again (for no other had that liberty), on which he came out pale and wan, and had not the liberty of his tongue, for the Earl of Craven, Colonel of the foot Guards, being there to take the word, he showed him the paper where the days of the month were set down with the word; and others spoke to him, but he answered nothing. It being shaving day, his barber told him all was ready. He always sat with his knees against the window, and the barber having fixed the linen on one side, went behind the chair to do the same on the other, and I, standing close to the chair, he fell into my arms in the most violent fit of apoplexy. Doctor King, that had been a chirurgeon, happened to be in the room of his own accord—the rest having retired before. I asked him if he had any lancets, and he replying he had, I ordered him to bleed the King without delay, which he did; and, perceiving the blood, I went to fetch the Duke of York, who came so on the instant that he had one shoe and one slipper. At my return with the Duke the King was in bed, and in a pretty good state, and going on the contrary side where the Duke was, he perceiving me, took me fast by the hand, saying,

"I see you love me dying as well as living," and thanked me heartily for the orders I gave Doctor King (who was knighted for that service) to bleed him, as also for sending Mr. Chiffins to persuade him to come out of his closet; and then told me that he found himself not well, and that he went to take some of his drops commonly called then the 'King's Drops,' and that he walked about hoping to be better, but on my solicitations he came down, for there were three or four steps coming out of the closet, and he said that coming down his head turned round, and he was in danger of falling.

Incidentally Bruce here refutes—and in a private letter repeats the refutation with exceeding indignation—the statement of Burnet, adopted by Lord Macaulay, that the Duchess of Portsmouth came now to the King's bedside, "taking care of him as a wife of a husband". Bruce was there, and saw. When he and James entered the room they found, not the mistress, but the Queen; "and the impostor says it was the Duchess of Portsmouth".

Bruce then describes the visit, on the Thursday, of Sancroft and the Bishops, and how Ken, because his voice "was like to a nightingale for the sweetness of it," was desired to be their spokesman. And now the confirmed habit of a lifetime asserted itself. Sancroft and Ken besought him to accept the last rites of their Church. Almost with his dying breath Charles resorted to that habit of polite evasion which had served him so often in life. "The King thanked them very much, and told them it was time enough, or somewhat to that purpose, and modestly waived them, which was in my hearing."

And then followed that most dramatic episode when, for the last time, the nation was tricked that a soul might be saved. The drear presence of death, and the far past with all its glow of adventure and leaping life, were suddenly linked together by the appearance of a priest with the sacred elements. The priest was Huddlestone, who had given Charles the works of Catholic devotion at Mosely Hall during the escape after Worcester, and who had remained under his special protection as one of the priests of the Queen's household throughout the reign. "As soon as the King saw the father come in, he cried out: 'You that saved my body is now come to save my soul'. This is literally true on a Christian. I have my opinions to myself, but I hate a lie and to impose. The King made a general confession with a most true, hearty, and sincere repentance, weeping and bewailing his sins, and he received what is styled all the rites of the church, and like a true and hearty penitent; and just at high water and full moon at noon"—victim of his own vices—"he expired."

An endeavour has been made in these pages to trace, in necessarily rough and broken outline, the growth and development of the character of Charles II.; to illustrate his way of looking at life in many phases; to emphasise the demoralising training of his youth—which is his best plea at the bar of history—

no less than the lost opportunities of his manhood; to show how far he conceived and how far he fulfilled the duties of kingship; to measure the motives of his actions and the influences to which he bowed, the strength of the temptations which assailed him, and the depth of his fall; setting down naught in malice which may turn aside judgment. We relinquish the task while across the fields there comes the muffled clang of bells which bears the news that another Sovereign of our race has passed from those whom she many times has called—in words which to Charles could have had no meaning—"my beloved people". She, who always sought "to have her people with her," passes from a mourning nation; and from every land of all the wide earth that nation follows her to the grave in the knowledge that her work will endure in the Empire which she leaves proud of the memories called up by her name and governance. Charles died and was buried. "His funeral was very mean; he did not lie in state; no mournings were given." A monarch who has no "beloved people" will find at his death no mourning nation. He left his country in anxiety, not in grief. *His* people were not multitudes of men and women whose aspirations, whose views of right and wrong, whose whole modes of thought, might be ennobled by regal example; his ministers were not taught that loyal service to their country and loyal service to their sovereign were all one; his court was

not a place to enter which virtue at least must be stamped upon the passport. His guide was not duty; it was not even ambition: but his guide was self; it was ease, and amusement, and lust. The cup of pleasure was filled deep for him, and he grasped it with both hands. But pleasure is not happiness. There is no happiness for him who lives and dies without beliefs, without enthusiasms, and without love.

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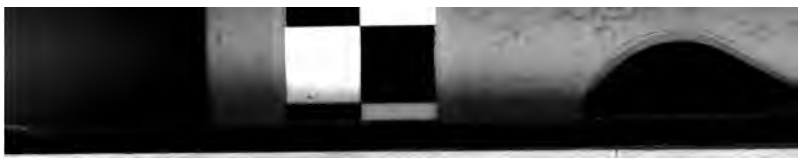



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